THE PORTFOLIO

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THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

LONDON.
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1876.

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The *Garvagh Raphael*, or, the *Aldobrandi Madonna* in the National Collection, is a beautiful illustration of the painter's more delicate work of his third period.

Great and characteristic works also are:—The *Coronation of the Virgin* in the Vatican; and the *Sposalizio* in the Brera at Milan, 1504; the *Colonna Raphael*, 1505, formerly at Perugia, lately in Naples, and exhibited in 1871–2 at the National Gallery; and the *Madonna del Baldachino*, in the Pitti Palace. Of his later works are the *Madonna di Foligno*, 1511, in the Vatican; the *St. Cecilia* at Bologna; and the *Spasimo* at Madrid.

The 'Cartoons' are the real exponents of Raphael's power, showing dramatic composition and character to the extreme; though it is quite possible that Raphael himself had but little to do with the manual execution of them. By the side of such infinite power of expression and representation, the mere niceties of painting are of no account. These celebrated compositions, seven of which are now in the possession of the British Crown, and for the present exhibited at South Kensington, were originally ten in number, and were executed for Leo X., to furnish the patterns for tapestries for the Cappella Sistina, in 1515 and 1516; and when the tapestries were finished the cartoons were left at the factory at Arras, having apparently served their purpose. There Rubens found seven of them, and recommended them to the notice of Charles I. The King secured them, and at the wreck of the Revolution Cromwell saved them for the nation. They are from the 'Acts,' and represent five scenes from the lives of the Apostles, including the *Stoning of Stephen*, and five from the career of Paul, namely:—1. *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, or the Calling of Peter.* 2. *Christ's Charge to Peter.* 3. *The Stoning of Stephen.* 4. *The Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate.* 5. *The Death of Ananias.* 6. *The Miraculous Conversion of Paul.* 7. *Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind.* 8. *Paul and Barnabas at Lystra.* 9. *Paul preaching at Athens.* And, 10. *Paul in Prison at Philippi.* Nos. 3, 6, and 10 are lost. The painter received for these ten designs 434 ducats, or about 150*l.* sterling: 15*l.* a-piece for works now priceless.

Among the greatest works, also, of Raphael may be mentioned the *Madonna di San Sisto* in the Dresden Gallery, and the *Transfiguration* in the Vatican, which he did not live to complete.

Raphael died at Rome on his birthday, April 6th, 1520; aged, therefore, exactly thirty-seven years. He was buried in the Pantheon, or the church of Santa Maria ad Martyres. In 1833 his tomb was opened, and the skeleton, with all the teeth, was found entire. The inscription, by Cardinal Bembo, on the tomb is very precise:—

'Vixit An. XXXVII., Integer Integros
Quo die natus est, eo esse Desiit
VIII. Id. Aprilis, MDXX.'

He died on the day on which he was born, April 6; this, in 1520, was Good Friday, and so the error crept in that he was born also on Good Friday. He was born on April 6th in 1483, which was not Good Friday.

Raphael died of a fever brought on by a sudden chill, caught in the church of St. Peter at Rome, of which, among his many other occupations, he was architect.

He was of a sallow complexion, with brown eyes, slight in form, and about 5 feet 8 in. high. He was never married, but is said to have been engaged in 1514 to Maria Bibiena, the niece of the Cardinal of that name; she died before him.

He left property to the value of about 16,000 ducats; and he secured an independence to his friend and mistress Margarita, apparently the so-called Fornarina. There are two portraits of this lady already noticed in the PORTFOLIO, and she was certainly the model of the Virgin in the *Madonna di San Sisto* at Dresden. The Tribune portrait at Florence of a lady, dated 1512, is not of the *Fornarina*.*

* See the PORTFOLIO, No. 71, p. 161, for some account of the *Fornarina*. A fine life-sized photograph of her from the Dresden picture is published by the Berlin Photographic Company, 5 Rathbone Place.

St. Catherine of Alexandria (No. 168). She is represented dressed in a purple gown with green sleeves, and has on a red shawl lined with yellow. She is looking upwards at a light above her to her right, leaning with her left arm on the wheel, the instrument of her torture; but as this, according to the legend, was broken by supernatural interposition, she was finally beheaded: landscape background.

This princess was a Christian of Alexandria, and was condemned by the Emperor Maxentius, about the year 311, to be crushed with wheels.* On wood, 2 feet 4 in. high, by 1 foot 9½ in. wide.

This picture belongs to about the year 1507, and is an example of Raphael's Florentine manner; it was in the Aldobrandini Collection of the Borghese Palace at Rome, where is the celebrated *Entombment* of the same year.

It was purchased by Mr. Day at the close of the last century; he sold it to Lord Northwich, from whom it passed to Mr. Beckford, who sold it with two other pictures in 1839 to the Treasury for the National Gallery, for the sum of 7350*l.*; the other two were a Manzolini and a Garofalo.†

A cartoon of this picture, of the same size, is in the collection of drawings of the Louvre; and an original drawing of it is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

I have headed this note RAPHAEL URBINAS, knowing no better name for it than that by which he designated himself on his works: in the 16th century family surnames were scarcely established.

As to the mode of writing Raphael's name, a fashion of the last century has found acceptance among a few, who write the name in the modern Italian manner, Raf-fa-el-le, yet pronounce it as if it were a French word, in the Latin or English manner—Raphael. Imagine a circle of critics and connoisseurs in England, France, or Germany, talking of *Raf-fa-el-le*, or *Tit-i-a-no!* If the Italian spelling is adopted the Italian pronunciation should be adopted likewise. The French and Germans write Raphael, but Passavant has written Rafael, which is neither Italian nor German.

Vasari writes Raffaello, but he himself nearly always wrote RAPHAEL on his pictures. He has written *Raphaello* as the signature of a single letter that has come to us, in April, 1508, given in Longhena's 'Raffaello Sanzio;' and this was, doubtless, his ordinary signature. The *Belle Jardinière*, in the Louvre, is signed *Raphaello Urb.* On fourteen signed pictures he has written RAPHAEL twelve times; once by itself, once followed by SANTIUS, once by DE URBINO, and all the other times by URBINAS.

R. N. WORNUM.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

IN the year 1534 there was printed and published at St. Alban's a little book, setting forth, in English verse, 'the glorious lyfe and passyon of Seint Albon, prothomartyr of England, and also the lyfe and passyon of Saynt Amphabell, which converted Saynt Albon to the faith of Christ.' This poem, 'translated out of French and Latin by John Lydgate,' must have been written some time before 1480, but it is 'now lately put in print,' as we are told in the colophon, 'at the request of Robert Catton, Abbot of the exempte monasterye of St. Albon.' Catton was the last but one of the long line of abbots who held sway in the monastery. Another five years after the printing of this book and Richard Boreman, the fortieth and last abbot, had delivered the conventual seal to the visitors appointed by the Crown. Yet another

* See her story from Peter de Natalibus in Lord Lindsay's 'Sketches of the History of Christian Art,' vol. i.

† 'Return to the House of Lords,' June, 1860. No. 182.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXV.—Raphael Urbinas. (1483–1520.)

St. Catherine of Alexandria.

ETCHED BY P. LE RAT.

RAPHAEL, or Raffaello Santi, and Sanzio, as the modern Italians write his name, was born at Urbino, in the Contrada del Monte, on the 6th of April, 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was painter and poet, and brought up his son to his own pursuit; but when, in 1494, Giovanni died, the young Raphael, who had lost his mother three years before, was placed by his uncles, Simone Ciarla and Bartolommeo Santi, with Pietro Perugino, at Perugia. With this great painter, one of the most celebrated masters of his time, Raphael remained several years, travelling about with him from place to place. When of age, in 1504, he paid his first visit to Florence, carrying with him a letter to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, from the sister of the Duke of Urbino. Florence now for a few years was his head-quarters, though he visited both Perugia and Bologna in the meantime. In the latter place he made the acquaintance of Francia, for whom he had a great respect, and in Florence he became the friend of Fra Bartolommeo. He was in the granducal city at the exhibition, in 1506, of the rival cartoons of Leonardo Da Vinci and Michelangelo.

In 1508 Raphael settled in Rome, and, though but a youth of five-and-twenty, was already the best painter of his time. It was through the architect Bramante, who was a native of Urbino, that Raphael was invited to Rome by Julius II., and he at once commenced the decorations of the Vatican stanze, but which he did not live to finish. The best work was done by his own hand during the pontificate of Julius II., from 1509 to 1512; afterwards, in the pontificate of Leo X. (1513–1520), his occupations were so multiple that much had to be entrusted to assistants.

Raphael arrived at Rome about the middle of the year 1508: in 1509 he had already completed the *Theology*, or the *Dispute on the Sacrament*, the great work of his second, or Florentine manner. In this apartment, called the Stanza della Segnatura, are other frescoes, including the *Philosophy*, or the *School of Athens*, and these were painted in 1511. In the second chamber, the Stanza dell' Eliodoro, are the *Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple of Jerusalem*, and others, and these were finished in 1512, in the lifetime of Julius; the third chamber, the Stanza dell' Incendio, was executed by Raphael's scholars; and the fourth chamber, the Sala di Costantino, was completed under the care of Julio Romano, after the painter's death. All these last works, from the *Theology*, are executed in Raphael's third, or Roman manner.

It has been common to say that Raphael's great enlargement of manner in Rome was owing to the example of Michelangelo, but Raphael was quite well acquainted with Michelangelo's style in Florence, as he must have been familiar with the *Cartoon of Pisa*.

Raphael's great change was from the *Theology* to the *School of Athens*, and the *Heliodorus;* and here was a change before the completion of any works in painting by Michelangelo, though it is quite possible that Raphael may have watched the progress of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Raphael and Michelangelo were both at the same time commissioned by Julius II. to execute their Vatican frescoes; the stanze were given to Raphael, and the chapel to Michelangelo—a commission which the latter endeavoured to put off, referring to Raphael as a more practised painter; but the Pope was not to be put off, and the ceiling was eventually uncovered on the 1st of November, 1512, that is, after the completion of the two stanze of the Vatican by Raphael.

But just as Raphael's work was gradually uncovered, so also would probably Michelangelo's have been; and we may follow Julius II. in his critique on the two masters, in a letter written from Rome by Sebastian del Piombo to Michelangelo himself, and dated October 15th, 1512, when the ceiling was finished therefore:—*

'Look at the works of Raphael, who, when he had seen the works of Michelangelo, suddenly forsook the manner of Il Perugino, and approached as near as he could to that of Michelangelo: but he is terrible, as you see; there is no getting on with him.'

There is no doubt a general truth in this, but Raphael's enlargement of manner, as in the *Heliodorus*, is, of course, not entirely due to the example of Michelangelo.

Besides the frescoes of the Camere of the Vatican, a great series of decorations was executed by Raphael in the Loggie of that palace, and another in the Loggie of the Farnesina.

His large altar-pieces in oil are not rare; and he painted, besides, numerous Madonnas; and a considerable series of portraits—seventy-two of men, and twenty-two of women.

This is not a place for a list of Raphael's works; but Passavant, in the third volume of his 'Rafael von Urbino,' has classified an index of nearly 900 frescoes, oil-paintings, drawings, sketches, models, and architectural designs. In the second volume they are arranged in the order of the works; namely, 287 paintings and 589 sketches and designs of all kinds, comprising thirteen for sculpture and architecture.

We should know Raphael well in England, as there are good examples among us, independent of the three small pictures in the National Gallery and the seven Cartoons from the 'Acts of the Apostles,' in the South Kensington Museum.

In the first, or Perugino manner, we have the Earl of Dudley's *Crucifixion*, about 1504, signed 'RAPHAEL . URBINAS . P.' This picture, from a certain juvenile crudity which it displays, has led some to suppose that it is not a Raphael, but a Perugino; and from exactly the same grounds the Perugino *Altar-piece* in the National Gallery (No. 288), has been questioned as the genuine work of Perugino, and assigned in part to his pupil, Raphael. This comes, probably, from the worshipping a name: the pupil's work is given to the master, and the master's work to the pupil. In his own style Raphael did not approach Perugino; in Lord Dudley's picture the very crudity proclaims Raphael, just as in the National Gallery picture the very mastery proclaims Perugino.

Our *Vision of a Knight* is a perfect specimen of the first manner of the painter, which, when he went to Florence, he much enlarged. In the second manner is the Duke of Marlborough's *Ansidei Madonna*, 1505, at Blenheim. Of the same size as the *Vision of a Knight* (seven inches square) is Lord Dudley's *Three Graces*. The *St. Catherine of Alexandria*, 1507, is another specimen of the Florentine period, of which the *Entombment of the Borghese*, 1507, is the capital example.

* Gaye, 'Carteggio inedito d'Artisti,' Ap. vol. ii. p. 489: 'Guarda lopere di Rafaelo, che come vide le opere di Michelagnolo subito lassò la maniera del Perosino, et quanto più poteva si acostava a quella di Michelagnolo; ma è terribile, come tu vedi, non si pol practichar con lui.' These last words refer to Michelangelo himself, not to his style.

year, and the destruction of the monastic buildings had been vigorously begun by Sir Richard Lee; and finally, in 1553, the Abbey Church, escaping from the general ruin, was conveyed to the mayor and burgesses for the sum of 400*l.* Thus it will be seen that Lydgate's poem, making known for the first time, in the vulgar tongue, the sufferings of the Protomartyr of England, was published at a time when the saint's heroic piety had almost ceased to have significance, even in the establishment founded under his name and to commemorate his passion. The monks of St. Alban's had long ago forgotten the vow of the order, under which Offa, king of Mercia, had placed them nearly eight hundred years before. Men who had sworn to live in the most rigid chastity, to have no possessions of their own, and to pay obedience to their superior, were at this time consorting with the nuns of the neighbouring convent of Pray, and speculating with the revenues of the Abbey for their private gain. In 1489 the scandalous abuses at St. Alban's reached the ears of the Pope himself, who directed Cardinal Morton to visit the Abbey and report the truth. The Cardinal's report still survives, and the picture which he draws of debauchery and crime of all kinds is enough to convince even the most devout, and the devout most of all, that the history of the Abbey was rightly drawing to a close. 'Another fifty years,' to quote the vigorous language of Mr. Froude, 'and the religious houses in England—the soul of them long dead, the body putrefying and poisoning the air—were swept away by the besom of Henry VIII. The land could bear with them no longer. So abhorred were they, that in many places the country people rose on them, and when the Government gave the word tore them down, aisle and tower, groined arch and fluted column, down to the very ground, not leaving one stone upon another, and driving the plough over the spot where they stood. In the general ruin the church of St. Alban's was saved by the burgesses. The long battle was over at last. The scene of so many struggles was endeared to them by the recollection of the fight. On the passing of the Act of Suppression they purchased the building from the Crown, and the church itself has been used since the Reformation for the Protestant service.'*

The Abbey church of St. Alban's, thus fortunately preserved to us, still remains as the monument of events that spread themselves over more than twelve hundred years. As we catch sight of the vast pile of buildings reared above the roofs of the modern town, we are able to realise very vividly the sharp and sudden division that separates two great epochs in our history. Here there are few harmonious elements to break the conflict of old and new. The Abbey stands almost companionless amidst the structures of a later world, preserving in its grave isolation the full record of a finished history. To reach even to the nearest limit of that history we must go back at least three centuries, and with that stride backwards the modern town seems almost to shrink away and vanish out of sight. But we must plunge still deeper into the past before we reach the event which has given St. Alban's its Abbey, its history, and its name. 'This year,' says the Saxon Chronicle, under date A.D. 283, 'suffered Saint Alban the Martyr.' Bede, in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' gives the date as 305, and as the death of Alban was a result of the decree of Diocletian, at Nicomedia, in 303, the venerable historian is probably correct. Alban, it would seem, was one of the principal citizens of the Roman city of Verulam. It was from the gates of Verulam that he was led forth to the place of his martyrdom, and long after, when the Norman Church succeeded to the Saxon, the pious abbot made use of 'the stones and tiles of the ancient city' to construct the building that still survives. We have thus, in the present church, something that is even older than the history of its patron saint. Whatever is mythical in the ancient legend of the martyr and his miracles, it is at least true that the Abbey erected in his honour bears certain record of authentic history of an earlier date. Verulam was probably a place of some importance at the time of the first Roman invasion, and although destroyed by Boadicea it rose again under the rule of Agricola to a flourishing condition. In this later Roman city Alban is reported to have been a prominent citizen. He was yet a pagan when

* 'Annals of an English Abbey;' Scribner's 'Monthly Magazine,' January, 1874.

the edict of Diocletian was put in force in Britain, and at that time there came to him one Amphibalus, a Christian, who sought shelter from the rage of his persecutors. Out of mere nobility of nature, or, as some would say, out of remembrance of an earlier friendship, when both together had journeyed to Rome, the pagan knight offered the protection of his house; and Amphibalus then began to unfold to his host the treasures of the new faith. He was greatly helped in his persuasions toward the truth by a vision that came to Alban in the night, and finally the young citizen of Verulam accepted the Christian faith. Presently, when the hiding-place of Amphibalus was discovered, his pursuers made a search in Alban's house; but the latter, now filled with the courage of the true faith, had secretly allowed his teacher to depart, and was ready to suffer in his stead. After some ineffectual tortures, and many endeavours to make him renounce the worship of Christ, he was led out from the gates of Verulam, and beheaded upon a hill beyond the city. Many miracles were wrought by him

ROMAN WALL AT VERULAM.

as he passed out to execution. A river was dried up to permit the multitude to pass over, and the eyes of the executioner dropped from his head.

It is agreed by nearly all the early historians that within a few years after the death of the martyr, a church was raised to his memory upon the place made sacred by his martyrdom. What manner of building this may have been we do not know; but it is certainly mentioned by Gildas,* who wrote A.D. 564 and again by Bede, who died A.D. 735, and who describes it as '*Ecclesia . . . mirandi operis atque ejus martyrio condigna.*' In the absence of any evidence of two early churches at St. Alban's, we must suppose that these writers refer to the same building, and we must also conclude that this building had survived the general ruin that had overtaken Verulam in the Saxon invasion. But if the original church remained, the sacred relics of the saint were not so fortunate in their fate. Whether removed by some pious Christian who feared the sacrilegious spirit of the invading Saxons, and secretly bestowed in some place of safety, or lost in the general ruin that had befallen the city, cannot now be told; but we know at least that in 793 there was need of a miracle to restore them to the world. And the miracle came in its due time. Offa II., king of the Mercians, had opportunely murdered Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, and was ready to indulge a royal penitence most profitable to the Church. To refresh his failing virtue, and restore a shattered reputation, he determined to found a monastery to St. Alban on the place of his martyrdom; and this design meeting with the entire approval of Heaven, the king only awaited Divine direction to complete his pious purpose. The direction came in the shape of a miracle. A ray of fire like the star at Bethlehem conducted the king and his clergy to the

* 'The Abbey of St. Alban, some extracts from its early History, and a description of its Conventual Church.' By the late Rev. H. J. B. Nicholson, D.D., F.S.A.

spot where the coffin containing the body of Alban lay, and thus, by means of Offa's timely repentance, the mystic presence of the martyr was restored to the worship of the faithful. Offa having carefully placed the sacred relics in the little church, set out for Rome to consult the Pope upon the proposed monastery, and on his return he set about the work in earnest. Having completed the necessary buildings he placed the monastery under the rule of St. Benedict, and supplemented his first penitential benevolence by the grant of the royal manor of Winslow.

From the foundation of the monastery to the erection of the earliest part of the existing structure is a period of two hundred and sixty years. During that time thirteen abbots had followed one another to their grave in the Abbey, and of these there was scarcely one who had not done something to increase the wealth and importance of the place. Under Ædfrid the fifth abbot, Ulpho, the Prior, built a chapel in honour of Germanus, the Bishop of Auxerre, who had come to England in the year 429 to combat the Pelagian heresy, and had visited the tomb of St. Alban before returning to the Continent. Ulsic, the sixth abbot, cared for the rising town as well as for the monastic establishment. He built the churches of St. Peter, St. Michael, and St. Stephen, and also erected a market. The modern church of St. Peter finds a place in our illustration; and its distance from the Abbey at the end of the High Street shows that already St. Alban's must have regained a part of its former importance. But it would serve no purpose to go over the list of names or to recite the acts attributed to each. The details of the history of the Abbey previous to the advent of Abbot Paul, who built the Norman Church, can have but small significance for us in this place, for they are not reflected in the monument that remains. There is, however, one question suggested by these chronicles, which possesses undoubted architectural interest, How many churches had been erected at St. Alban's before the building reared by the splendid energy of Abbot Paul in 1077? Was there one Saxon Church, or more? Was there a Saxon church at all; or was the original British Church merely restored by Offa? It must be confessed that the historic authorities leave this question in some confusion, nor is it a case in which the written record can be decisively corrected by archæological evidence. Mr. E. W. Godwin, in a paper read before the Waynflete Society,* conjectures that there was a Saxon church identified with that mentioned by Bede as of wonderful workmanship, and that it was built during the first quarter of the eighth century. Against this view, however, nearly all the written records seem to contend. I do not venture myself to offer an opinion upon a subject of so much uncertainty, nor do I pretend to do more than array the series of authorities collected by the research of others. So much evidence as exists on the question may be thrust into the smallest compass. We have, as a starting-point, the death of the Martyr in the year 305. Then comes the evidence of Gildas, writing in 564, to the effect that a church had been built in honour of St. Alban within a few years after the martyrdom; and this assertion is borne out by other writers, of whom Bede, who died in 735, uses towards the building the words already quoted. In the sixty years that intervened between the death of Bede and the arrival of Offa, it is of course possible that this church of wonderful workmanship might have been destroyed and another set up in its place; but such a supposition is not necessary in order to fit the facts as they are related. What is told us is that Offa, upon the discovery of the sacred relics, conveyed them to the church then standing, which had been repaired as an asylum, until a more worthy edifice should be erected. Further, it is related by Matthew Paris, that 'Offa, at his own expense, constructed all the buildings except an old edifice, which he found erected formerly, out of the ancient edifices of the heathens;' and this old edifice, it is conjectured, was none other than the early church already mentioned by Bede. In support of the view here expressed we have the fact, that already within two centuries from the death of Offa the Abbots had begun to collect materials for a new church, which would seem to be inconsistent with the hypothesis that the church as well as the monastery was the

* Waynflete Society Report, 1867.

work of Offa. The effect of this evidence would seem to be, that the church mentioned by Gildas was in substance the same as that described by Bede, and that this again was the little church restored by Offa for the reception of the sacred relics.

But whatever may have been the number of these earlier churches, and whatever their fate, they are but distantly connected with the building that still stands at St. Alban's. Cut off from the modern world, and hemmed in by the modern town, the ancient Abbey is almost as sharply separated from the world as before the Norman conquest. The history of the Martyr was already surrounded with legendary wonders before his life inspired the practical piety of Abbot Paul. As the vast structure tells us nothing of the years that have intervened since monastic life was abruptly brought to a close, so also it has little to relate of the epoch which first gave that monastic life its impulse. To the story of the intervening centuries, both in their political and artistic import, it bears full witness. And we shall be able to trace, as well in the structure itself as in the many monuments which it contains, the gradual progress and decay of English

ST. ALBAN'S FROM THE SITE OF VERULAM.

architecture, and the varying fortunes of the English people. What has been briefly related concerning the events of an earlier time was so far necessary by way of introduction, chiefly for the reason that it is wholly independent of the history of the present edifice. That history begins with the great work of Abbot Paul, and for all record of what went before we have only the Roman tiles of ancient Verulam and a few columns of Saxon design.

We have, too, the face of the country itself, in whose youth, renewed again and again, we may trace a certain image of that earlier time. 'The reverend confessor,' says Bede, in his description of the martyrdom, 'accompanied by the multitude, ascended a hill about five hundred paces from the spot, adorned, or rather clothed, with flowers of every kind, and having no steep or rugged sides, but broadly sloping down into a most beautiful plain, worthy, from its loveliness, to be the scene of a martyr's pains. On the top of this hill the holy Alban prayed to God that water might be given to him; and immediately a living spring broke out at his feet, its course being so confined that men should perceive that the power of the martyr had caused the torrent to be taken away.' When Alban had drunk of the water the river is said to have returned to its natural course; and it has survived to us as the stream that separates Verulam from St. Alban's. These words of Bede might be taken to describe the character of the country round St. Alban's at the present day. The gentle hills, clad with grass and flowers, have not lost or changed their beauty since the martyr trod their sloping sides. Looking over from the site of ancient Verulam across the low valley to the opposite side, we may see the

course of the martyr's journey; and in the great church that crowns the hill we may recognise the last trace of his suffering. The little stream that was allowed to return to its natural course still runs along the bottom, and in the spring-time the grass is still beautiful with flowers. No English county wears a face of brighter green than Hertford, and in no other can we find softer or fuller foliage clothing the gentle slopes. From the tower of the Abbey Church in summer-time the eye travelling over miles of wooded country returns to note the places nearer home. The modern town of St. Alban's rests almost within the limits granted to it by Abbot Ulsin in 948. The churches founded by him still stand as notable landmarks in the landscape, and the houses cluster most thickly around the site of the ancient market which he granted to the burgesses. Looking towards the south-west across the valley we see the site of Verulam, beyond whose southern wall ran the great Roman highway, Watling Street. To the south-east lie the ruins of Sopwell Nunnery, and further to the east is Key Field, the scene of the first conflict between the houses of York and Lancaster. Of all these neighbouring places and their histories the Abbey Church preserves some record. It contains more of Verulam than the Roman city itself can now boast, and it bears a full witness to the fortunes of the town of St. Alban's. The present town, with its neat red-brick houses and swinging signs, has very little of picturesque fascination. Its appearance suggests a state midway between antique quietude and modern prosperity, having just that touch of unessential dulness from which both the very old and the very new find a way of escape. If it were not for the Abbey the place would indeed be scarcely noticeable; its main streets would not compel inquiry beyond the sober decorous life which they seem designed to express, but with the Abbey in view and its history in our minds we cannot look with entire indifference even upon the modern town. Pushing beyond the characteristic propriety of its principal thoroughfares, we may reach here and there an odd bit of building more nearly accordable with the recollections of the town's splendid history, and in the church of St. Michael we shall find work as old as any in the Abbey Church itself.

J. Comyns Carr.

DAVID COX. LOAN COLLECTION, LIVERPOOL.

THIS Exhibition is one of the many good deeds due to 'The Liverpool Art Club, which, formed on the model of 'The Burlington Fine Arts Club, London, seeks to combine social intercourse with instruction. The collection, numbering 434 works, fairly represents the master in the several mediums of oil, water-colour, sepia, and charcoal. The last strikes me as most novel. These charcoal drawings show how David Cox thought out his subjects in black and white, and how colour grew from chiaroscuro; they also illustrate how he was accustomed to block out compositions in broad masses. This essentially English master—equally English with Constable and Gainsborough—is almost too familiar to stand in need of detailed criticism. I shall therefore content myself with a few brief remarks suggested by this well-selected loan collection.

The exhibition may be almost read as an autobiography; it reflects the successive styles of the master. David Cox, emphatically, as I have said, an English artist owed much to the early practitioners of the essentially English art of water-colour painting. I find traces in his drawings of Girtin, Varley, Barret, and others. He is also known to have extended his horizon to Claude and Gaspar Poussin: *Tivoli* (101) is an example of the one, *A Rocky Subject* (190) of the other. Comparisons also, though rather too far-fetched, have been made between Turner and Cox; the one may be likened to a full orchestral band, while the other was given to solos and soliloquies sometimes subdued to monotone. At the time when the sun of Turner was setting in a feverish blaze of yellow and red, Cox, still in quiet greys, held the sky of the morning.

David Cox, it is said—in common with many others—had three manners, all here exemplified. But his style was far too changeful and undefined to be thus counted and circumscribed.

I confess that his latest manner approaches chaos, and expresses the garrulous phase of genius. It may be laid down almost as a universal law that the middle period of a master is his best. David Cox forms no exception to the rule, as the numerous versions here exhibited of the famous *Welsh Funeral* in the well-known churchyard at Bettws-y-Coed give decisive proofs. Yet the mood of this artist, though sombre, was far from funereal; his *Hayfields*, of which in Liverpool we see felicitous examples, are almost as sunny and joyous as those of Mr. George Fripp. David Cox, if not precisely imaginative, was most ready in resource, and his early experience in scene-painting, under Macready the elder, served him well in methods of composition. But the artifice was never avowed; simplicity was the maxim. Some of the choicest drawings here displayed show sensitive intuitions in the way of atmosphere, climate, and local character; no artist is a more sure chronicler of times and seasons. Very much might be written in praise of Nature which would read literally as an eulogy on David Cox.

But this 'loan collection' of 'The Liverpool Art Club' merits all the more mention from the personal reminiscences in the Preface to the Catalogue, and in speeches by near friends delivered at the opening dinner. It is curious to learn that David Cox supped on bread and milk: more ardent colourists in Venice preferred wine. It is also interesting to hear the story of *Going to the Hayfield* (29). The picture had been sent to Liverpool just a quarter of a century ago; it was hung on the ground at the price of 40*l.*, and at the close of the exhibition it had to be returned to the artist unsold. The sequel is, that it now re-enters Liverpool in triumph. It was acquired by its present possessor at a sum little short of 3000*l.*, it is insured for 4000*l.*, the whole collection being estimated at 130,000*l.* These prices may not hold in the long run. Yet in the presence of this choice and instructive collection the acknowledged genius of the artist is once more manifest. David Cox stands conspicuously as a student of Nature, simple and unadorned: he is grand in disorder, masterly in rugged negligence: like Nature herself, he evoked harmony out of discord and order from confusion.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THIS is, we think, the most entertaining of the volumes in which M. Paul Lacroix has sought to illustrate the lighter side of history.* His earlier researches, though never wanting in industry, have sometimes failed to attain the unity and completeness of the present work, and this has been due not so much to any fault on the part of the writer as to inherent difficulties in his subject. It is not every age which can yield sufficient material to form a connected and independent story of its social life. The illustrations of manners where they occur are bound up with matter of graver import, and we are apt to feel that some violence is done to the great masterpieces of earlier art when they are summoned merely to bear witness to contemporary costume. But the period which M. Lacroix has now chosen for his researches suggests no such scruples. The eighteenth century is indeed a very paradise of manners. Art and literature here seem to have combined to preserve for us a full record of the very lightest side of existence, and so much is left of both kinds that future historians, at whatever distance of time, will always be able to reconstruct a precise and minute image of the age as it was. Thus it will be seen that M. Lacroix, whose work depends as much upon pictorial illustration as upon the written text, has been peculiarly fortunate in his epoch, and in restricting his inquiry to France he has chosen the country in which the Art of the period most frankly devoted herself to recording the lighter graces of life, its passing fashions and changing costumes. There is enough in the work of our painters, in the satires of Hogarth and the portraits of Reynolds, to illustrate the outer habit of the social life of the time, but while both these men have higher functions in art they cannot compare, as mere painters of manners, with Watteau and Boucher, or even Greuze

* 'The Eighteenth Century: Its Institutions, Manners, and Customs.' By Paul Lacroix. With 21 Chromolithographs, and 357 Wood Engravings. London: Chapman & Hall.

M. Abel Lurat is quite a beginner in etching, and the reader will learn with surprise that the plate before him is a first attempt, executed without even the advantage of advice from a more experienced artist. This, and Mr. Watson's plate, which appeared in the PORTFOLIO for June, 1873, are the two most remarkable maiden efforts we ever met with. In each case the artist had studied drawing, light-and-shade, &c., in another art, and so came to etching with a stock of artistic knowledge and feeling quite ready to express itself with the etching-needle. M. Abel Lurat was a pupil of the École des Beaux-Arts; he was also both pupil and nephew of M. Alphonse François, an eminent line-engraver (Officer of the Legion of Honour and Member of the Institute). He studied engraving in mezzotint under M. Jouanin, and has since engraved many plates in mezzotint which have been published by Messrs. Goupil. His plates from Toulmouche, the *Mariage de Raison*, and the *Consultation*, have been exhibited at the Salon. M. Lurat is also a painter, and, as we see, is now turning his attention to etching, which he looks upon as the most artistic kind of engraving.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, A.R.A. *Water-colour.*—Many varieties of paper are now manufactured for painters in water-colour. Sir John Gilbert has not any decided preference for one more than another, provided that the paper, whoever manufactured it, bears out the colour well, and is rather stout in substance; he likes a tinted paper, but, as a general rule, paints on white.

Sir John never washes a drawing, nor sponges it, but simply paints with brushes; often with hog tools, as if he were painting in oil.

He likes beer or stale ale as a medium, and also a wax water megilp prepared by Reeves of Cheapside. Of this he says, 'A little on the palette, to be taken up by the tip of the brush, gives great strength, richness, and force to the colour; but it must not be used so much as to make the surface shine when dry.'

Sir John Gilbert's palette is composed as follows for constant use, but a few more brilliant colours, such as the bright yellows, extract of vermilion, &c., are added to the list occasionally, when specially required:—

Chinese white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, brown ochre, light red, Venetian red, Indian red, vermilion, Indian lake, Antwerp blue, Prussian blue, indigo, French ultramarine, cobalt, Vandyke brown, ivory black.

'With these colours,' he says, 'almost everything can be done, and the fewer colours used the better, both in oil and water.'

Sir John uses papier-mâché palettes, with an enamelled surface. These are held on the thumb, exactly like the wooden palettes used by painters in oil. They would, of course, be useless for very liquid colour, which would flow off them, but Sir John seldom uses very liquid colour except for skies, &c. He has three or four of these palettes, and a peculiarity well worth noting is that they are never cleaned; a space may be cleaned occasionally when required for pure colour, or for some definite fresh mixture, but the palette itself is not. The reason for this apparent negligence is that the accidental mixture of many colours affords a great variety of tints, amongst which the artist often finds what he wants without having to seek for it by intentional mixture. He is not alone in this liking for an uncleaned palette in water-colour; several other water-colour painters have the same taste, and for the same reason: but it may be well to observe in this place that Sir John does not mix many colours together in oil, as he does in water-colour. 'The complicated and accidental mixture of colours,' he says, 'is never disagreeable in water, but in oils such a mixture would be muddy and dirty.'

Sir John usually keeps one palette separate from the rest for flesh-painting.

His process in water-colour is in most respects, however, exactly the same process as

oil-painting, and he is not satisfied without getting in water-colour the richness and depth of tone and surface which he constantly endeavours to get in oil. It is for this reason that he uses so little liquid and always *tube* colours, sometimes painting with colour thick and strong as it is squeezed out of the tube, and with hog brushes just as if it were oil—large brushes, 'the larger the better.' In this manner of painting Chinese white gets mixed with most of the colours, as it would not be possible to obtain the solidity aimed at without it. There are water-colour *drawings* and there are water-colour *paintings*. Sir John Gilbert looks upon his own practice in water-colour as strictly a kind of painting, like oil in almost everything except the medium used. The processes of glazing and scumbling may be used in this kind of water-colour painting as they can in oil.

An important point in Sir John Gilbert's construction of a picture is that he paints his backgrounds first, up to their full force. He strongly advocates this practice, because it compels the artist to paint the figures with all the force he can; whereas if the figures are painted first, on a white background, it is most likely that they will have to be gone over again to keep the background in its place, or else the background will be painted weakly on purpose to prevent it from coming before the figures.

Oil-painting.—Sir John Gilbert's practice in oil-painting is founded upon the method of Reynolds so far as this, that he begins with a monochrome; but he differs from Reynolds in two or three points, which are these. Sir John's monochrome is not in black and white, like that of Sir Joshua, because black and white in mixture produce a set of cold greys, which are unpleasant to the eye of an artist until covered by subsequent painting; and also because, when black is seen through tints which are laid over it, there are certain chromatic inconveniences, for black is not in reality so neutral as it is theoretically supposed to be. Sir John prefers to paint his monochrome in raw umber, which he afterwards thinly glazes with raw sienna. There is this further difference, that Reynolds *mixed* his black and white in different degrees, so that his monochrome was *opaque;* whereas Gilbert paints with raw umber on a white ground, but does not mix it with white, so that his monochrome is semi-transparent. The subsequent glaze with raw sienna tends to increase this effect of transparence. It is not until this glaze is dry that Sir John begins to use white; he then applies it by striking it boldly on the lights. There is this further difference, that the black-and-white monochrome of Reynolds was not finished beyond the point of a simple dead-colouring, whilst Sir John finishes his monochrome very carefully, even to such a detail as a ring on a finger. It may be necessary, however, to caution the reader not to attach too much importance to the difference between the two artists in this respect, as there was so little detail in the works of Reynolds that his monochrome, though very broadly painted, would bear almost the same relation to his finished picture as the more detailed monochrome of an artist who gave more detail in his colour. Sir John attaches, in his own practice, a remarkable degree of importance to the *finish* of the monochrome. 'Too much care and pains,' he says, 'cannot be taken with the *first* painting. I usually carry it so far as to draw jewels, a ring on a finger, or any other minute and carefully-made-out accessory. This would appear to be a tedious process, but time is gained in the end.' Returning to the same subject at a later date Sir John writes:—'The comfort is immense in getting in the picture complete in composition and drawing—*to the smallest detail*—in the umber as I have described. It is a process fit alike for landscape, portrait, still-life, or figure-subject. You cannot well get out of harmony if the ground for the shadows is jealously guarded to the last.'

The monochrome being finished (it has been painted first in raw umber alone, then glazed with raw sienna, and finally touched with white for the lights), the artist has before him a finished drawing which leaves only one thing to be thought about, namely, *colour*. To understand how Sir John colours his monochrome, the best way will be to take a portion of a subject—say a piece of drapery, which is to be coloured red; when the white is dry he passes thinly a wash of the intended colour over it with a rich medium (such as Roberson's), and enriches

the shades with deep glazings of lake, dark lake, &c., also with a rich medium. He may then increase the intensity of colour upon the lights, and the same in the darks. When half-dry he will touch into lights and darks again, 'thrusting as it were the brush into the thick, clotty colour, dragging it in parts. This is a process most difficult to describe in words, but it is the delight, the glory of painting.'

Sir John uses two kinds of medium, a thin one and a thick one. His thin medium is composed of turpentine and linseed oil; his thick one of Roberson's medium, with the addition of a little copal varnish, or else he makes a megilp by mixing mastic varnish and linseed oil in equal proportions. Sir John uses the thin medium in the beginning of a work until the umber and sienna of the monochrome are done with, but the thick vehicle is used for striking on the lights in the monochrome, and for all subsequent work of colouring. The advantage of the thin medium for the monochrome is that the finest lines can be drawn in it with a clean, clear, liquid flow of colour, giving that easy charm of manner which a more fat and clogging medium, such as megilp, will not allow of.'

It will be seen already that this system of painting is closely allied to that of Rubens, in keeping the shadows thin and transparent, with decided touches of thick colour for the lights. It is *quite* an essential part of this system that the work of the first process should never be lost, especially in the shadows, which may be veiled and toned, but never entirely buried under subsequent work.

Sir John Gilbert likes a half-prepared canvas, what is called 'single-primed.' The canvas he uses just at present is French (sold by Barbe of Regent Street): besides being half-primed, it is strong and rough in texture. Sir John 'likes it much; it is beautiful for backgrounds, landscape especially, and for the darks of the picture which should be painted thinly.' Although he invariably begins a picture in monochrome, Sir John may occasionally, by way of experiment, paint the monochrome in something else than umber. This year's Academy picture was begun in Indian red. So with mediums: the artist has not always strictly confined himself to Roberson or megilp, but has of late tried amber varnish as prepared by Professor Barff of the Royal Academy. This suits his taste, and he calls it 'a most admirable medium.'

There is a *very* important point in the practice of oil-painting, which is the use of the palette-knife, not on the picture but on the palette. Many living artists have quite abandoned the old-fashioned way of setting the palette, and instead of mixing tints with the knife simply squeeze the pigments from the tubes, mixing them afterwards with the brush. There are two evils in this practice: the first, that the colour from the tubes has different degrees of fluidity, one colour being much stiffer than another; and the second, that the brush does not get properly charged when it is made to do the work of the palette-knife. On this Sir John has very decided opinions. 'I set my palette,' he says, 'in the old-fashioned way, laying the colours in order, and mixing each tint to the same degree of fluidity. I never squeeze the colour from the tube, leaving it unmixed by the knife. *I think* the brush should always be charged carefully, and the practice of driving it into the stiff unmixed colour is bad, and quite prevents this, for you lift (if I may so express it) an undigested lump of pigment on to the canvas, and have to do *there* what should have been done on the palette. To lay the colours from the tube on the palette, and then mix with the brush, is not at all a good practice.'

With regard to the colours used by Sir John Gilbert in oil-painting, it is only necessary to say that they are the same as the list already given for his palette in water-colour. In oil, he mixes two, three, or more colours with the knife, to get the tint he wants, or the tint that he wants as a ground for glazing upon. He almost always intentionally lays a tint which is to be afterwards modified by glazing, with due consideration of the change which glazing will produce upon it. He does not, however, except so far as glazing is concerned, proceed much on the principle of getting tints by superposition. For example: to get a green, he would not first lay a yellow ground and afterwards pass blue over the yellow, but he would mix a green on the palette; not *the* green he intended to arrive at ultimately, but *a* green, which afterwards he

would cool or warm by glazes until the colour he wanted was obtained. Suppose, for example, that the artist had to deal with a piece of green drapery, he would proceed as follows. The monochrome in umber is already dry, and prepared for working upon. In painting the first green, that mixed on the palette (which very possibly might have white in it), the artist would carefully avoid covering the shaded parts which still remain of a rich brown colour, composed of the raw umber of the first painting, with the raw sienna glaze over it. The shaded parts he would afterwards glaze (carefully excluding white) to the proper green shade or shadow of green required.

It may be observed that this practice, which is in principle the same as that of the mature Flemish school, whilst perfectly applicable to figures and all near objects, would not (without some modification) be so applicable to the distances of landscape, where we all feel the necessity of atmosphere. For this reason most landscape-painters find themselves compelled to use opaque colours in the shaded parts, both of clouds and mountains. This is felt by contemporary painters even in water-colour, for when they do not professedly use body-colour they still very generally admit a *little* Chinese white in the shadows of their distances.

M. RAJON'S NEW ETCHING AFTER REYNOLDS.

THERE would seem to be some error in the title given by the publishers to M. Rajon's very beautiful etching.* Sir Joshua's niece, Theophila Palmer, was at no time in her life the Marchioness of Thomond. She became on her marriage Mrs. Gwatkin, and her daughter, Theophila Gwatkin, was chosen by the painter as the model of his picture of Innocence. The face in M. Rajon's etching, both in outline and expression, bears a strong resemblance to the youthful Theophila Gwatkin, and we can fancy the one as a later image of the other. It also bears a certain likeness to the face of Theophila Palmer, as she appears in the allegorical composition of *Hope nursing Love*, but it has absolutely nothing in common with the known portraits of the face of Mary Palmer, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Thomond. We think it probable, then, that the former part of the title is correct, and that this is indeed the face of Theophila Palmer; from which it follows, of course, that as Theophila Palmer never was Marchioness of Thomond, the latter part of the title is wrong.

But the identity of the sitter in no way affects the merits of M. Rajon's etching. Whoever the lady may have been, she possessed a face that has fairly called out the powers both of painter and engraver. M. Rajon, it seems to us, has never worked in more complete sympathy with the master presented to him for interpretation, and his etching, while it misses nothing of the tenderness that belongs to Reynolds's female portraits, possesses at the same time a refinement and precision which no mezzotint can command. With a fine economy of means, the artist has touched only the essential parts of the face, and has left the rich tone of the paper to suggest the even surface of the painter's delicate flesh-painting. The lines of the modelling are so carefully measured in their strength that they scarcely betray the point at which they meet and join withthese spaces left entirely fair; and thus the face, as a whole, leaves no suggestion of sudden contrast, but is made up of delicate transitions of light and shade effected without needless emphasis. This tenderness in the treatment of the face is well supported by the elaborate execution of the hair, and both are balanced by the broader rendering of costume, and by the richer tones of the shadow behind the head. The wonderful work bestowed upon the hair may be taken to illustrate the highly cultivated system of the artist's work. The lines follow every incident of the form, varying in strength with the changes of light and shade, and yielding an effect as soft as any mezzotint. We are not sure that Reynolds's art has ever been more satisfactorily interpreted.

* Theophila Palmer, afterwards Marchioness of Thomond. Etched by P. Rajon after Sir Joshua Reynolds. London: E. S. Palmer.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXVI.—William Vandevelde (1633–1707).

A Gale at Sea.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

WILLIAM VANDEVELDE is the name of two very able Dutch marine painters, father and son, who both worked for some years in this country. The father, who was born at Leyden in 1610, was only twenty-three years older than his more famous son, who was born in the city of Amsterdam in 1633. It is probable that it is not always a simple thing to distinguish the works of these two painters, though the father made chiefly drafts in black and white. The son was instructed by his father, and by the marine and landscape painter Simon de Vlieger, and their styles are similar. The great feature of the younger Vandevelde seems to be his remarkable delicacy of execution, and the true spirit in his smaller works, whether storms or calms. There are two qualities of pictures ascribed to this painter, and some are harder in execution, more positive in colouring, and altogether more mechanical, than the others: these are scarcely the work of the younger Vandevelde, but they may be, some of them, the work of the father, or even of Simon de Vlieger. It is not to be supposed that the elder Vandevelde painted only in black and white.

Both the Vandeveldes were established in England in the reign of Charles II., when, however, the father was past middle age and the son was no longer young. They had their apartments in Greenwich, and each received a salary from the King of 100*l.*; the elder for making drafts of sea-fights, and the younger for colouring them. This is ascertained from the papers of Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, and published by Walpole from Vertue's notes. It contains the following:—'Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the elder, for taking and making drafts of sea-fights: and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William Vandevelde the younger, for putting the said drafts into colours, for our particular use.' This privy seal was given on the 20th of February, 1675, and the appointment was continued during the reign of James II.

The elder Vandevelde died at Greenwich, and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London, where is, or was, on his gravestone the following inscription:—'Mr. William Vandevelde, senior, late painter of sea-fights to their Majesties King Charles II. and King James, dyed 1693.' There are some of his pieces at Hampton Court.

Walpole says that the younger Vandevelde holds the same high place among marine painters that Raphael does among the historical painters. This may be so, but Turner, perhaps, has displayed a more vigorous genius, if not a more careful; and there is a greater freedom from art restraint in Turner; as, for instance, in the *Sun rising in a Mist*, which, if we may make some allowance for the dirt that obscures it, is perfectly natural, while the great sea-piece in the Ellesmere Gallery has not emancipated itself from the effect of being a picture.

And as to the poetry of art, the distance between them is immense, the Dutch painter bearing no comparison with the English.

The Earl of Ellesmere's picture is dated 1672, shortly before the painter was established in England. Both the Vandeveldes are reported to have been present at sea-fights, and to have made their studies honestly from nature.

In the Museum at Amsterdam is a large view of the Port, signed '*W. V. Velde, f.* 1686,' very much in the style of his imitator, L. Verschuur, another able scholar of Simon de Vlieger.

Walpole says the father latterly always dated his works: this cannot be said of the son, for few are dated. Five of the nine examples in the National Gallery are signed, but only two are dated; three with what may be considered his usual signature, '*W. V. V.*,' on some obscure object in the picture, and the other two with '*W. V. Velde*,' and the respective dates of 1657 and 1661: this distinction is worth noting.

The son died in London on the 6th of April, 1707, in his 74th year.

Portraits of both painters, after Kneller, are engraved in Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting.' The father's seems to be the more intelligent face. Adrian Vandevelde, the landscape and animal painter, was the younger William's brother.

No. 876, *A Gale at Sea*, is a fine example of the best small work of this painter, it is signed simply with the usual '*W. V. V.*' In the foreground is a small fishing-smack running before the wind, with the sea breaking over its bow; the sea is rough, and the sky black and stormy; on the left in the middle-ground a frigate is approaching, while a second frigate is seen lying at anchor in the distance. On canvas, 12½ inches high by 15½ inches wide. It was formerly in the collection of Mr. David de Yongh, and then in that of Count Fourtales, and was purchased for the National Gallery, with the collection of Sir Robert Peel, in 1871.

R. N. Wornum.

THE LANDSEER CATALOGUE.

THE catalogue of Sir Edwin Landseer's works,* which Mr. Algernon Graves has recently issued in a more complete form, is certainly one of the best things of its kind we ever met with, and cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to all students of the great animal-painter. Such a catalogue as this, which presents year by year a complete list, or a list as complete as possible, of works executed in the twelve months, and then two minor catalogues—one of all the engraved works and the other of all which have never been engraved—is, in fact, a better guide to the mind and life of the artist than many a clever essay or biography. Mr. Graves has greatly added to the interest of his publication by inserting brief notes about many of the pictures and drawings, for in these notes we have often glimpses of the artist's character and habits. There is also a short preface, but the rule observed everywhere is to give as much information as possible without inserting a superfluous word. Mr. Graves says, that the short descriptions and anecdotes 'are believed to be authentic, having been obtained direct from the parties named, or from personal knowledge obtained in business transactions.' He tells us that Landseer was fastidious in his art, and consequently left many sketches and unfinished works, some barely indicated, others more advanced. 'It is said of him that he would at times place a clean canvas on his easel, and for a day, and sometimes for several days, let it remain without touching pencil or brush, until the entire subject had become matured in his mind, when he would commence to sketch and paint with extreme rapidity and precision.' Mr. Graves very justly observes that Landseer's best work was 'from within rather than from without.'

* 'Catalogue of the Works of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty the Queen. Compiled by Algernon Graves, published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., 6 Pall Mall, London.

Merely to glance over this catalogue is enough to impress any intelligent reader with a sense of the wonderful natural gifts which, with the necessary degree of industry, made Landseer what he was. His work as an etcher begins in 1809, at the early age of seven, and he goes on etching in subsequent years. At the age of eleven he painted a picture which has been since sold for more than 300*l.* At twelve he was active as a painter, and produced works which have been engraved; at fourteen, notwithstanding his precocity, he became a student of the Royal Academy, and went through the usual curriculum. At eighteen he dissected a lion and painted two large pictures of leonine subjects, which were exhibited at the British Institution. One of his pictures painted in 1821, when he was nineteen years old, has been sold since for 656*l.* Mr. Graves tells a curious story of a picture representing a hybrid between a dog and a fox. 'This picture was obtained under peculiar circumstances. On being asked by a friend what sort of dog it was, Sir Edwin said, "That was rather a strange animal. They call it a fox-dog. I painted that many years ago. It was exactly like him." He suddenly threw the picture as far as he could into the garden (the window being open), and said, "You may have it if you will take the trouble to fetch it." It had lodged in a tree and was very soon transferred to a frame-maker.' There are plenty of such interesting bits in the notes to Mr. Graves's catalogue. An amusing specimen of published criticism is given *apropos* of the *Rabbit and Stoat*, exhibited in 1838. Some wise critic said of that picture, 'We think the rabbit is too much like a hare, and we never saw a ferret that colour.' Mr. Graves has been guilty of a little lapsus about some drawings by Landseer which were etched by Prince Albert. 'The above six etchings were executed from drawings in a sketch-book used during the artist's tour, and remained in the book until after his death, when they were cut out for the purpose of sale.' Mr. Graves means, of course, that the drawings, and not the etchings, were cut out of the books. Every one remembers the picture of Shoeing, and every one must have heard some critical person remark that the horse ought to have been fastened, and that the painter had committed a strange oversight in not fastening him. Mr. Graves says, 'This was not an oversight, as she would stand to be shod or cleaned without being fastened, but had a great objection to be tied up in a forge, or against a post or door. When this had been attempted, she often started back with a sudden jerk and broke the bridle. Other critics have remarked that, from the mode of painting the toe of the off-forefoot, the mare appears as if her weight rested on only two legs. This was noticed before the picture was finished, and she was placed in position several times for the purpose of ensuring accuracy. In every instance she placed the foot exactly in the position represented.' A very wonderful story is told of Landseer's astonishing knowledge of dogs; a story so wonderful, indeed, as to seem incredible; but the truth is, that from his accurate acquaintance with those animals he must have had many varieties of them in his mind which are not recognised either by men of science or by ordinary sportsmen. Mr. Graves tells us that in the year 1849, when the painter was forty-seven years old, he painted the picture called *The Shepherd's Bible*. In this work there were two dogs, one of which was painted from life, but the gentleman who commissioned the picture had for a long time kept a collie dog, in the hope that Sir Edwin might be induced to paint him, and this collie had died before the picture was begun. Notwithstanding the dog's death, his master still greatly desired that he should appear in the picture, and gave a description of him to Sir Edwin, who said, 'Oh, yes, I know the dog exactly,' and made an outline with a few touches, which proved the fact. 'The picture was painted in less than two days, and the portraits are exact, especially the light-coloured dog, which was painted entirely from description. All who knew the original have remarked on seeing the picture that not only in colour and attitude, but in the expression of his eye, it is the dog himself.' The picture was sold at Mr. Farnworth's sale for 1400 guineas. Surely this is one of the most wonderful anecdotes in the history of art! But it would not be fair to pick out all the plums from Mr. Graves's excellent catalogue, so here we leave it, recommending it heartily to everybody who cares about Landseer and his works.

EDITOR.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

(Continued.)

SO far I have spoken only of that part of the history of St. Alban's which precedes the history of the present building. It was necessary, if only to understand the name of the place, that we should travel back beyond the times of good Abbot Paul, and recall the legend which served as the motive of his splendid piety. It was right, too, to take some account of the repentant munificence of Offa; for of that, no less than of the actual martyrdom itself, all trace is now lost to us. But henceforth the Abbey Church, as it stands before our eyes to-day, will in part report its own history. Having carried the legend up to the time when the earliest part of the existing structure was built up, we may now link the story and the monument together, and seek for the future to draw our history from the venerable pile itself.

As we tread once more across the fields from the site of ancient Verulam, we seem to be journeying not only to the great church itself, but to that earlier age in which it was built. On this side there is nothing to interrupt or disturb the passage from new to old—the flight from to-day to that earlier yesterday when the workmen were busy in giving the first expression to the grand Norman design. A path across the fields, with a wooden railing that the most primitive art might have reared; grand trees that are either old or new; and the many sights and sounds and colours of nature which the imagination carries fearlessly to people and beautify the very earliest world—these are the only objects that stand between us and the Abbey as it is and as it was. And across this same path those earlier workmen must have often passed as they bore the ruins of ancient Verulam over to the opposite hill, where they were to be again upreared in the image of a Christian church. Long before the Norman church of Abbot Paul was dreamed of, and before there was a thought of Norman rule in England, it had been a cherished scheme of the monks of St. Alban's to erect a new church worthy to serve as a monument to the first English martyr. Eadmer, the ninth Abbot, had begun to collect materials for the sacred edifice; and it would seem, from a passage in the history of Matthew Paris, that in this he had only imitated the example of his immediate predecessors. 'It was not the will of God,' says the historian, 'that he should build the martyr's church, but he did not waste or squander what had been brought together for that structure, either in money or materials.' Going up to the ancient city of Verulam he found treasure as well as building material, and transported both within the Abbey precincts. The next Abbot was a worthy man, but he fell upon troublous times, and was compelled for the relief of the poor to dispose of a portion of the resources which his predecessors had collected. Those that followed, however, must have diligently made up the deficiency, and we may suppose that, with the ruins of a considerable city close at hand, there could have been no great difficulty in accumulating the 'square stones, with tiles, and columns,' of which Matthew Paris speaks. At any rate, we have the certain record that from these ruins of Verulam the new church was built. Paul of Caen, the fourteenth Abbot, and the kinsman of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, at length began the long-destined work. He was appointed to preside over the monastery in 1077, and he seems at once to have entered upon his great enterprise. We may well suppose that many considerations combined to urge forward the accomplishment of the design. We have seen how, even to the Saxon abbots, the existing state of the church had demanded a new architectural effort. For more than a century the old church, repaired again and again, and enlarged to suit the growing needs of the monastery, had stood as a reproach to those who revered the name of the martyr and the faith for which he died. But to Abbot Paul, fresh from Normandy, the poverty of the existing building must have been doubly apparent, for although in the light of the latest researches it would be idle to assume that Saxon architecture was either rude or insignificant, yet we may be certain that the church he found at St. Alban's must have seemed poor indeed beside the solemn and solid structure which he had it

in his mind to erect. At least, we have the written record to prove that the new Abbot was not slow to begin what so many before him had contemplated; and by the energy he displayed in the work we are allowed now to contemplate one of the earliest and most important Norman buildings in the kingdom.

'Abbot Paul, when he had presided eleven years,' writes the great historian of the Abbey, 'within that time constructed the entire church of St. Alban and many other buildings of brickwork;' and the same authority adds that the various buildings were constructed 'of the stones and tiles of the ancient city of Verulam, and of the timber which he found collected and reserved by his predecessors.' But about a year after the pious Abbot had completed his labours his friend Lanfranc died, and shortly afterwards William Rufus came to the throne, who was by no means friendly to the Church. So it happened that the dedication of the new building did not take place till the rule of another abbot and another king. In the meantime it would seem that the greatness of the undertaking which Abbot Paul had brought to a conclusion was fully recognised by the nobles of the land, some of whom contributed towards the enrichment of the structure. One of them, named Zitholf, 'who resided in a woodland part of the neighbourhood, added two bells to the tower, still larger and more admirable than the rest. Having a good stock of sheep and goats, he sold many of them and bought a bell, and when he heard the sound of it suspended in the tower he laughing said to himself, "Hark how sweetly my sheep and my goats bleat!" But his wife procured another for the same place, and the two together produced a most sweet harmony, which, when the lady heard, she said, "I do not think that this union is wanting of Divine favour which united me to my husband in lawful matrimony and the bond of mutual affection."'

It was at Christmas time, in the year 1115, that the new church was solemnly dedicated. King Henry I. and his Queen Matilda were present at the ceremony, besides a host of worthy prelates, both English and foreign. Richard D'Aubeney was Abbot, the good Paul having died before this crowning point in his labours was reached. There was feasting, we are told, from Christmas-tide to Epiphany; and we can conceive what a vision of solemn splendour this new Norman church must have seemed to the eyes of the townsmen of St. Alban's. Yet there were some, no doubt, to whom the utter destruction of the old monuments must have seemed little short of sacrilege. The old church, with its monastic buildings, had preserved an unbroken tradition almost since the date of the Martyrdom itself; and now the new Norman building stood out rather as the pledge of foreign yoke than as an honour to the English martyr. Some such feeling, faintly recorded, seems to have survived in Matthew Paris's 'Chronicle;' for we find that he reckons it a fault of Abbot Paul that he should have destroyed the ancient monuments erected to the honour of earlier abbots. And perhaps Abbot Paul in his turn, could he have looked forward, would have no less deplored the sad havoc that after-reformers and improvers made of his noble Norman Abbey. He would have rebelled against the taste which brought those graceful arches into the long nave and cut away his solid painted pillars; and perhaps still more would he have resented the great windows with which a still later taste was to pierce the walls of nave and transept. But for us all these changes have served only to make the place historical, although we may well regret, with Abbot Paul's biographer, that the energetic reformer did not preserve some of the Saxon monuments he found there.

For as we approach the church to-day, from the gentle slope of Verulam, we find something more and something less than must have met the gaze of the lords and prelates who came to attend the dedication in the Christmas-tide of 1115. Something less; for the great church, then surrounded by its monastic buildings, now stands alone. Nothing remains but the massive old gateway, some paces from the western door, to remind us of the vast establishment which gathered about the sacred pile; and even this old gateway is only the successor of another, which must have marked the limits of the inner court in the time of Abbot Paul. It is remarkable that, on this southern side, even the modern town fails to take the place once occupied by the monastery, and the green grass travels up to the walls of the church, and

grows beside the ruins of the once beautiful cloisters. An eye-witness, writing in 1722, says, 'They have lately been working hard at pulling up the old foundation of the Abbey; and it is now levelled with the pasture, where, three years ago, you might make a tolerable guess at the ichnography of the place. This very year they pulled down the stone tower, or gate-house, on the north side of the Abbey, within a month after I had taken a sketch of it.'

In certain respects the destruction of these monastic buildings aids the grand effect of the church, as it stands out in complete isolation. Formerly this view from the southern side, that is now entirely uninterrupted, was partly blocked up by the buildings of the monastery. At the extreme end of the transept stood the chapter-house: to the left, running in a westerly direction, parallel with the nave, was the refectory; and on the west side, opposite the transept,

THE ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

were the dormitories. This block of buildings, united by the cloisters, formed a central court to the monastic establishment; and at the present time nothing but a ruined fragment of the cloisters cleaving to the wall of the nave remains to tell of the existence of any such exterior structure. Originally the domain of the Abbey extended on this southern side to the stream in the valley, and the old gateway that survives formed the entrance to the interior court. As we are employed to-day in wandering round about the outside of the Abbey, it will be well to enter by this old gateway and pause for a moment beneath its arched portals. The massive building stands as the record of troublous times in the history of the Abbey. It was erected under the rule of Thomas de la Mare, the thirtieth abbot, in substitution for an earlier structure that had been blown down by the wind; and this same Abbot also obtained leave from King Edward III. to put a stone wall around the monastery. Already, it would seem, the cautious monks of St. Alban's were aware of the growing discontent among their tenants, which a few years later was to break out in the formidable insurrection, of which Wat Tyler is the leader best known to history. No sooner had this insurrection arisen than it was joined by all the tenants on the principal manors of the Abbey. In St. Alban's itself the movement was headed by one William Gryndecobbe, who had been educated in the Abbey, and who was therefore in a position to relate to the people the doings of the monks. Even with the 'stone wall' recently erected this uprising of the disaffected tenantry must have appeared somewhat threatening to the

establishment; for when the multitude appeared at the Abbey-gates many of the inmates of the Abbey took flight, and made their escape with much peril to Tynemouth. Fortunately, however, for the safety of the monastery, pressure was brought from the King himself to compel the Abbot to grant the reasonable demands of the tenantry. For a little while the Abbot was stubborn, but it was pointed out to him that King Richard's letter was imperative, and at last he yielded, and gave the charters that were demanded. All this is matter of general history, to which, perhaps, we shall have to return when we get to the monuments in the interior of the church.

I have referred to these events now, only because this old gateway played a prominent part in the struggle, and was very nearly lost to us through the resistance of the Abbot. The purpose for which it was built was to serve as a prison, and, curiously enough, it continued to be used as a prison till a very few years ago. Well, when the insurgents reached this gateway, knowing the use to which it was put, they commanded the gaoler to open the doors; and entering in at once set all the prisoners free, save one, who seemed worthy of death, and whom they straightway beheaded. But afterwards, when the Abbot foolishly delayed to grant the charter enjoined by the King, the insurgents again collected about this old gate, and threatened to pull it down; so that the monks, as if to conciliate them, sent out abundance of bread and beer, which was distributed to the multitude; and a townsman of St. Alban's, apparently favourable to the cause of the Abbey, addressed the insurgents in a speech that is fully reported by Walsingham.

There will be occasion to say more of this great rising of the people, and to consider more fully the causes which led them to threaten the destruction of the Abbey. But for the present we may pass out from under the shadow of the ancient archway, and looking up at the great tower set serenely against the winter sky, transport ourselves to a fairer time in the history of the monastery, when the monks were a true defence and protection to the people and not their oppressors. The calm aspect of this grand achievement of early architecture seems to accord well with the more stable times of the religious houses of England: its impressive and majestic beauty chronicles something more than a passing fashion in architecture. And when the effect which this kind of building leaves upon the mind is considered, it will be found that here, in St. Alban's, there is something more than accident in the strange association of Roman material and Norman design. At no other or later period could the classic ruins of a Roman city have been so fitly employed in Christian architecture. No later development of architecture was able to secure the impression of grand and solemn repose that we recognise as the crowning influence of classic building, and which we find again in the colossal shapes reared by the Norman builders. It is not merely by vastness of size that this effect is secured in Norman building, but by the trust of the architect in what may be called the organic qualities of his work as distinct from the ornamental. His workmanship is rude, it may be, but it is also simple, and the two things are not to be confused. Look, for instance, at the little Norman towers which rise at the angles of the transepts. In mere size they are insignificant; but when we turn our eyes from the central tower to look on one of them, we find no less the quality of large repose, for which we may often seek in vain through the beauties and elegancies of later styles. What ornament could yield the impression of serene quietness, given by the space of untouched wall, from which the falling plaster reveals the Roman tiles beneath? It is the reserve and the strength which underlies reserve, that gives to such simple design its beauty; and whether this be the result of imperfect resource or deliberate economy,

NORMAN TURRET.

it equally remains to us as a form in which we may turn for refreshment after much else to be found within and without the Abbey.

In reality, we are facing the southern side, we come upon a remnant of the beautiful cloisters built by Abbot Roger. Into the western porch we shall only cast a glance to-day, and completing the circuit of the building find we have arrived by the picturesque passage that leads from the northern side

J. Comyns Carr.

M. QUEYROY'S 'LIVRE D'HEURES.'*

THE enterprising publishers, MM. Mame of Tours brought out not long since, nearly ago a 'Livre d'Heures,' with ornaments and figure compositions by M. Queyroy, which can have so much appreciated as one Centuries that a new edition of it is already in preparation. The book is a what it called a square form, measuring 6¼ in. by 5 in. The size of the ornaments and compositions will be seen in the specimens we give. The style adopted is that of the later fourteenth century, when the spirit of early Gothic design, rich in invention and elegance, had passed away, and the Renaissance spirit had not yet had time to infuse Pagan art with another inspiration and another purpose. The character of the fourteenth century is unobtrusive, with little originality of form. The spirit of nature is especially true, it is unrestrained and harmonious composition and is a great absence of stiffness and of that grace in the temper of its composers. We think, therefore, that M. Queyroy has not been altogether fortunate in the choice of his period. The perfect grace of Gothic design is in the thirteenth century, and it would be as easy for a modern artist to throw himself into the spirit of that time as into any other spirit which is remote from our own; for a modern artist, in imitating the work of a past century, must be archaic at all events, however near the century he imitates may be to him. Even so recent a period as the Georgian era is already sufficiently remote from us for the imitation of it to be impossible for us, without throwing ourselves into an archaic temper. It is possible, however, that M. Queyroy may have felt an especial personal sympathy with the period he has chosen, and in that case we cannot quarrel with his choice.

* Heures Romaines, avec Figures par A. Queyroy, gravées par A. Guesnet. Tours: Alfred Mame et fils.

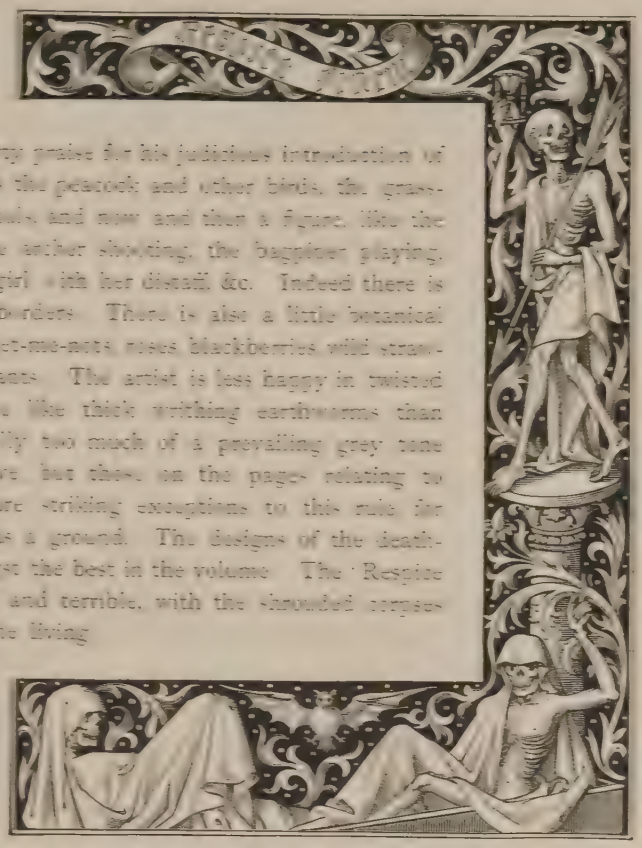
One remarkable and most valuable merit is conspicuous throughout M. Queyroy's performance. It is a very harmonious piece of work from the first page to the last. He has seen at once how far he could go in the direction of modern naturalism, and has always stayed his hand firmly within the limit. Thus in the figure compositions it is evident, of course, on careful inspection, that M. Queyroy has put more science into his figures than a book-illuminator of the fourteenth century would have been able to do; but still there is no parade of science, and it is kept quite subordinate to a certain *naïveté* which does not seem to be in the least affected, and is always charming. Those who know the artist's works in etching will be aware that he has been prepared by the labours of many years for a performance which requires at the same time a delight in mediæval ornament and a strong sympathy with ordinary humanity. He has etched the old French towns, with their Gothic remnants, very lovingly; and he has also etched the French peasants with a simplicity of purpose and a directness of interest in their homely life which are by no means common, even in the modern school of rustic painters, who yet have much more of these qualities than any pastoral artists who preceded them.

This 'Livre d'Heures' contains more of the human element than might have been expected in a series of compositions which are chiefly ornamental. The execution of the woodcuts is intentionally so very simple, and there is so little executive strain or display, that one may easily undervalue the power of expression shown both in the faces and attitudes of the figures. There is really, however, much expressional power here, though it is of a quiet kind. There is the bishop, for example, who is carrying the Host under a canopy (p. 361). His face wears precisely the aspect which in Roman Catholic countries is thought the most proper devout aspect for a priest to assume on very solemn occasions. The eyes are half covered by the lids; the thoughts do not seem to be occupied with anything terrestrial: it seems, indeed, as if there were no thoughts at all behind that face, but only a vague reverie. The other faces in the same composition are just like those one sees in Roman Catholic processions, with their quietly beatified look. Another capital face is that of the priest who is saying mass (p. 47). It is the moment of the 'elevation,' and the priest is looking steadfastly at the consecrated wafer which he lifts up with both hands. His strongly-marked features have exactly the serious expression of a priest who believes in his own power, and in the awfulness of the transformation he has just effected. The visage of the bishop in the marriage scene is also thoroughly sacerdotal. The truth with which all ecclesiastics are represented in the exercise of their functions may, however, be accounted for by the numberless opportunities of observing them in real life which present themselves

in a French town such as Moulins, where M. Queyroy lives. A severer test of the artist's inventive faculty is his treatment of scenes from the New Testament. Here, as may be expected, there is more inequality; but the work has one great merit, that of looking perfectly sincere. The face of Jesus is always in these subjects the severest test, and the greatest difficulty of all, as Lionardo felt it to be when he painted the *Last Supper*. M. Queyroy's Christ has a plain and very benignant face, sufficiently near the commonly accepted type to be recognisable; but what was intended by the artist to be benignity sometimes dangerously approaches a want of gravity, especially in the *Last Supper*: but here, perhaps, the fault may be due in some measure to the engraver. In the *Raising of Lazarus* the kneeling woman with the lifted hands has exactly the expression of a lady who is partly amused and partly astonished at some trivial incident. The kneeling man who is helping Lazarus looks no more astonished than some good-humoured doctor at the bedside of a patient who needs nothing but a little encouragement. The two most pious-looking figures do not look at Lazarus at all, and have no other expression than an unmoved sanctity. M. Queyroy has followed a Gothic tradition in making two of the persons present hold their noses, to explain that decomposition had set in. The artist has been fortunate in the wearied and sorrowful, yet patient, face of Christ bearing His cross, and in the expression of the Roman soldiers, who are not brutal, but have the air of men doing their duty pitilessly, and determined that there shall be no unnecessary delay. A pleasantly simple and *naïve* composition is the appearance of the star to the shepherds, one of whom is playing on bagpipes, and the other on a clarionet, whilst a third stands leaning on his crook. All this is charming in feeling, and quite sufficiently well drawn, except that the legs of the fat-cheeked piper are too short: however, we may suppose that longer ones would have been embarrassing in the foreground. The mediævalism is excessive in the *Resurrection*, where Christ is represented coming out of the tomb with a pretty cross and banner in his hand. The two subjects which we reproduce will give a good idea of M. Queyroy's powers of archaic invention. In temper they are extremely like the poems of William Morris: for they have the same harmony of manner, the same apparently perfect identification of the artist with the ways of thinking of the times into which he has chosen to throw himself. In one of the two subjects the kings of the East are bringing their presents to the infant Jesus. We need hardly comment upon their perfectly simple naturalness of air and attitude. The curiosity of Joseph looking into one of the coffers is excellent, and quite like one of those sly touches of quiet mediæval humour, which occur in the most sacred pictures and sculptures of the time. The innocent, happy look of the Virgin is very good too, though dangerously near *mièvrerie*. The reader must not miss the quaint procession in the background, coming down the hill. The other composition represents the birth of the Virgin, and is charmingly *naïve* in its realism. St. Anne is in the bed, happy in her deliverance, yet weary; however, her attendants take care that she shall have strengthening soup, and the pot is on the fire.

M. Queyroy may take it as a compliment when we say that the ornaments seem to us generally inferior to the (much more difficult) figure compositions. They keep to the feeling

of one century, and yet are sufficiently various to amuse and interest the eye; but as we have said already, the taste of the age which the artist has chosen to imitate was not remarkable for either elegance or moderation.



Excessive and restless curvature is the prevailing fault of these designs; but when there is not too much of this they are often pleasant. M. Queyroy deserves hearty praise for his judicious introduction of animal and vegetable forms, such as the peacock and other birds, the grasshopper, squirrel, dog, and other animals, and now and then a figure, like the top-huntsman blowing his horn, the archer shooting, the bagpiper playing, the ladies and angels praying, the girl with her distaff, &c. Indeed there is quite a little world of life in these borders. There is also a little botanical world of leaf and flower, such as forget-me-nots, roses, blackberries, wild strawberries, daisies, and other familiar plants. The artist is less happy in twisted stems, which often look much more like thick writhing earthworms than anything woody. There is generally too much of a prevailing grey tone for the borders to be very effective, but those on the pages relating to the commemoration of the dead are striking exceptions to this rule, for here black is very powerfully used as a ground. The designs of the death-pages are, curiously enough, amongst the best in the volume. The 'Respice Finem' is at the same time elegant and terrible, with the shrouded corpses rising up in their coffins to warn the living.

A few words of acknowledgment are due to the publishers for the really good taste shown in the printing and paper. There is nothing of that tawdriness about the book which is so common a characteristic of what are called '*livres de piété*.' It is well but simply printed on fine Dutch paper, and delivered to the purchaser in sheets, in a small portfolio, so that he can have it bound to his own taste.

THE TRUFFLE-HUNTER.

ETCHED BY L. FRIEDRICH, AFTER DECAMPS.

A PICTURE by Decamps answering very nearly to this was sold at his own sale, when he determined to give up painting, and fetched 9500 francs. The difference is, that in the middle distance of that picture the pig is described as being followed by a peasant and a child, whereas in the one here given there is no child. Decamps may have treated the subject—which is an excellent one for painting—in different ways. Our readers are probably already aware that both dogs and pigs are trained to seek for truffles, which man would not be able to discover for himself from the imperfection of his sense of smell. Pigs are so rarely associated with their owners in any kind of work or sport, that this almost singular instance of usefulness in the living pig makes him more interesting than the dog would be when doing the same duty. Lucky is the Perigordian pig who has a good nose for truffles! Him the pork-butcher slayeth not, and his living body is worth more than all the succulent treasures of his corpse.

Decamps was of opinion that the production of such pictures as this had turned him aside

from his natural path in art. In this he compared himself to the great sculptor Barye, who so long survived him, and whose energies were spent in making chimney ornaments and paper weights. Unlike Meissonier, Decamps seems hardly to have appreciated the value of what may be called portable art; he still retained something of the persistent old French superstition that greatness in painting was incompatible with small canvases. He believed that his faculties were in a great measure thrown away on the subjects and sizes which public encouragement had induced him to adopt. But the truth is, that he and Barye—whom he regarded as a brother in misfortune—are both now recognised as powerful and original geniuses, which they might never have been had they produced nothing but big classical compositions, which so easily become *ennuyeuses*. They are both interesting artists, and both thorough masters of an original and powerful execution. A school which could produce two such men in painting and sculpture is a living school, proving its vitality by treating new subjects in original ways.

TURNER.

THE curiosity which desires to know all that can be known about great poets who have enchanted the world for us is often doomed to two very different kinds of disappointment. Either there is very little to be ascertained about the poet, which the admirer of his genius would greatly care to know, or else the personal character and history of the poet himself seem inferior to the ideal of him which is suggested by the noble beauty of his works. We are unreasonable in our expectations of general perfection in those who have much delighted us, and enlarged our experience of sublime or sweet emotion. We forget too easily that what seems to us so admirable and wonderful in them, the divine creative power, is often a very costly gift to the mortal who has received it at his birth; that it tyrannises over him until most of his faculties are absorbed in it, and that it entirely destroys that happy equilibrium which enables men to do, under all circumstances, what public opinion would decide to be precisely reasonable and becoming. The old popular belief in the eccentricity of genius, which sometimes took the form of unsympathising sarcasm or half-contemptuous banter, and sometimes, in kinder souls, was the origin of an especial indulgence for many errors and shortcomings, had deeper foundations in the constitution of human nature than certain unimaginative persons of our own generation appear willing to admit. The opinion which tends to prevail at the present day is a reaction from the opinion of our forefathers. They believed that genius implied, if it did not authorise, an independence of common rules which Society would be little disposed to tolerate in people of ordinary endowment. We, on the contrary, like our men of genius to be exactly like other respectable people, both in education and in habits of life, and we like it to be supposed that they can readily conform in all respects to the exigencies of established usage. It is quite true that they do not declare war against Society with the fierce disdain of Byron or the indignant revolt of Shelley, nor do they generally affect any peculiarity of costume; and yet the greatest of them still cherish, though in unobtrusive ways, the independence dear to their kind. It is needless to mention names, but if the reader will think over the short list of men of real genius in the present age, he will at once perceive that their conformity to usage is only external; that their contact with the ordinary world is, as Stuart Mill said, slight and at long intervals, and that there are lives as quietly devoted to high pursuits as that which was led on the mount which reflects itself in the little mere of Rydal.

The life of Turner, which I am now to relate, is the life of a man of genius; and it so happens that certain influences, more or less obvious or subtle, conspired together to push this man outside the ordinary round of English existence, and to make him what is called eccentric. It would be well, perhaps, if we knew exactly what we mean by eccentricity, when we apply it to such a life as his. Do we mean that the eccentric man has no centre, or that his centre does

not happen to coincide with ours? If we mean the first we imply censure, for every man's efforts ought to be centred on a chief purpose and limited by the circumference of a conscious self-restraint: but if, in calling any one eccentric, we mean only that his centre does not happen precisely to coincide with ours, then we simply state a fact which implies no more moral condemnation than if we said that the circle of his horizon was not what we see from our own windows. The existence of Turner had two centres, like an ellipse, and to these he remained true to the end of his days. He had the passion for art—that is, for expressing himself in art—and he had the far commoner passion for accumulating money. Round these two centres his existence moved with the regularity of the 'unhasting, unresting' stars. The ultimate results were a great fame and a great fortune, and such a colossal '*mare*' as no other landscape-painter ever left behind him, if both quantity and quality are considered. The celebrity of the great artist is still increasing steadily. Every year adds to the number of those who are cultivated enough to understand him, and who can, at least in some degree, measure the breadth of the abyss which separates such performance as his from commonplace work in art.

The Muse of Painting, if we may imagine such a sister amongst the immortal nine, would scarcely, perhaps, if the matter had been left to her own wisdom, unaided by the counsels of [illegible] for the reception of the genius of [illegible] the street where he first saw light. She might have chosen rather, if only partially wise, some beautiful city, had there been any such in the eighteenth century upon the earth, whose fair palaces of marble rose in purest perfection above groves of the oriental plane, on the last wave of green land between the purple mountains and the cerulean southern sea. In such a birthplace the marvellous child might have inhaled beauty like the air, and as he grew from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, might have accumulated in his memory a great store of wonderful unpainted pictures, to be realised by him afterwards in his art, when the skill in it came to him with time. Or, again, had the Muse been utterly unwise and left to her own unwisdom, she might have placed the child far away from all cities whatever, in the heart of some lovely land in the happiest of climates, where, day by day, the warm sun awakened a sparse Arcadian population, nestling here and there in the windings of their sweet vales. A foolish Muse might have fancied that the lovelier the land round about the child, the fairer would be his performance; that if his eyes were saturated with beauty through every sunny day and every moonlight night, he would produce beauty by necessity, as a barrel will yield you wine if it has been filled with it after the vintage.

But however Providence acts with us, whether it be by determining specially where a child is to be born, or simply by so arranging matters that there is a certain proportion of babies of genius, whose faculties will be developed if circumstances happen to be propitious, and will remain for ever undeveloped if circumstances are unfavourable, the plain fact is that Turner was born in a situation really much better for him than those which we have just been imagining, or than any other which we should have been likely to imagine. It is, I know, a common error to conclude that circumstances have been favourable when men have achieved their success by vigorously contending against them, but in this instance there is little danger of our falling into that mistake. Landscape-painting is the most recent of the fine arts, yet it is already old enough for us to have ascertained the social conditions which produce it. We know, for example, quite positively that uneducated persons who live in the midst of beautiful scenery are entirely insensible to its beauty. If we try to find out, by talking with them, what their impressions and sentiments really are, the result is always the same: they always show that what they mean by a beautiful country is a country where the land is productive, and that an ugly country, in their language, means simply a poor one. In those exceptional cases where the rustic mind may have some dim, unuttered sentiment of natural beauty, it remains satisfied with the sight of the natural objects themselves, and never attempts to express its feeling about them in works of art. Theodore Rousseau was one day painting a study of an oak-tree from nature, when a peasant accosted him and asked, with the usual

disdain which rustics have for landscape-painters, what was the use of making an 'image of the tree since he could look at the tree itself if he cared to see it? This is exactly the rustic opinion about the uselessness of landscape art when by accident the bucolic mind becomes aware that such an art exists. We may conclude, therefore, at once, that a landscape-painter must either be born in a town or else under the influences of a town. The next question is, whether it will be an advantage to him, as a landscape-painter, that he should see much human or architectural beauty in the town, such as was visible in the most glorious cities of Greece or Italy when men's bodies and surroundings looked their best, when beautiful costumes were often to be seen, and yet more beautiful nakedness, and when the poor man might lounge in the sunshine, and feast his eyes with the glory of palaces and temples, and radiant, god-like images, on which no soot-specks fell? Here, again, the true answer to the question is not the answer which would naturally first occur. When the beauty of cities and of human life in them is sufficiently perfect to satisfy the taste of a town-born artist, he will probably paint the figure, and feel but little inducement to indulge the landscape passion, if even it could become strong enough under such circumstances to produce any conscious longing. The city, then, where the landscape-painter is born ought not to be very beautiful; it ought rather to be decidedly unsatisfying to the artistic sense, and the people in it ought not to be beautiful either. It would be well, too, if it were vast, so that the young genius should not escape from it too easily into the country, but be tormented with that aching of the heart which is the nostalgia of the lovers of Nature. Besides these conditions there is one which is absolutely essential,—the child must be so situated that it will meet with the work of some previous landscape-painter; for art is always in great part a tradition, even when practised by the most original geniuses. There has never been an instance of a great artist suddenly arising in a community outside of artistic tradition. We speak loosely of artists who have lived in isolation, but the really isolated artist has never existed. This is so true that it is true even of the specialties of art. An accomplished landscape-painter could never be formed where there had not been a previous gradual development of landscape-painting to prepare the way for him, and educate him, even although the community were rich in sculptors and figure-painters.

The early circumstances of Turner were apparently unfavourable, but in reality most favourable, to his development. He was born in London, in a narrow central street called Maiden Lane, which many of my readers will no doubt have visited for its connexion with his name. The date of his birth is the 23rd of April, 1775.

It was a great thing for him that the place of his birth should be a city, and a large ugly English city, where works of art might be seen occasionally, but where the sense of beauty could never be satisfied by the aspect of the streets and people. Equally favourable were the social circumstances of his birth. He was born exactly in that rank of society where artistic genius had, at that time, the best chance of opening, like a safely sheltered flower. To perceive the full truth of this, we have nothing to do but imagine him born in any other than the humbler middle class. If his father had been a little lower in the world the boy would have been fixed down to some kind of humble labour from his childhood, and held down to it afterwards by want; this at least is so probable as to be almost a certainty, for Turner's genius discovered itself very gradually, and he had no explosive originality at the beginning. But what is *quite* a certainty is, the stifling of his gift in any English family of that time which had the slightest pretension to aristocracy. If Turner had been what is called a gentleman, he would have been exposed to influences which are as deadly to artistic genius as an unbreathable gas is to the animal organism. Without any open discussion of the subject, without so much as one act of rebellion on his part, he would have known, by the subtle instinctive perception of youth, that the pursuit of art involved a mysterious degradation, and in some vague, undefinable way, was disapproved of with wonderful unanimity by the public opinion of his class. The gentry of that time were

of two kinds, the educated and the uneducated; the latter in strong majority. But it so happened that the education which was given to such as knew anything at all left them as ignorant of the fine arts as their untaught, rustic brothers, whilst it gave them, in addition, the pride of classical learning, from the serene height of which it seemed to them that the fine arts were farther than ever beneath them. The calm conviction of the classically educated gentleman that he knew everything compatible with the noble life, and that all studies but his own were degrading, was more deadly to artistic genius in his class than the simple stupidity of a purely animal existence. So effectually did the prejudices of the age repress the artistic sympathies, that even its brightest and clearest intelligences were unable to understand painting. Byron scorned it utterly, as became a well-educated nobleman; Scott, having a kinder and less scornful disposition, did not express any open contempt for it, but there is not a trace of evidence in his voluminous writings that the influences of painting had ever been really felt by him, or had any share in his education. The ideas about art and artists which prevailed in the England of our grandfathers were simply these. It was believed that painting had a practical use in handing down to posterity the likenesses of important people, and artists were considered to be clever workmen who gave proof of a certain utility to society in doing this. Besides this appreciation of portraits there existed a futile kind of connoisseurship, which the higher intelligence of the time despised without trying to substitute anything better for it, and 'Dutch drolleries' or 'conversation pieces' afforded some amusement in drawing-rooms. Beyond these ideas the general mind of the age was a perfect blank, so far as the art of painting was concerned, and it was not possible that the gentry of that day should think of it as a medium for the expression of noble imagination, or rare knowledge, or great thoughts.

Perhaps the lower middle class, in which Turner was born, had not any clearer understanding of the subject, but at any rate it was not prevented from touching brushes and colour by the dread of losing its gentility. Willam Turner, the artist's father, had used a soft badger-brush for daily lathering of people's chins, and did not see any reason why his son should not use a tool not much unlike it upon canvas. The father had earned his living by manual labour of a skilful description, and so, in another way, might the son. It was of course impossible for Turner's father, or for any one else, to foresee the future greatness of his child; for he was not precocious, as Landseer was, in the kind of art which he afterwards pursued. The elder Turner probably looked upon painting simply as a profession which might turn out to be lucrative, if the youth came to be skilful in portraiture.

The date of Turner's birth, as well as the locality of it, was highly favourable to the career he had before him. The whole art of landscape-painting had been prepared for the arrival of a great genius, who, after mastering all that had been done already, should extend its boundaries in the realm of nature; and yet at the same time the art was still young enough to leave ample scope for originality. Claude Lorrain had opened men's eyes to the beauty of rich sylvan masses, to the poetry of far faint distances, and to the glory of the summer light on golden southern afternoons. He had shown, too, what a charm might be given to landscape-painting by taste and skill in composition, by a musical sense of harmony in forms and tones. But Claude, fortunately for his successors, had never been an exhaustive genius, had never been tormented by that restless spirit of discovery which takes the freshness from so many fields. The other well-known landscape-painters, Poussin and Salvator, had opened other ranges of feeling than the amenity of Claude, but they had contented themselves with a very limited expression. It was much, however, for a successor that the notion of a possible sublimity in pure landscape should have been already exemplified and received. When Turner began to work, the two ideas that landscape might be beautiful, as in Claude, or sublime, as in Salvator Rosa, were so familiar to the general mind that every tolerably educated person had associated one of these names with the loveliness of nature, and the other with its wild grandeur. If the novelists of those days had to describe some rich and pleasant scene under a mellow light, they said that it was

such a scene as Claude would have loved to depict; and if they wanted to convey an appalling sense of savageness when the story led them into a rocky country, they invoked the name of Salvator. Besides these two leading notes of beauty and sublimity, a third note had been already struck in the older landscape, that of homely, rural peace. Cuyp had painted the quiet Dutch meadow-lands in their own sunshine, and had proved that no scenery is so humble as to be beneath the attention of an artist. A whole company of clever Dutchmen had painted their muddy seas, flat shores, and more or less picturesque shipping. All these men, true pioneers of the free modern art which makes the whole visible world its studio, had gone before Turner in their several directions and cleared his various paths. The technical art of painting was also prepared by former experience, so that he had simply to learn it, and was not called upon to invent it. Hundreds of able men had used oil-colour soundly and well before the birth of Turner, who, indeed, never equalled the best of them in the handicraft of their common art. In water-colour his position was more fortunate still, for his predecessors taught him the safe beginnings of a good method, and led him just up to that point in education from which a man of genius can go forward by himself and brilliantly complete his art. Paul Sandby and Cozens prepared his way, doing all for him that was necessary at the time, and inducing him to adopt simple methods and quiet colouring, more favourable to ultimate mastery than the showy tricks and glaring pigments which have since become so general.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXVII.—Gerard Dou. (1613–1675.)

His own Portrait.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON.

GERARD, or GERRIT, DOU, of a Friesland family, was born at Leyden in 1613, on the 7th of April; and he died in his native place in his sixty-second year. In the registry of burials is the following entry for the year 1675:—'Buried in the Peter's Church, on the Bastion, 9th February, 1675, Gerrit Dou, painter.' He was the second son of his parents, who were married in 1609. His elder brother's name was John. Gerard's father was a glazier, and a natural idea of giving his son an artistic education was, after he had acquired as a boy the first elements of drawing from an engraver, to apprentice him to a glass-painter, with whom Gerard remained between two and three years; and he must have already shown such ability as to warrant the ambitious step of his being devoted to fine art for its own sake. He was accordingly, on the 14th of February, 1628, when a boy of fifteen only, placed in the studio of Rembrandt, and with this great master, then himself but a beginner, he worked for nearly three years, till Rembrandt removed to Amsterdam, in 1630. Gerard Dou resided chiefly at Leyden, but was absent from that city during two intervals, between 1651 and 1658, and between 1668 and 1673. His artistic career extends over about forty years, from his leaving Rembrandt to his returning for the last time to Leyden. There is a *Magdalen* in the Berlin Gallery dated 1635, and a *Dentist* in the Dresden Gallery dated 1672.

So laborious and minute a master was, of course, exceedingly careful in his execution; everything was carefully locked by when not in use, and he even painted under an umbrella to protect his work from dust: one of the several portraits he has left us of himself is with the umbrella over him.

The great difference of style between Dou and his famous master may excite remark, but Rembrandt himself was a minute painter at the commencement of his career. There was not much difference between their ages—about six years, and both were young when they parted: Rembrandt was but three-and-twenty when he left Leyden.

Gerard Dou, though he painted small figures, could be extremely bold in the execution of them: and a good specimen of the masterly freedom of his execution, when he chose, is his own portrait, the subject of the present etching, which is perfect in drawing and touch; the hand holding the pipe, indeed every part, is admirable

So great was the admiration of an amateur of the name of Spiering for Dou's work, that he paid the painter an annuity of a thousand florins, about 80*l.*, for the mere privilege of the refusal of his pictures; and as he painted some four or five pictures a-year on an average (if we divide the 200 works or so ascribed to Gerard Dou between his forty years), Mr. Spiering's opportunities were not infrequent.

Many of his works show that his patience and care were something prodigious, and many must have occupied many months in their execution, though I am not aware of any

picture bearing two years on it as is the case with the large Van Huysum in the National Gallery, dated 1736 and 1737.

The three Galleries of the Louvre, Munich, and Dresden contain together about one-fifth of Dou's work. The most celebrated of his pictures is, perhaps, the *Femme Hydropique* in the Louvre taken by the French from Turin, and which at the general restoration of captured works in 1815 they redeemed by the payment of 100,000 francs—4000*l*. This is one of the painter's largest pieces; it was painted in 1668. The inscription is injured, and is not as given in the Louvre catalogue. It was in its perfect state 'AETAT S. DOV. ANT 55 ANNO.' not 'AETAT, aged 63 years,' which would throw Dou's birth back fifteen years. This independent of the facts of his birth being known to be otherwise, is contradicted by the portrait of himself in the Munich Gallery (No. 212), which is inscribed 'G. Dou, AETAT. 56.' In the *Femme Hydropique* he is 55 years old in 1668, and in this portrait in the same year, he is in his 56th year, which is the same thing.

Dou's works are, of course, generally small: about the largest is the *Quack Doctor* at Munich, 1652, which is about 20 inches by 30 inches, or nearly twice the size of the larger picture in the National Gallery, the *Poulterer's Shop*, from the Peel Collection.

Gottfried Schalken, Frans Van Mieris, and Gabriel Metsu were worthy scholars and imitators of Gerard Dou. Schalken, in his best work, was very close to him in execution; the others were occasionally more brilliant even than their master but neither truer nor better.

No. 156. *The Painter's own Portrait*, with a hat on, and holding a clay pipe in his left hand, signed 'G. Dou,' that is, Dou, not Leu, as some have conjectured; the V is simply the old-fashioned U, as is seen in the word OVT 1652 in the inscription on the *Femme Hydropique* in the Louvre.

It is an oval, on wood, 7½ inches high by 5¼ inches wide. It was formerly in the collection of M. Paignon Dijonval, at Paris, and was purchased for the National collection at the sale of Mr. Jeremiah Harman's pictures in 1844, for 131*l*. 5*s*.

[illegible] 'Nederlandsch Museum,' &c. and Kramm 'Levensschets van de Beroemde Kunstenaars der Nederlanden.' 8vo. Amsterdam, 1864.

R. N. WORNUM.

OVER-PRODUCTION.

OVER-PRODUCTION has been discussed so often from the point of view of the public that it may be worth while to discuss it once from the point of view of the artist who produces too much; for experience shows that it is entirely useless simply to tell an artist that his work is empty or tiresome, even if the censure is coupled with the admonition that he would do better if he did less. If the censure is to do any good, it is necessary to analyse it as nearly as possible to what could have been altered, and to try to understand how much of what we dislike is due to the operation of natural causes, and how much to the artist's own voluntary mismanagement or neglect.

We are inclined to imagine that whenever earlier works are superior to later works the reason is that the artist is growing grossly or careless. Very often the reason is that he is beginning to grow old, or at any rate ceasing to be young. The history of 'Gertrude of Wyoming' shows that an artist cannot rely upon keeping up to the mark of his first successes simply by being fastidious and criticising himself severely. Campbell was so dissatisfied with the first draft of that work that he destroyed it with the resolution to begin afresh; but when he had gotten it over again he liked it decidedly less than before. The truth was, that when he wrote 'Gertrude of Wyoming' his mind was getting into the condition of a plant which is going out of flower; this is a thing that happens to all flowering plants at some time, and it may be added that it generally happens before they lose their leaves; but there is a good deal of difference

between different plants in this respect; daisies and buttercups, for instance, keep in flower longer than primroses, and wood anemones and primroses keep in flower longer than snowdrops or crocuses. Art, too, can do something in the matter: the rose and the heartsease have been brought under cultivation to flower all through spring and summer, but it is to be noticed that this is done not so much by the improvement of individual plants as by the production of new plants of an improved kind. Nor can it be said that because a poet is of more value than many flowers, therefore it rests with him to determine how long he will go on singing at his best, while how long each flower shall blossom is determined for it by the seed, and the seasons, and the soil, perhaps by the gardener too, though, if he tries to prolong the blossoming time beyond what nature grants he is apt to find that the later flowers are poor. Ungenerous critics might, no doubt, find that personal infirmities not connected with his art might have cut short the prime of even such a conscientious artist as Campbell; but the suspicion is really unfounded, for we cannot impute to Keblé that his life did not give his talent fair play, and yet he, too, outlived his talent: it passed away without even coming, like Campbell's, to the perfection of itself. Wordsworth told him that the 'Christian Year' was so good that if it had been his he would have rewritten it to make it better; if Keble had tried to mend it he would only have marred it: in the 'Lyra Innocentium,' where he did try to be definite, he only succeeded in being stiff and harsh. There are some tender and graceful fancies still, but they are surrounded by a great many pious conceits and reflections conscientiously versified by a saintly writer, who modestly accepted the prevailing belief that it must be part of the business of one who had written such a volume of poetry as the 'Christian Year' to be a poet to the end of his days.

Sainte Beuve came nearer the mark when he said that there is a poet in most men who dies young, and so the living man, the tomb of the dead poet, likes poetry (if he does like it) because it brings the dead poet half-way back to life. It may be added that the poet almost always grows up faster than the man, which is just what we should expect, for we find that the imaginative apprehension of most things outruns the rational, so that we have mythology before science, and art before history; and even in societies old enough to go back wistfully to their past, the imaginative reconstruction always comes first, and it is only those periods whose history remains to be investigated which are suitable for the kind of art which is called historical. But although the poet grows up first, and though the poet and the man always have a great difficulty in living together, it is seldom the poet which kills the man, it is generally the man who kills the poet: and this is not to be regretted, for the poet who has killed his man is as badly off as a rider who has killed his horse, or a ploughman who has killed his ox. But sometimes the poet, though unable to gain a fruitful victory, is able to keep alive and prolong the war, and then what is called over-production follows. An artist finds it hard to leave off simply because he has got used to a certain kind of excitement; his excitement is active, that of the sensualist is passive, but each goes on because they have begun, and after they have gone on some time they may be expected (I had almost said trusted) to go on without much in the way of success or enjoyment to keep them going. Corneille went on writing plays that got worse and worse in themselves, and were worse and worse received, simply because the dramatic poet in him was energetic and died hard. Perhaps, too, it was part of the reason that his talent and character were closely united. *Cæteris paribus*, it is always true that a talent which is closely united to the character will go further than a talent which is almost independent of character. If Racine's talent had been so much of a piece with his character as Corneille's, it would have been harder for him to make the reflection after the success of 'Phédre' that a Christian writer really ought not to treat of such passions. As it was, his talent, which had little root in his character, ceased to solicit him, because it had reached the highest expression of its separate self. It might even be thought that he returned more readily to the impressions of his youth when he was no longer distracted from them by the restless energy of an exhausted talent. One might even conjecture that race has something to do with such questions: Rossini and Mansoni deliberately left off in middle life after they had done their best, and past the

second halves of their long lives tranquilly and comfortably in the cultivation of gastronomy and patriotism, tempered by piety. They were Italians, and they showed in a more amiable form the characteristics of a race whose nobles in the days of Cicero deserted public affairs at the age at which our nobles are only beginning to play a leading part.

It is probable, moreover, that the same singularity which enabled Rossini and Manzoni to leave off enabled them to know when they had done their best—a knowledge which is rare and not easily attainable, even if it were desired. Sir Joshua Reynolds, if any man, might have been expected to possess it if it had been to be learned by calm and patient meditation; but he did not even suspect that it existed, and preserved himself from perceptible deterioration by persisting to the last in hopeless efforts to improve. And the case of Reynolds proves that the remedy against over-production, which is constantly recommended by critics, is neither useful nor necessary to artists. It never occurred to Reynolds that he could do better by doing less; and it cannot be said that those artists who seem to respect the critical dictum are conspicuously the better for it. Those who disregard the critical dictum probably feel that their imagination would grow rusty if it were not worked, as a cow will go dry if she is not milked. They know that any inferiority there may be in their later work is really due to failing strength, not to haste or greed or carelessness; they suppose it is their business, and therefore their duty, to be producers, and they endeavour to do their duty. If they fail, the failure is very likely due to their taking too much pains rather than too little. The section of the public which said Dickens was writing himself out, would probably have been smaller if Dickens himself had been less ready to torment himself with feverish fears that his imagination was getting exhausted; though, indeed, his restless self-consciousness was only the wrong side of the energy which enabled him at first to astonish the public by producing his whole talent without reserve.

It may aid in determining whether there be any more useful remedy for over-production than producing less, or producing with a feverish anxiety to improve, to notice in what departments of art we find the complaint of over-production commonest. The most conspicuous is certainly prose fiction; next, perhaps, comes the less ambitious kind of chamber music; then domestic *genre* painting; and there are those who would place church-building high up in the list, though this is only approximately a case of over-production. It would be difficult to name an architect whose early churches were better than his later ones, but the average new church of thirty years ago was better than the average new church of to-day; and this seems to imply that we are building upon the whole too fast for our skill and our knowledge, though not for our needs; and this inference is confirmed by the observation that architects seem to be trying experiments in all directions, which, so far as æsthetic result goes, are mostly barren. They try to renew themselves and they do not succeed. An artist who is growing is not likely to produce too much, Nature takes care of herself; an artist who is able to renew himself does not produce too much, his work is always fresh and good and valuable; an artist who cannot renew himself ought, if possible, to leave off: it is only the artist who can renew himself, and does not, who needs criticism.

There is no difficulty in understanding why prose fiction, as a rule, is the art which needs such criticism most and profits by it least. A young man or a young woman has unusual powers of observation, and perhaps has come across something in life that is really interesting or strange; his or her invention is set a working, and a novel is the result. It is very unequal: there are some good things in it, some bad things, and a good many impossible things; much is begun and never worked out; the writer knows how a situation begins, but not how it comes to a natural issue; if he or she is prudent it is smothered by the chapter of accidents, if he or she is ambitious it is forced on to something tragical or outrageous—which is not in our manners, as the French say: or, which is commonest and worst, the writer plays *deus ex machinâ* to the characters, and the result is an unpleasing specimen of art-manufacture. If the book is good of its sort, the critics are merciful to 'the faults of inexperience;' if the writer is intelligent, these are patent to him or her almost before the book is finished. Most likely, too, before the first

book is finished two or three others have been planned, and in these the writer tries, with more or less success, to avoid the faults of the first. And yet, very likely, the first remains the best; the accumulated youth and freshness of the writer is there, and perhaps the skill that comes of added watchfulness is not enough to compensate for the loss of youthful verve. However, if the first book was a success, the second and third are probably successes too: the candid critic is more struck by the faults that are in a fair way to disappear, than by the verve that is disappearing too; or it may be that the verve lasts through the execution of the plans which were conceived in the first hopeful flush, when success and reputation began to seem possible. And then the difficulty begins. After all, it is a lucky accident now-a-days if a novelist has come across anything that is not commonplace; and an imaginary novelist finds himself with a reputation which seems to himself and others an obligation to go on at the end of this good luck, and, probably enough, very nearly at the end of his youth. Perhaps he is afraid of exhausting himself, and so goes further afield for his subjects, and travels in order to collect new types; but even this is not a complete specific, for the types which are used, because they have been observed, are apt to be more interesting than the types which are collected in order to be used. Besides, local colour, and manners, and customs, are more useful for the background of a novel than for the construction of the story itself: for this the writer has to trust to his invention or to his growing experience of a rather dull world, and either way he will be easily led to construct his subjects, not from concrete observation, but out of abstractions from what he has felt or seen, and so he will get further and further from real life, especially if he still retains enough social and artistic conscience to keep him from reproducing real incidents paraphrased, or hardly paraphrased.

Great as are the difficulties of the popular novelist, or the novelist who is tempted to go on by having once been popular, the difficulties of the popular musical writer are greater. A novel, at any rate, is concrete, and deals with persons and incidents; but a song or a dance is at best the expression of a mood, and here, therefore, the temptation to ring the changes upon a first success is stronger than elsewhere: if the public does not get tired of the mannerism, the artist finds a pleasure in continuing it. The kind of domestic *genre* painting, which was commoner twenty years ago than now, appealed to much the same sentiment as the weaker sorts of chamber music; but as painting is of all arts the most concrete, and, so to say, palpable, therefore the critics have been able to get rid of painted sugar-candy. Moreover, purely technical merits play a larger part in painting than in novel-writing or drawing-room music, and the artist is able to renew himself by a search for these.

But the real source from which artists in all departments can draw inspiration longest generally lies outside their own line of art. Even Raffaelle renewed himself by contact with Michael Angelo; and to come down to a lower level, the late Lord Lytton was for more than a generation one of the first of living English novelists, because he was always a masterly amateur of the reigning school of fiction of the hour: nor, again, would it be difficult to name more than one living novelist whose talent has visibly changed and freshened by contact with George Eliot's.

Of course there are talents too robust to need this discipline, and strong enough to go on in their own strength to the end, gaining depth and strength up to the end of manhood, and compensating for the loss of power in old age by a more adventurous daring, and to these the danger of over-production does not apply. There are talents, also, too personal to submit to the discipline which alone can keep them fruitful for long. The best hope for these is, that if they have been familiarised early with the best achievements of art in the past, they will be able to do full justice to the spring-time of their own spirit, and when it is over pass contentedly back to ordinary life. There are also many who, if they understood the artistic movement of their day before they took part in it, would be able to follow its highest contemporary manifestations, and receive from them a succession of fresh impulses, which would save their diligence from the danger of degenerating into a mechanical over-production.

G. A. Simcox.

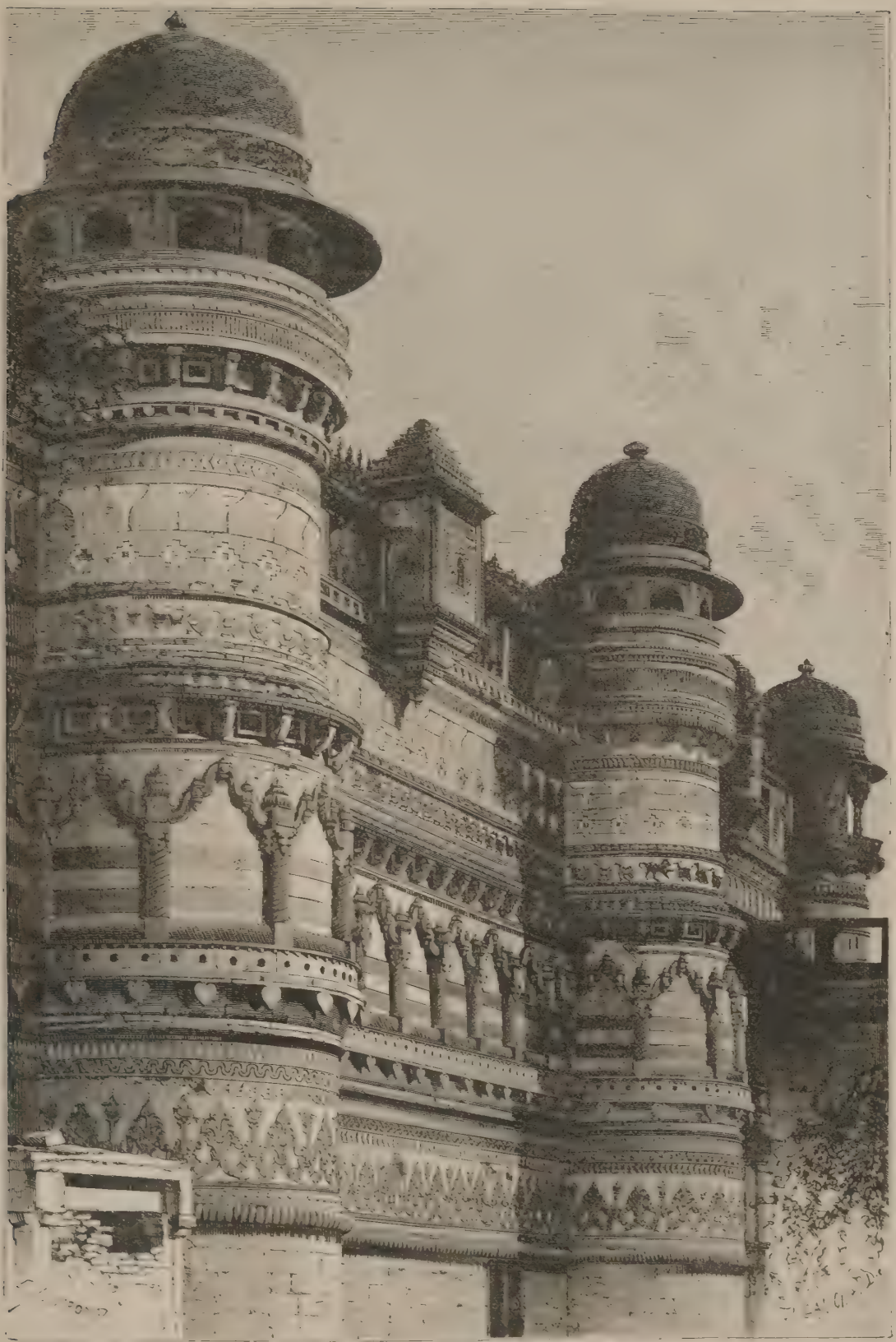
INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.*

M. ROUSSELET'S elaborate and beautiful work, the English edition of which is now before us, is a veritable mine of wealth to the student of Indian art. The author's devotion to his subject has been at once so complete and intelligent that he is able to write of the architectural monuments scattered throughout the vast Empire with a sympathetic

THE JAÏN TEMPLE AT SONNAGHUR.

understanding of the genius of those by whom they were raised. Oriental travellers who do not make so full and careful an examination of the wonders presented to them, are apt to be impressed rather by the strangeness than by the beauty of Indian art; but a six-years' sojourn in the Courts of the native princes has enabled M. Rousselet to penetrate beyond this first feeling of astonishment to a profounder and more appreciative order of criticism. He shows that beneath the magnificence of material that at first sight seems to overpower and crush the sense of form there lies a clear and consistent design, and thus his study of Indian architecture possesses a value that can scarcely ever be claimed for the rapid impressions of mere travellers. We reserve for another occasion all detailed remarks upon the merits of the work, and will content ourselves with merely presenting to our readers one or two specimens of the illustrations that are scattered in profusion through the text. The larger engraving gives a side-view of the Pal Palace at Gwalior, and we cannot do better,

* 'India and its Native Princes,' by Louis Rousselet. Edited by Lieut.-Colonel C. Buckle. London: Chapman and Hall, 1876.



THE PAL PALACE AT GWALIOR.

by way of comment, than quote M. Rousselet's own description of the building: 'On the summit of the hill,' he writes, 'stands King Pal, which springs from the very brink of the precipice. It is supported by six towers, and pierced by only a few large windows, ornamented with balconies and pilasters, sculptured bands, Jaïn arches, and indented cordons, relieve the monotony of the massive exterior, and give it a peculiarly light and graceful appearance. The spaces between the Jaïn arches of the gallery are filled in and covered with mosaics in enamelled bricks, representing palm-trees on a blue ground; and each tower is surmounted by a lantern with a double row of columns. It is difficult to imagine a grander or more harmonious effect than that produced by this gigantic edifice, combining rampart and palace in one.' The interior we are told is decorated upon the same plan, 'but here the stone is completely hidden by enamel.' M. Rousselet conjectures that the date of the building is certainly not later than the ninth century. The smaller illustration presents a view of the Jaïn temple at Sonnaghur.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

(*Continued.*)

THE interior of the Church of St. Alban's is so rich in monuments of history and so suggestive in matters of art that it is hard to know where to begin our examination, or how to proceed. Within the limits of an inquiry like the present it is only possible to touch upon a very few of the manifold points of interest; and where there is so much that is valuable selection becomes the more difficult, and there is a constant danger lest the attractions of one part of our subject should lead to the neglect of others not less important. Advancing up the long nave from the western door, the most rapid survey of the building suffices to prove how rich is the material presented to us, and how completely the building suggests and illustrates the history that it has witnessed. At the first glance we may note the varied styles of architecture joined one to another, not with any attempt to conceal the traces of revolution, but with frank and sometimes almost abrupt expression of changing taste. These architectural revolutions, whether of progress or decay, form a record of themselves; and this record is supported in the case of St. Alban's by the ample documentary evidence by which we are enabled to trace the life of the abbots, and to note their zeal for the maintenance and enrichment of the building. Still standing at the western extremity of the nave, we may recognise another remnant of ancient art that will lead to another and a separate inquiry. At the fourth pier on the northern side of the nave—interesting in itself as the point of junction between two diverse styles of building—are to be seen the remains of an early fresco painting of the Crucifixion. On the south front of the same pier is a colossal figure of St. Christopher; and looking beyond, we perceive that all the piers on this side up to the screen of St. Cuthbert are similarly decorated. These decorations would suggest in themselves what is otherwise well established, that the monastery of St. Alban's formed in early times an important school of pictorial art. The nature of the Norman structure, which was completely coated with plaster, both within and without, afforded a magnificent opportunity for the exercise of the painter's skill; and it will be interesting to inquire from the specimens of fresco scattered through the church, as well as from other sources, what were the aims and what was the measure of skill possessed by the artists who studied in St. Alban's. Passing beyond St. Cuthbert's screen, we meet with other specimens of pictorial art. The roof of the baptistery is richly decorated with a series of paintings that have only lately been uncovered. On the east wall of the north transept is a fresco painting representing the incredulity of St. Thomas; fragments of decorative painting are to be found upon the arches of the aisles, upon the east wall of the Saint's Chapel, and upon the shrine itself. Indeed the painting in the church of St. Alban's must be regarded as one of its most distinguishing

DOORWAY OF THE SAINT'S CHAPEL.

FRESCOES IN THE NAVE.

CAPITALS IN THE SLYPE.

THE SLYPE.

features of interest. It bears witness to the early establishment and long survival of a tradition of high art-culture among the inhabitants of the monastery; and this fact again renders the record of what was done by the artists of St. Alban's in the highest sense representative of the general condition of pictorial art in England. And when we have disposed of the painting at St. Alban's, the monuments that are gathered about the eastern end of the church will suggest yet another inquiry. The history of the Abbey was at no time a mere uneventful story of monastic life. From its foundation the fortunes of the establishment were closely associated with the most significant movements in the country. Founded by the munificence of a king, St. Alban's continued throughout its career to enjoy a large share of royal attention: it was also constantly involved, either for good or evil, in the popular struggles that marked the close of the fourteenth century; and it numbered among its abbots and among those who sought its shelter many remarkable men, whose lives and acts helped to render the history of the abbey generally important. It will not be uninteresting to glance very briefly at this side of our subject. Taking the monuments in the church as a starting-point, we may seek in the lives of those whose names they bear to recall some of the chief points in what may be termed the political life of the Abbey. The study of the interior of the church thus already divides itself into distinct departments. There is, first, the fabric itself and its history. Secondly, there is the consideration of the mural paintings in relation to the evidence they afford of the existence of an important art school at St. Alban's. The monuments of celebrated persons will thus lead us into a digression upon the part played by the monastery in the general history of the kingdom; and, finally, the ruined shrines of the two saints will demand separate study and examination.

To-day I propose to deal only with the history of the building, and to touch briefly upon the lives of the men through whose energy and under whose rule the successive architectural changes were effected. In the case of St. Alban's, where the traces of different styles are so plainly manifest, it is interesting, by way of preface to the study of the work itself, to recall some of the facts which bear upon the history of these sudden transitions, and to try to realise the practical considerations which rendered certain of these changes necessary. Much that appears unreasonable and artistically inharmonious in the building as it stands will then be partly explained, and the points of special interest or beauty in the structure will be referred to their right authors, and distinguished historically as well as artistically from their surrounding. This personal history is, moreover, the only kind of information of which the structure itself supplies no hint. Changes of style and the order of their sequence are plainly written on the face of the architecture itself; and as regards the general history of English architecture, the church of St. Alban's offers little that is not to be found elsewhere. Of the beauty of the building, and of the perfection of some of its workmanship, the drawings that accompany these articles supply the best evidence; and comment, I am well assured, is not much needed to help the impression they will make. But illustration cannot explain all that it presents, and fortunately the history of St. Alban's is so full and complete that we are able to supplement mere analysis of the structure by a reference to recorded facts.

The first important alteration in the original Norman structure was made under the rule of Abbot John de Cella, who governed the monastery during a period of nearly twenty years (1195–1214). The church of Abbot Paul had at that time endured, almost untouched, for a hundred years, some slight repairs in the way of lead for the roof and whitewashing carried out by Abbot Robert (1151–1166) being sufficient for its maintenance. I must not, however, omit to mention the addition of a chapel to St. Cuthbert, made by Richard, Abbot Paul's successor, which was restored and enlarged at a later period. Abbot Richard was present at Durham when the body of St. Cuthbert was being removed from the old to the new Cathedral, and by the sacred touch of the Saint's remains he is said to have regained strength and life in one of his arms that had previously been withered. Accordingly, when he returned to St. Alban's, he built a chapel to St. Cuthbert. The building of this chapel is architecturally important, because, although no

trace of the structure itself remains, there can be little doubt that we have in what is called the slype at the end of the south transept a part of the passage by which it was connected with the church. In the account of the subsequent dedication of the chapel by the Bishop of Durham, and of its repair by Abbot William de Trumpington, Walsingham gives some particulars of its position, which it is important to recall, because the Messrs. Buckler, in their history of the Abbey, have fallen into apparent error on the subject, and have confused the site of the chapel with the site of St. Cuthbert's screen in the nave. The chapel, which was evidently an external building,* is described as being 'near the cloister of St. Alban;' and afterwards, in the account of its rebuilding, we are told that a dormitory was built above it, and that a covered way was constructed between the chapel and the chapter-house, the entrance to the church being by the Norman doorway in the transept. There seems, therefore, to be little doubt that the care expended upon the elaborate and beautiful Norman architecture of the slype is to be accounted for by its connexion with the chapel of St. Cuthbert. That the exquisite carvings of the capitals and of the arches which now remain were actually the work of Abbot Paul's successor is doubted. Sir Gilbert Scott, in speaking of this part of the building, and in comparing it with the rest of the Norman work, all of which is entirely devoid of ornament, says, 'One fragment only remains of a richer form of Norman architecture; a small chamber against the end of the south transept which separated the chapter-house from the church. This contains details of exquisite beauty; a work of the middle of the succeeding century.' Accepting this authority for the date of the work, although the character of the design does not demand such an hypothesis, it nevertheless seems probable that the reason for the elaborate decoration of the chamber is to be found in the fact that it served in some sense as the ante-chamber to the chapel of St. Cuthbert. And there is some ground for the belief that the chapel itself was built in a similar style of architecture. Among the fragments that have been discovered during the course of the restoration are some richly-carven capitals, closely resembling those now in the slype, but of larger size; and it seems not impossible that these capitals once formed a part of the chapel of St. Cuthbert, built out to the east of the angle of the transept. And whatever the date of the work now existing in the slype, the system of decoration employed there would point to the influence at the time of ideas rather pictorial than architectural. The designs wrought in low relief upon the capitals are suggestive of the intricate patterns so often fashioned by the early painters; they are executed with entire regard to the preservation of a uniform surface, and not at all with the feeling of the carver who breaks up his work into different planes in the desire for solidity and roundness of form.

But it is time to hurry away from this very beautiful example of architecture, about which the experts have, curiously enough, so little to say, and to take refuge in the better authenticated labours of Abbot John de Cella. But in passing out of the small chamber on our way back to the western end of the church, it is right to pause for a moment before the old Norman door, and to notice the fine design and bold workmanship of the massive iron hinges. It is a curious comment upon the disappointed career of good Abbot John, and at the same time a testimony to his finely artistic nature, that the work which he produced, although in great part hidden from sight, should now be reckoned the most beautiful in the building. 'I doubt,' writes Sir Gilbert Scott, 'whether there exists in England a work so perfect in art as the half-ruined portals of St. Alban's.' Only one of these portals is now visible from the exterior, and that shows signs of rough alteration in design by another hand. The two other portals, where the workmanship is at its best, were remorselessly blocked up, and have now to be sought from the interior of the building. But for the present we are rather concerned with Abbot John's career than with the surviving fragments of his grand design of embellishment. Of 'an indifferent family,' as Matthew

* I am indebted to Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., for the first suggestion of this fact, which becomes almost unquestionable after an examination of the written records.

Paris assures us, he was first educated in Paris, where he made such progress as to be reckoned the equal of the greatest masters in grammar, poetry, or physick; but like many others before and since, his practical knowledge of the world was much inferior to his intellectual attainments. When he became Abbot at St. Alban's, 'being, as usual with scholars, unacquainted with the management of household affairs,' he gave himself up to study, and committed the charge of the monastery to his prior and his cellarer. We are not told how or when he first conceived the idea of restoring the church, but he was partly impelled to the work by the fact that his predecessor in office had left a hundred marks to be devoted to that purpose. Doubtless, when he had once given himself up to the task, being a man of the keenest intellectual sensibility, he became deeply fascinated by the new resources of graceful expression which English architecture was just then beginning to develope. It occurred to him, perhaps, that it would be a grand thing to transform the sombre structure by the aid of the chaste and elegant style of the thirteenth century, and with these large schemes of reform in his head 'he pulled down to the ground the front wall of our church, which was made of old tiles and a mortar or cement that could scarce be separated; but not considering,' as Matthew Paris sagely observes, writing after the fact, 'what the Scripture tells us of the man that began to build but could not finish, he began to bring together much timber, stones, and columns.' Certainly from this time forward the good Abbot had little peace of his life. He seems to have fallen an easy prey to the delusive estimates of architects, and to have become a martyr to the British workman, whose ways seem to have been as troublesome then as now. With ambitious ideas of what could be done, and without inexhaustible resources or a keen business faculty, it is not surprising that he speedily got into difficulties. 'Having gathered together many choice masons under Master Hugh Goldcliff, a man deceitful and false, but an excellent workman, the hundred marks and many more were soon spent. This delusive architect was for ever inciting the Abbot to some fresh outlay beyond the scope of the original design; but when at last 'much inappropriate and very costly carving' had been added, the employer began to weary of the enterprise, the work was deserted and gradually fell into decay, 'the ruins of the flowers and images provoking the beholders to laughter.'

At this stage of the business the delusive architect was dismissed, and another—Gilbert Eversholt—was called in, but still the expenses continued to grow; for the scheme, as Matthew Paris expresses it, 'was like the sea, and swallowed up all the streams that flowed into it.' Attempts to raise money in various ways had partly failed, or the supplies had proved insufficient, and the Abbot must have begun by this time to realise the fact, that his efforts had ended in little better than failure. Perhaps neither the inmates of the monastery, nor the people round about, shared his enthusiasm for the graces of the new style, and it may have been that they regarded his effort to transform the timeworn and solid structure as a frivolous innovation, to be resisted rather than supported. Whatever the cause, it is certain that his high aims in art met with insufficient sympathy, and he was able to do little more than build up the beautiful portals in the western front. These exquisite marble columns, with their gracefully carven capitals, are nevertheless enough to reveal the character of his designs, and to distinguish him as one of the most enlightened art patrons of his age. By their erection he may be said to have initiated the series of architectural changes that were afterwards carried out. It was the first attempt to modify the original Norman structure, and it failed; but its author by his failure prepared the way for others more shrewd, but not more intelligent, to carry forward what he had begun.

But it was not only in art that the high and noble qualities of the Abbot's mind were displayed. If this work of rebuilding the church had not been thrust upon him he would, no doubt, very contentedly have remained as he began, an absorbed and devoted student, zealous in all the duties of religion; but he would still have remained a true type of all that is best and most beautiful in the ideal of the monastic character. His biographer has left us a picture of his death, which serves also as a faithful image of his life, and enables us to judge what kind

of a man this was who has left these exquisite fragments as the sole record of his grand unfinished scheme of art. 'Being now grown old,' writes Matthew Paris, 'and perceiving that his last hour drew near, for he was very weak, he came, leaning on another, to the chapter; and having taken his usual place and saluted the convent, bowing on both sides, with many tears and sighs he said:—"Most dear brethren and children, I have some time been among you, presided over you, and done you less good than was right. But there is no man but what sins and often offends. If I have wronged any of you, I beg on my knees and with closed hands that you will forgive me all my transgressions for the love of God, who so enjoins it, and that, as far as in you lies, you absolve me of all that I have done." At which words he bowed himself as going to kneel, and all of them unanimously answered, "Be it as you have desired."' Then he ordered a chair to be set in the middle of the carpet, in a place called the judgment-seat, and, stripping himself to the skin, desired to receive discipline of every one. 'The monks, beholding that poor body quite spent, they could not forbear weeping for compassion.' But when, one by one, they administered the discipline as he had asked, to those who dealt gently with him he spoke in reproof, confessing his sins the while. Afterwards rising up he put on again his habit, and, bowing to the monks, took his last leave, kissing each one and saying, 'All is now done; I go from you never to return. You recommended me to God; I also recommend you to Him. I have done my part.' He was then borne away to his chamber, and in a few days he died.

J. Comyns Carr.

(*To be continued.*)

CORNER OF A STREET AT CHINON.

ETCHED BY A. QUEYROY.

CHINON is still one of the most interesting of the little old French towns. It is situated in the department of Indre-et-Loire, on the river Vienne, which falls into the Loire above Saumur. It still contains many wooden houses of the 15th century, with projecting storeys, and many stone ones also of the next century, with lightly-built turrets, which have not been much spoiled by subsequent restorations. The house, of which a portion is shown in our etching, is at a corner where the Rue St. Etienne and the Rue St. Maurice intersect each other. The subject of the carving is the stoning of St. Stephen. In the same part of the town there is a church, said to be the most remarkable French church of the 15th century, finished by Philippe de Commines under Louis XI. Chinon possesses also an interesting castle with a long history. It was besieged by Henry II. of England, who made it one of his favourite residences in France, and who built the bridge over the Vienne, besides repairing the castle, in which he afterwards died. Philippe Auguste took Chinon by assault in 1205, which permitted him to annex Touraine to the crown of France. In the 15th century Charles VII. considered Chinon a place of great importance to him, and completed its fortifications. Here he received Jeanne Darc, who began her mission in the halls of the castle itself. The view from the castle is magnificent and extends over the river Vienne, which passes through a splendid and varied panorama of very fertile country.

Our etching, hitherto unpublished, may be taken as a fair specimen of M. Queyroy's simple but truthful and effective plates illustrating ancient French towns.

TURNER.

(*Continued from p.* 32.)

THE art of painting, when in its perfection, is always composed of three elements. It is one of the forms of poetry, but besides that it is a science and a handicraft. The science is the knowledge of the appearances of things, the handicraft is the workmanlike use of colour. Turner was born with the poetic faculty, but this would have been sterile without teachers who could help him in his advance to skill and knowledge. The circumstances of his education were in many ways strongly in his favour, and when we know what he did in his maturity, and how his youth was passed, we can easily trace the influence of his different early studies and occupations in the remarkable catholicity of his taste and the variety of his performance. His mind was like a garden in which many seeds were sown at the right time, some by his father's care, but many others also by mere accident, and as the soil was very fertile and rich most of them grew up vigorously in due season. There was not much order in Turner's knowledge at first, but he endeavoured, with partial success, to introduce some orderly arrangement at a later period of his life.

The first influence is exercised by the father and mother. In Turner's case that of the mother can only have been hereditary, through the blood, for she became insane and was removed from his father's house. Even while she remained there the incipient evil declared itself in her violent temper. It is said that she belonged to a family of squires, the Marshalls of Shelford Manor, Nottingham; but she was born at Islington, and was probably, even before her marriage, in a comparatively humble rank of life, notwithstanding her descent from Shelford. The question whether Turner's mother was, or was not, what we mean in English by the word 'lady,' has an interest for us with regard to him which is quite independent of genealogy, though genealogy is interesting also. A lady is a woman who clearly understands, and consistently practises, the refinements of a highly civilised existence; and the most real distinction between a lady, and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilised than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilisation, both in her own person and in all those over whom she has authority. These habits are not simply habits of expense; it is cheaper to remain sober than to get drunk, and yet it is more ladylike to be sober. It does not cost more money to speak good English than bad, or to be gentle than rude; yet a lady always, from preference, speaks correctly and has gentle manners. It so happens by the force of circumstances that there are more ladies in the upper classes than in the lower, and that there is a severer public opinion in the upper classes about most of the things which, taken together, constitute civilisation, because it is a fault in rich people (who have such great facilities) not to be clean, and cultivated, and polite, when it may only be a misfortune in poor ones. There is, then, really such a thing as ladyhood, and it is one of the strongest of civilising influences. Turner, there is reason to believe, notwithstanding the position of his mother's ancestry, never came under that influence, and the want of it may have been the great reason why he was never a perfectly civilised man. We know really nothing about his mother, except that she had a bad temper, that her home was an unhappy one, that she became insane and was removed from it. Of his father we know more. William Turner, the barber, was a Devonshire man who had settled in London. His great characteristics appear to have been the especial virtues of the middle class, industry and economy. In teaching his son these two things he helped him in the artistic career itself, for without the most persistent industry the painter would never have mastered his art, and without the strictest economy in early years he would never have been able to pursue it with sufficient independence for the attainment of greatness. Thus William Turner gave his son both a

swords and a shield for the battle of life; and if we were writing an allegory we might say that on the sword was engraven the word *Diligence*, and on the shield *Forgiveness*. Few young men need these virtues so much as a young painter, for his art bristles all over with difficulties, and until fame is won he may at any time be compelled to abandon it from sheer necessity, against which there is no defence but thrift. Happily for Turner his father cared also for his education, and sent him to school at Brentford when he was ten years old. The boy went to school afterwards in London, and lastly at Margate. What this school education did for him may not appear much if we look at it as men of very advanced culture look upon education, for it is certain that Turner showed few signs of literary training. He never in after-life knew any language at all. He did not know any foreign language, and he never mastered his native tongue. There is nothing surprising in this. The whole class to which Turner belonged was then and is still very imperfectly acquainted with the subtler half of the English tongue. 'The ignorance in this department,' says Professor Seeley, 'of those who have ruled at Bourbon or Stowe, is deplorable. It is far more than a mere want of prudence in the serious attention to words. It is far more also than a mere ignorance of uncommon and philosophical words. There is a large class of words in the language, originally perhaps philosophical, but which have passed so completely into the common parlance of well-educated people that they cannot now be called philosophical, but which remain to the class I speak of perfectly obscure. The consequence is that such people in reading not merely abstruse books but books in the smallest degree speculative or generalising, constantly mistake the meaning of what they read. It is not that they understand their author imperfectly; they totally misunderstand him, and suppose him to say something which he does not say. It is no wonder that such persons have no taste for reading.' This is pure a true account of the condition of literary culture in the class which is educated as Turner was in those three schools which he attended in his boyhood. English is not really taught in such schools, and the boys have not the time which would be necessary to the mastery of any other language, so they leave without knowing any language whatever. In a few rare cases there is a taste for literature stimulates them to learn English in after-life; but the true strong pleasure of the class, given at very exceptional time however, and remains for ever totally incapable either of using the higher English itself, or of understanding it when used by others. And in addition to the general breadthless of his class Turner had a special personal difficulty, in his non-musical idiosyncrasy. It might have been taught English by a very patient and able master, entirely devoted to him, but the master would have found the work of instruction a heavy undertaking. The truth is that Turner was one of those persons who seem born to be illiterate. He had not the literary faculty. To the end of his life he was never sure of getting safely to the end of a written sentence. He never was able to spell. And still, notwithstanding this constant stimulation of his deficiency, we think it evident that his schooling must have established a wide difference between him and a lad who had never been taught anything at all, such as a Suffolk ploughboy before the invention of School Boards. His years of schooling did not count for, a linguist, but it is highly probable that they conveyed a good many facts to his mind, and a certain quantity of legends and traditional, which, in a peculiar temperament like his, are quite as valuable as facts. Some of the great historical traditions must have reached him in this way: he must have heard of Jerusalem and Rome, and been brought nearer to antiquity than those disinherited ones who live exclusively in the present. He must have learned who that England is not the world. It requires little knowledge of geography to be aware that the Alps which are such tokens to Turner and Ruskin, exist more in the books and the fancy and yet the knowledge, instructive as it seems to all educated persons, is by no means universal, even now. If Turner had never been sent to school at all, it is quite possible that he might have remained ignorant that the earth might never have been enslaved. His father came from South Molton, a Devonshire village. If he had remained there, and not cared to educate his child, the boy's

the entrance to his father's shop, the prices being duly marked upon them, and not exceeding three shillings for each separate work of art. Supposing this to be true, and it is quite according to the character of both father and son, who knew the value of three shillings, we consider that it was an excellent thing for the young artist. It was certainly a very humble kind of publicity, and yet sufficient for a stimulus, and much more encouraging than being refused at the Academy exhibition. Not all the Academicians united had power enough to close that other little exhibition round the barber's door. If there were a few sales, they must have been an immense encouragement to a poor boy—quite enough to keep up an ardent interest in his work. About this time he copied Paul Sandby, thus laying the foundation of his own future excellence in water-colour much more securely than if he had tried to copy one of our brilliant modern water-colour men. He also began to work seriously from nature, no longer as a schoolboy amuses himself with sketching, but in the temper of an incipient artist. A boyish friendship with Girtin, the young genius who might have been a rival if he had lived past early manhood, strengthened young Turner in his artistic determinations, by preserving him from too much solitude in his pursuit. Girtin and Turner worked together at the trade of colouring prints: dull work, perhaps, for two great geniuses as those boys really were, and yet excellent practice for beginners in the technical business of water-colour. Neither of the two friends was likely so far to forget the culture of his own abilities as to settle down permanently to the mechanical handicraft of art without aspiring to higher things, so they both, in times of comparative liberty, made simple landscapes in the topographic fashion of those days. From the age of thirteen, when Turner left the last of his three schools, he pursued the practical work of art, in one way or another, almost without intermission till old age.

The boy did not, at this time, remain exclusively in London. He went to Bristol occasionally to visit a friend of his father's, a Mr. Harraway, for whom he drew his own portrait. In London he was never without useful help, both in instruction and employment. Porden, an architect, employed him to add water-colour backgrounds to his architectural designs. When these happened to be country-houses, Turner would have a certain limited scope for the exercise of his talent in landscape, and we find that he availed himself of such opportunities very willingly, and was highly appreciated by Mr. Porden, who offered to take him as an apprentice without the usual premium. One of his educators was a perspective draughtsman, Thomas Malton, who lived in Long Acre. Turner afterwards said that he had learned perspective from Malton, but Malton complained of his pupil's incapacity, and took him back to his father's house as unteachable. On a second trial Turner got on no better, and was again returned upon his father's hands. There is nothing in this which need surprise us in the least. The science of perspective, as taught geometrically by Malton, lies quite outside of the purely artistic powers, and Turner's genius was essentially and exclusively artistic. Scientific perspective is a pursuit which may amuse or occupy a mathematician, but the stronger the artistic faculty in a painter the less he is likely to take to it, for it exercises other faculties than his. Besides this, he feels instinctively that he can do very well without it. He learns natural perspective mainly by the eye, and when he works from imagination he simply *sees* the objects in his own mental vision, and draws them as he sees them, very much as they would appear to him in nature. The failure of the young Turner to learn scientific perspective is therefore quite in harmony with what we know of his intellectual constitution, and need not surprise us more than his life-long difficulty about language.

P. G. Hamerton.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXVIII.—Richard Parkes Bonington. (1801–28.)

The Column of St. Mark, Venice.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET DEBAINES.

RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON was born in the village of Arnold, near Nottingham, on the 25th of October, in 1801. His father was a landscape and portrait painter, and anecdotes are related of the son's precocity in the arts. The father, at all events, had such faith in his boy's ability, that not being aware of any great advantages for art-education in England, immediately after the Peace he took young Bonington to Paris, to give him there the best possible advantages for the development of his talent. By this means the boy's education was really French. He became a student of the École des Beaux-Arts, copied in the Louvre, and occasionally attended in the studio of Baron Gros. He turned his attention chiefly to landscape painting, working both in oil and in water-colours, and painting, from preference, marine or river views.

Young Bonington's drawings were admirable, and very popular, so that he soon acquired sufficient means to enable him to travel abroad and prosecute his tastes at pleasure. He found a new world in Venice, which furnished him with inexhaustible materials. Among his studies in the French Academy he had not neglected the figure, and he was quite capable of peopling his compositions with creations of his own; though he never made any special study of the figure with the rigour necessary for success as an historical painter. He was fond of painting fishermen and their occupations; he had a fine eye for colour, and his pictures are charming in this respect, and always well disposed.

It appears to have been Bonington's intention to settle in England when he had gratified his taste for foreign travel; but his health was of that precarious character that a lengthened successful career was impossible for him. He was already, in 1827, in a rapid decline. He returned to England in 1828, bringing with him some of the master-efforts of his art. He had had a *Scene on the French Coast* in the Royal Academy Exhibition for the year 1827, and in the following year three of his pictures were placed, though not quite to his satisfaction: these were, another *Coast Scene; The Grand Canal, with the Church of La Vergine della Salute, Venice;* and a composition of *Henry III. of France.* He met with both praise and patronage—more, indeed, than his delicate state could bear. The unusual excitement brought on a brain fever, which left him in such an exhausted condition that he fell into a rapid decline, and died on the 23rd of September, 1828, in his twenty-seventh year only.

Bonington's premature fate was much regretted by his friends and admirers, among whom was the President of the Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, in a letter to another friend, after attending the funeral at St. James's, Pentonville, writes: 'The last duties have just been paid to the lamented Mr. Bonington. Except in the case of Mr. Harlow, I have never known, in my own time, the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving.'

Bonington had, however, gone beyond the field of promise, and had reached that of performance, as our picture shows; but, unfortunately, its beautiful colouring cannot be reproduced in etching.

His pictures are not common in England; there are more in France, where they are much valued. But some few of the principal English Galleries have good examples, both of his figure-pieces and his coast-scenes: as in the Grosvenor Gallery and at Woburn. Mr. Munro, Samuel Rogers, and Mr. Thomas Baring, had excellent pictures by Bonington; also Lord Normanton; and there are fine specimens in Sir Richard Wallace's great collection.

No. 374, *The Column of St. Mark, Venice.* This is a view on the Piazzetta at Venice, or the little place between St. Mark's and the sea; and the two columns in the picture are known as the Colonne della Piazzetta.

The winged lion in bronze, on the top of the pillar, is the attribute of St. Mark the Evangelist; on the other column is a marble figure of St. Theodore, who was the first patron of Venice. These pillar-trophies were brought from the East early in the twelfth century, by the Doge Domenico Micheli, and were placed in their present positions by Niocolo Barattieri in 1180.

The statue of Theodore is old; it was placed on the column in 1329. The Lion of St. Mark is a work of later date, and it is one of the trophies carried by the French to Paris in 1797: but it was restored to its original position after the peace, in 1816.

On canvas 17½ inches high by 14½ inches wide.

This picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1826, and formed part of the collection given by Mr. Vernon to the nation in 1847.*

R. N. WORNUM.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

(*Continued.*)

ON the death of John de Cella the charge of the Abbey fell into the hands of a shrewder and more practical man. It is related of Abbot William de Trumpington (1214–1235) that 'soon after his promotion, despising the company of his monks, he adhered to the laity, leading a worldly life in feasting and conversation.' But these worldly tendencies of Abbot William gave him a power in matters of business that proved very serviceable to the interests of the Abbey. The reign of King John was by no means a happy time for the religious houses in England, and St. Alban's suffered like the rest; but in spite of the enormous sums that were extorted from the Abbot, he was able to carry on and complete the work of reconstruction that his predecessor had begun. He finished the west front in a sufficiently worthy manner, although he was forced somewhat to curtail the ambitious schemes of John de Cella, and he also completed in the interior of the church the first important transformation of the Norman building. Standing on the western side of St. Cuthbert's Screen and surveying the work of the nave, the visitor to St. Alban's may follow in their regular order the successive architectural changes that were introduced into the building. The first six piers on the northern side belong to the original structure of Abbot Paul. Then by a transition, the evidence of which there has been no effort to conceal, we pass to the Early Pointed work projected by John de Cella and executed by William de Trumpington. This carries us to the western extremity of the church, and back to the fifth pier on the southern side; and here the decorated work of a later period leads us again to St. Cuthbert's screen. There we find that the Norman work of Abbot Paul (1077–1093), and the decorated work of Hugh de Eversden (1308–1326), stand face to face on the opposite sides of the nave. But it was not by any deliberate plan that these

* Allan Cunningham has given a sketch of the Life of Bonington in the fifth volume of his series on 'The Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.' 12mo. London, 1837.

compartments were added in the later style. The Norman pillars had given way and a large part of the church was in ruins, and the Abbot had therefore no choice left but to restore it in the style of his time. Walsingham has left a vivid account of the incident which happened on the day of St. Paul, in the year 1323. 'After the celebration of the Mass to the Blessed Virgin,' he writes, 'an accident happened of so horrible a kind that no earlier misfortunes could be compared with it. For when a great multitude of men and women were gathered together in the church, praying and listening to the Mass, on a sudden two immense columns on the south side of the building, as if broken off at their foundations, fell one after another with a horrible crash and ruin to the earth; and while the great crowd both of monks and laymen, struck dumb by the disaster, were collected to gaze upon the ruin, scarcely an hour had passed when, behold, the entire wooden roof built above the columns, with the arched beams, a part of the southern aisle, as well as nearly the whole of the adjoining cloister, fell likewise to the earth.'

We may partly imagine how great a disaster this must have seemed at the time by a study of the corresponding piers on the opposite side of the church. It is probable that the piers that fell were richly decorated, like those that remain, with paintings, and that before each there was an altar, and above the altar, perhaps, precious works in sculpture. That these paintings were highly esteemed is certain from the fact of the great Norman piers upon which they are executed being retained, in spite of the want of uniformity with the newer building. Probably, if such a restoration were to be required at the present time, there would be an attempt to make the new building conform as closely as possible to the old, and to redecorate the piers in the original manner. But Abbot Hugh followed a different course. That he or his architect was partly influenced by the style of work already executed there can be no doubt; but it was the later, and not the earlier, manner that he endeavoured to preserve. He made no attempt to reproduce the massive pillars erected by Abbot Paul, although he left those on the opposite side of the church still standing; but he put so much restraint upon the art of his time, as to bring his work into perfect conformity with that part of the building completed by William de Trumpington. 'It would be difficult to name,' says the Messrs. Buckler, 'an elevation which rivals in magnificence that of the ten bays which complete the range on the south side of the nave between the west end and St. Cuthbert's Screen. There is a general and studied resemblance running through the design, which could only result from the obedience of the architect of the later work to that of the older. . . . . Every arch and window of the Edwardian work presents a general agreement with those of Henry the Third's time; and yet the difference of age cannot be mistaken: it is seen in the greater simplicity and undercutting of the mouldings of the earlier style, and in the matchless ornament of the dog-tooth standing in juxtaposition with the ball-flower and roset. These are introduced sparingly; and, as if imitation in the present instance were indispensable, the same proportion and situation are assigned to the later ornament as to the former.'

Soon after William de Trumpington had completed the reconstruction of the nave, John de Hertford, his successor, found it necessary to restore the eastern end of the church. This same abbot also built a noble guests' hall in place of the old building, which had gone to ruin; and this new hall was richly decorated by Richard, one of the monks of the Abbey. Indeed the rights of hospitality seem to have been carefully studied at St. Alban's about this period, and we find that towards the end of Abbot John's rule there were severe complaints made by the monks of the quality of the bread and ale provided for themselves and for their guests, which complaints the Abbot took means to satisfy. But although the monks had to complain of their ale they never complained of Abbot John, or of his management of the Abbey's affairs. He was a generous and a meek man, according to Matthew Paris; and this description accords well with the account given by Walsingham of the circumstances of his election. 'It is said,' writes Walsingham, 'that when summoned to take part in the election, as he was riding along in humble enough guise, like some old man, through the villages of Hertfordshire and St. Alban's,

he was laughed at by many people. "Look there!" said they; "that old fellow, already worn out as he is, thinks that he is going to be Abbot!" words which, though uttered in scorn, truly predicted the event. A cup, however, and a dozen silver spoons, which he had prepared as a present to the newly-elected Abbot, and had put away for this purpose in the breast of his dress, after he had been chosen himself, were dropped by accident in the church, before all the people, thus proving that he had neither hope of the prelacy nor any desire of it.'

It would seem that the entire scheme of reconstruction of the eastern end, including the erection of the Lady Chapel, was projected by this abbot; but the Lady Chapel itself was not completed till a later date. It was, in fact, finished by the same Hugh de Eversden who built up the eastern bays of the nave after the ruin described by Walsingham; and an examination of its architectural features proves how severe a restraint the artist must have put upon himself in order to bring his work in the nave so nearly into harmony with the earlier work executed under William de Trumpington. For in looking at the architecture in the Lady Chapel it is difficult to believe that we have here the work of the same artist who completed the eastern bays of the nave. The richness of ornamentation is here comparatively poor for lack of style, and the artist has striven in vain to supply by elaboration the failure of a simple and noble taste. And yet it seems certain that these two pieces of architecture were contemporary, and were, in fact, executed by the same hand. Sir Gilbert Scott fixes the date of the completion of the Lady Chapel between 1308 and 1326, and, as we have already seen, it was in 1323 that the accident occurred on the south side of the nave. It may be, that like others since his time, Hugh de Eversden's architect was better fitted for the labour of restoration than for original design, and that he could more easily and more skilfully work in sympathy with an artist of an earlier time than invent new forms for himself.

It is difficult now, as we pass from St. Cuthbert's Screen towards the Lady Chapel at the extreme eastern end, to realise the appearance which this part of the building presented in the original Norman church. Once beyond the space occupied by the great central tower, the eye is arrested by huge monuments that found no place in the earlier structure. On one side the tomb of Wheathamstead, on the other that of Ramryge; and further on, behind the great screen and facing St. Alban's Shrine, the sepulchral chapel of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. Opposite to this chapel is the wooden Watcher's Gallery, with its quaint and curious carvings on the frieze, in which a monk was posted called the Custos Feretri. At the eastern end of the Saint's Chapel the progress of the visitor is at present arrested. There has long been a public passage separating the main body of the church from the Lady Chapel, and the arches at the east of the Saint's Chapel have been blocked up. We must therefore await the result of the present restoration in order to see the building, even as it could be seen at the time when the monastery was broken up; but the most perfect restoration will not reproduce for us the figure of the Norman church, when the shrine of the Saint stood in the great apse that formed, with its two tiers of windows, the eastern boundary of the church.

J. Comyns Carr.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 48.)

THE young artist at this time was brought into still closer connexion with architecture. He had already, as we have seen, worked industriously upon architectural drawings, by surrounding buildings with sky and landscape of his own, and in this he had given satisfaction to his employers. A step farther in the same direction might make him an architectural draughtsman, and possibly, in the future, an architect. His father decided that this step should be taken, and the boy was placed, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, in Mr. Hardwick's office. This may be considered one of the most fortunate circumstances of his life. The architectural labours, which

DUKE HUMPHREY'S MONUMENT.

RAMRYGE'S MONUMENT AND WATCHERS' GALLERY.

he went through with his usual diligence, must have been useful to him afterwards when he introduced architecture into his works, which he did very frequently; but besides this Mr. Hardwick had a lively appreciation of artistic talent, saw evidence of it in his young pupil, and said that he ought to go and study at the Royal Academy. There are differences of opinion amongst landscape-painters about the utility of Academic training to an artist who desires to pursue their branch of the profession. Some landscape-painters say the Academic training is of little use to them, or that it is certainly not so useful as studies from landscape-nature out of doors; others believe that the work done in Academies, though it has so little apparent connexion with landscape, is a better preparation for the future work of a landscape-painter than the premature study of trees, and hills, and water. There are reasons in favour of the latter opinion which are not obvious at first sight, but they are of a kind which the most intelligent artists are the most likely to estimate justly. There is an almost universal illusion that landscape-painting is comparatively easy, an illusion which is based upon the truth that accurate drawing is not essential to a landscape-painter. There are, however, other qualities than mere accuracy in good landscape-painting, and other difficulties in the representation of nature than a simple definition of its forms. The greatest difficulty of this branch of art may be expressed in a single word—complexity. The complexity of natural landscape is such that it cannot be understood, and therefore cannot be interpreted, without powers both of analysis and of synthesis which a young student is not likely to have acquired. A young student, in the presence of landscape-nature, is bewildered by the intricacy and abundance of the material before him; he requires a simpler model to begin with, for he ought to pass from the simple to the complex; and besides simplicity in the model he requires permanence of effect. In a climate so changeable as that of England, not only do the effects change from hour to hour, and in distant scenery from minute to minute; but there is never any probability that if you go to a place on three successive days, exactly at the same moment, you will find your first effect again. Every one knows how entirely different a place looks at different times, but the landscape-painter alone feels this changeableness as an inconvenience to his studies. To the mature and accomplished artist, who works from memory, aided by rapid notes, the changeableness of nature is an additional source of interest in his observations; to the beginner, it is one of the most serious hindrances which can be imagined. Now the study of the human figure, as it is pursued everywhere in Academies, avoids both these difficulties of complexity and changeableness, whilst it thoroughly educates the eye to the perception of line, projection, and colour. It does not educate the *special* faculty of the landscape-painter, which is a peculiar kind of memory, but it prepares him for his future work by a steady training in the elementary business of art; and thus, by giving him the knowledge and power which all painters must have in common (knowledge of objects and power to represent them), leaves him free, in after years, to concentrate his attention more especially upon the particular culture which will be needed for his own career. This, I believe, is a fair statement of the advantages of academic study to a landscape-painter, so far as it goes; yet it might be carried farther without exaggeration. No one who is practically acquainted with the subject will deny that a figure, placed in a certain light, is as much an object under an effect as a near mountain in clear weather; it is, therefore, an initiation in the laws of effect as well as in those of form and colour. Still more decidedly may effect be studied in a gallery of statues, which is sure to exhibit permanently many of the most delicate phenomena of light and shade. You have not, it is true, in living figures or statues, those sudden and surprising revolutions of colour, which are produced in mountain scenery by changing effects of light; and it is better, in the early study of phenomena so difficult to account for, that the mind should not find itself confronted, just at first, by almost insoluble problems. What we maintain is, that Academic study is the best general initiation into the art of painting, because it gives the best opportunities for a rational advance in study, from the simple to the complex, from what is permanent enough to be copied quietly to what is so transient that it can only be rendered with

the help of the memory. To be a pupil of the Royal Academy was, therefore, the best thing which could have happened to Turner in his youth, even though he was not to be a figure-painter in after-life. It may be wished, perhaps, that the Academy would have taken more pains to impress upon the minds of its pupils the necessity, or at least the desirableness, of painting their pictures so as to make them last: but neither Turner nor Reynolds learned their suicidal habits in technical matters from Academic tradition: it was their own fatal ingenuity in after-life which led them to discover the arts by which a picture may be so painted that it will become a ruin during the lifetime of the artist. The Academic tradition of oil-painting is safe enough, so far as permanence is concerned. A few well-known and very permanent pigments are commonly used by students, most of them being the cheap and durable earths; nor is there anything in the Academic manner of using them which necessarily leads to the destruction of the work. But why need we argue in generalities with reference to the technical education of an artist whose works are here to bear testimony themselves? Turner began by painting soundly in oil; his unsound work belongs to his full maturity. We know on excellent authority—the authority of the owner—that the portrait which Turner painted of himself, at the age of seventeen, is still in a perfect state of preservation. The pigments used in that portrait, and the manner of applying them, were alike in accordance with the Academic tradition of the time. Another portrait of himself, about the same age, in the National collection, is also well preserved. We believe, then, that although the Academy neither did nor could do anything to develop the wonderful poetic power which astonished the world much later, it carried forward Turner's early education in a practically safe way, and taught him more than he would have learned by continuing to copy Paul Sandby, or by making sketches of landscape-nature with no better guidance than his own imperfect knowledge.

A very distinguished living landscape-painter, whose works have deservedly won public favour by their union of a fine sentiment for wild northern scenery with uncommon executive skill, earnestly recommended one of his less skilful brethren to make portraits frequently, in order to gain more strength and facility in the representation of objects. The artist who gave this advice had himself painted portraits exclusively for many years, and attributed much of his skill in landscape to this early practice in what may seem a totally different branch of art. The advice was good for the reasons we have given in favour of figure-study generally. The art of painting combines two things, the representation of objects and the representation of effects. A head is a good object to study, because its forms are not accidental, but organic; and because, in hair, flesh, and eyes, it presents quite different textures, besides whatever textures of dress there may happen to be about and below the neck. A head may, also, be well seen as the artist returns to his work day after day, and it may be seen exactly under the same effect of light. It is, at the same time, though an organized object, free from the inconvenience of intricacy. The structure of it, so far as it concerns an artist, is simple and easily understood, after a little study of anatomy. On the whole, a human head is the best object to study which is readily accessible everywhere, and this is the reason why it has been recommended, even for the advancement of landscape-painters.

Turner, with his usual good fortune, which generally led him to do the right thing at the right time, was admitted to the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to paint there from that great master's works. At that time he probably intended to be a portrait-painter, for portrait was then the only really lucrative branch of art, and it is very possible that if Reynolds had lived a few years longer his great personal influence would have kept his young pupil on the path which he himself had so successfully followed. But it so happened that when Turner entered the President's studio Sir Joshua was approaching the sad close of his labours and his life, so that his personal influence was not continued long enough to make Turner definitely a portrait-painter.

Another happy circumstance of Turner's early career was that in those days a very young artist had some chance of getting a picture into the Academy exhibition, which is always an

immense encouragement in itself, quite independently of sale. The ninety years which have elapsed since Turner's boyhood have multiplied the number of artists in England so enormously, that few young men in the present day can hope to see their names in the Academy Catalogue. Turner's first picture was exhibited in 1787, he being then twelve years old. The subject of this picture was Dover Castle. After this beginning he knew that the road to fame was open to him, if he had genius and industry. Of genius there was not as yet, nor for long afterwards, the slightest visible evidence, but the habit of industry was already formed. He kept to his early practice of washing in skies and backgrounds for architects. After some years he began to receive certain commissions for topographic drawings, or, in other words, he began to get paid for doing exactly the kind of study which at that time of his life would be the best preparation for his future work in landscape. This topographic business took him to many interesting places, and amongst others to Oxford. The natural vigour of his constitution, one of the many blessings which were favourable to his career, made him a pedestrian from the very beginning, and led him into the habit of taking memoranda as he walked. In this way he began quite early in life to accumulate that prodigious mass of observations which provided the material for his artistic productiveness. His comparatively humble birth, and the simple way of living to which he had always been accustomed, made him contented with whatever accommodation he chanced to find upon the road. He had never been spoiled by luxury, he had no gentility to maintain ; wherever he went he carried with him the one comfort money cannot procure, the regularity of healthy sensation, the strength of his vigorous youth. There are many situations in life apparently much more fortunate than that of this poor young artist, but there are few in reality so enviable. Entirely free from the time-wasting obligations of people in the upper classes of society, happy with small gains, receiving constant and sufficient encouragement, the future lying before him like the vast distances in the real world of his wanderings, his whole heart in the study of his profession, this young favourite of Nature and of Fortune began his great career. There are people stupid enough to wonder how a poor barber's son could ever be a favourite of Fortune, as if the capricious goddess had no other gifts to bestow than money and money's worth. Her gifts are only good for their utility to the life and the work that has to be done in it. With the wealth of Sir George Beaumont, Turner might have been an artist like Sir George Beaumont, and gone on to the end of his days plotting where to put his brown tree. Even a little learning in Greek and Latin might have been the total destruction of his genius, by giving him the pride of scholarship and closing his eyes to nature and to art. In his case, then, both poverty and ignorance may have been gracious gifts of Fortune. Nor was she really unkind to him in giving for the residence of his soul that uncomely face and body. Man is an intelligence served by organs, and few intelligences have been better or more regularly served in this way than that of Turner. It is the simple truth that his legs were more useful to him than a pair of horses. His eyes were so good that when he painted he would throw a sketch on the ground, or anywhere, and work easily from it if only it happened to be the right-side up. His nervous system was so sound that he could work anywhere and everywhere, and he was perfectly indifferent to those arrangements for comfort which artists usually consider essential, and which really are essential to them. His small hand was so delicate that it could draw with a degree of executive refinement which astonishes even opticians, the most refined of all workmen in the pure handicrafts. His arm was so steady that he habitually painted on upright canvases without a mahl-stick, which all other painters find to be necessary. His constitutional strength was such that he could work fifteen hours at a stretch without weariness, and his digestion so vigorous that all extremes of living were alike to him. It is true that he was short and plain, but stature and beauty were entirely unnecessary to his work. He was tall enough to paint a large picture, and handsome enough to be himself paintable in the freshness of his youth. Had he been physically more attractive he might have been conscious of the advantage, as he was afterwards conscious of his disadvantage in this respect ; and he might have felt, like other handsome men of genius, a

desire to show himself to people, and shine in society, which would probably have been a great hindrance to his progress, if not absolutely destructive to his originality. Such as Nature made him, and as Fortune placed him, he was exactly so constituted and so situated that his success in art, and his happiness in it, became necessary consequences of that harmony which has been considered the highest of earthly felicities, the harmony between constitution and conditions.

When as yet a mere boy, at an age when others are preparing for some remotely future career, at an age when many have not yet even made up their minds as to the nature of their life's occupation, Turner was already actively engaged in his profession. At fifteen he exhibited his view of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, and studied the same year at Eltham and Uxbridge with a view to next year's exhibition. A year later, with that readiness to seize upon an impression which he retained to the close of life, we find him drawing the Pantheon after the fire, which was exhibited in 1792, the artist being then seventeen years old; and it may be observed that in a study of his at Malmesbury Abbey, for a drawing which was exhibited that year, he had taken note of a shadow playing on tree-trunks in the same spirit of observation which characterises the memoranda of his fullest maturity. Another of Turner's great permanent characteristics is visible at a very early period of his career. No landscape-painter was ever so wide in range as he was. The exact opposite of Constable, whose art was the expression of intense affection for one locality, Turner took an interest in the whole world of landscape, and, therefore, was of necessity a traveller as well as a sketcher or maker of memoranda. Now we have only to inquire into the occupations of his earliest professional years to see at once that he got into the habit of travelling, and had full opportunities for indulging his instincts in that direction, at an age when most young men are confined by school or apprenticeship. He began by travelling in England and Wales, and had studied a great variety of scenery before his twentieth year. In 1793, being then eighteen, he was sent by one of his employers, Walker, the publisher of the 'Copper-plate Magazine,' to Kent, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. His drawings were engraved, even at that early stage in his career — an immense encouragement to a young artist, from the publicity which engraving gives, and its consequent chances of fame. The exhibitions of the Royal Academy were open to him from his boyhood, and this encouraged him to work in colour, and not to confine himself to simple chiaroscuro drawing for the engravers. Before he was twenty he had penetrated into Wales, very probably from Bristol, and had drawn the river Monach, near the Devil's Bridge, in Cardiganshire; he had also drawn at Tintern and Great Malvern. In 1794 he exhibited five works, but the next year he exhibited eight, and the year following eleven. At twenty he had drawn Lincoln, Peterborough, and Cambridge, besides views in Denbighshire, Monmouthshire, and Cardiganshire. At twenty-one he had visited the Isle of Wight, besides Salisbury, Ely, and Llandaff. His first Continental excursion did not take place until some years later, but the Rhine and the Alps could be waited for with patient hope by a youth who had England and Wales for his sketching-ground, with all their rivers and hills.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THIRD INVASION.*

THIS is a very clearly and well-written history of the great Franco-German war, published in folio size, and in a portfolio, along with seventy-seven etchings of war-subjects by M. Lançon. Of M. Véron's work as an historian we need not say much in this periodical;

* La Troisième Invasion. Première Partie, de la Déclaration de la Guerre à la Capitulation de Sedan. Texte par M. Eugène Véron; eaux-fortes par M. Auguste Lançon. Paris: Librairie de l'Art, 3 Chaussée d'Antin. 1876.

but before passing to an examination of the etchings we may briefly express our appreciation of the evident care, and desire to be accurate, with which the literary work has been executed throughout. It has several qualities, both positive and negative, which are not commonly found in histories written so near to the events which they record, and by authors who belong to one of the contending nations. Although the writer is evidently not unpatriotic, his patriotism displays itself rather in telling his countrymen the plain truth, than in any exaggeration of their merits or concealment of their defects. He makes no accusation of treason against individuals, except the well-proved assertion that Bazaine did not wish to leave Metz, refusing succour which he could have easily given, and that when Napoleon III. went from Châlons to Sedan he was guided by political rather than strategic motives—a fact which was admitted by the Emperor himself in a letter addressed to an eminent English officer, and afterwards published in the newspapers, as the writer no doubt intended it to be. Whilst believing that these personal or dynastic considerations had a bad effect at the time, in neutralising the action of many thousand soldiers who were sent as prisoners of war to Germany, M. Véron does not believe, as many Frenchmen still do believe, that a wiser and more patriotic conduct on their part would have changed the final result of the conflict. France was destined, he thinks, to be conquered by the superior military organisation of her adversary. Another proof of the clear, dispassionate good sense, with which M. Véron estimates the situation of the French army, is that he does not specially condemn the Empire for its unreadiness. All French Governments have been unready, he says, at the beginning of a campaign, and the real reason why Louis Napoleon's Government appears so much more incapable than its predecessors is because it was caught in the act of preparing for war by an enemy who had invented new methods of getting ready much more rapidly. This, and a great inferiority of numbers, would of themselves have ensured defeat if the generals on both sides had been of equal ability; but the numerical inferiority was to have been compensated by the help of Italy and Austria, if the French had been able to act in Southern Germany as promptly as they intended. We have read all M. Véron's volume with interest, and shall be glad to know what he has to say of the siege of Paris when the second instalment of his work appears at the end of the present year; for this volume, or portfolio, contains only half of the intended publication. He does not seem to have much hope for the military future of France, on account of the invincible spirit of traditional routine which governs the French War Office under all successive administrations; a spirit which Prussia threw aside when she made up her mind to develop her military efficiency to its maximum, however novel might be the methods necessary to effect her purpose.

M. Lançon's etchings are all from sketches made by him from nature, during the war, which he witnessed in very favourable conditions for observation, having purposely attached himself to the *ambulance de la Presse* in order to get the best opportunities for seeing everything. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the Geneva Cross did not always protect M. Lançon from suspicion, and that he was often in most imminent danger of being shot summarily as a spy. The sight of a pencil and sketch-book drives people mad in war-time, especially when they have been beaten and are apprehensive of coming reverses. We are glad that M. Lançon was not shot, and we believe that his present work might have a good sale in Germany without the slightest injury to the military interests of France. He must have acquired the useful art of making very rapid memoranda, for these etchings often contain

much detail which is evidently strictly true. As to the landscape backgrounds, the artist has ensured their more perfect accuracy by revisiting all the places since the peace made sketching a less perilous business. We have no doubt that the nature of the ground is always very clearly explained to us; indeed the truth of the drawing is of the kind which requires no corroboration from the testimony of others. Artistic effect does not seem to have been one of the artist's purposes. There is a little, but very little, composition in his groups, and in some plates there is a certain degree of attention to effects of light and shade; but these artifices are never predominant over the main purpose, which is to tell the plain truth about war as it appears to those who find themselves actually mixed up in it. The seventy-seven plates present a very great variety of subjects, but all agree in representing scenes which an eye-witness might remember. The consequence is that the work really gives the appearance of soldiers in war-time, and not some vain, frivolous imagination of heroes attitudinising to be painted. So scrupulous is M. Lançon about representing only what he saw, that he does not even give a sketch of Louis Napoleon on his way to Sedan (though it would have been easy to do so with the help of a photograph and a little invention), nor do we meet with any of the great German leaders. The artist seems to have been much more impressed by the horrors of war than by the vain-glory of it. We see the dead on the battle-field, and the wounded in the village schools that have been turned into hospitals. Two or three plates represent the Germans burying their dead; one of these scenes is particularly impressive, where the dead are scattered over a flat wide field in the moonlight, and a few living men are carrying corpses on crossed sticks, for the Germans manage their interments with a certain decency and order. There is a large and very terrible plate of the road to Mouzon, where a *convoi* of baggage-carts has been surprised, and all the horses and men are lying dead. One of the most impressive plates represents a single corpse, that of an inhabitant of Bazeilles, whose leg has been shot away and whose body has been ripped open with a sword-bayonet. There is a stern and thoughtful look upon the face as if he still felt determined to defend his village. Every one who has seen a battle-field knows that the corpses take all sorts of expressions, and lie in all sorts of attitudes, quite different from the repose which we usually associate with the idea of death. M. Lançon has given the plain truth, evidently not from any morbid love of the horrible, but from a simple determination to represent war as it really is. So with his hospital interiors, which are numerous. In these we have that variety of expression which no one who had not seen the reality would be likely to imagine, but the predominant aspect of the men's faces is that of a dull weariness. Several etchings represent men having their wounds dressed, either by the attendants of the ambulances or by women. The confusion occasioned by bodies of soldiers in the towns is several times rendered with effect; we are made to feel the unaccustomed crowding of the streets as if we were in them. The battle-scenes are in almost every instance simple episodes, such as would remain in the memory of a private soldier who had been engaged in them; but in a few, where the formation of the ground permits it, we see the masses of the enemy's troops and the action of his artillery. The landscape-sketching is of the topographic kind, which a good military officer might be glad to be able to do. Throughout M. Lançon's work we see that he has aimed less at giving the pleasure which we seek in art than in telling the simple truth. It is full of observation, and we have no doubt whatever about its extreme veracity; but it bears the same relation to deliberately composed and invented fine art that

the letters of an observant war correspondent do to the work of the poet or the novelist. In saying this we have no intention to imply blame, we only mark a restriction. It is the very simplicity of purpose in these etchings which gives them their peculiar value. There is the same simplicity in their execution. Here, perhaps, we might suggest to M. Lançon that his use of what French artists call '*la tache*' is often both violent and unfortunate. He likes to get a patch of dark material somewhere in his etching, such as a dark uniform or piece of cloth hanging on a cord, or anything that will come dark. Once in possession of his patch M. Lançon blackens it mercilessly, annihilating its light and shade; and he only seems to be perfectly happy when it has assumed the appearance of a blot of ink. Such treatment destroys, of course, the expression of form, which cannot be made intelligible without modelling. For example, when M. Lançon has to draw dragoons he represents the band of skin round their helmets as a black blot, without indicating the shape; yet that part of the helmet, in nature, has its form expressed by light and shade as much as any other part. Again, he is often very unfortunate in the quality of large masses of shading, such as the dark sky in the plate called *Le Chêne Populeux*. The art of shading agreeably in etching is not easy, but it is now thoroughly understood by the most accomplished living etchers; and we are sure that if M. Lançon would condescend to learn what they could teach him his plates would become more agreeable to the eye, without losing those qualities of observation which already distinguish them. There are some points of drawing, too, which might be greatly improved by more careful study. For example, M. Lançon draws horses very well generally; we mean, that he gives their action and motion well, and that the limbs and joints are generally as nearly right as can be expected in rather hasty work, but he is uniformly unlucky in the faces, which are ill-shaped and have very little expression. The qualities of his figure-drawing may be expressed in the single phrase, truth of character; he has almost the fidelity of Leech, but without his wit and humour, yet his figures are often injured by defects of proportion, which are mere oversights, easily corrected if the artist's attention were drawn to them in time. One of these defects, which occurs occasionally, is to represent a man's foot about twice as big as it could be relatively to his face and hands. In the same way, from mere oversight, M. Lançon will sometimes so far forget perspective, as to make a nearer figure appear gigantic without intending it. But, notwithstanding these occasional defects, which lie very much on the surface, and are easily seen, M. Lançon is a very observant artist and a very clever sketcher. In these illustrations of the great war he has employed his talents on a subject perfectly well adapted to them, and when the work is completed it will be a curious and valuable record of one of the greatest contests in European history.

THE SMITH'S YARD AT ÉTANG.

ETCHED BY P. G. HAMERTON.

ÉTANG is a village on the railway between Nevers and Lyons, not very far from the famous Creusot, where the French locomotives are made, as well as many other things for railways and steamboats. Happening to stop at Étang one day between two trains, I occupied two or three hours in wandering about the village, and made the acquaintance of the blacksmith, who lived close to the river, and had a clumsy flat-bottomed boat. Whilst talking with the smith I made a sketch of the courtyard, which lies between his garden and his house. The sketch includes the clumsy boat, and a plough and wheel-tires which had been

left for repair. The well is covered with a little pyramidal roof, to prevent dead leaves from falling into it. The quaint little church-spire has disappeared some time since to make room for a new edifice. The house as the reader perceives, is not of the old picturesque thatched-cottage class, which is rapidly disappearing all over France. I may add, for practical readers, that the plate was bitten in Dutch mordant heated by a lamp to 95° Fahrenheit, and that the bitings of the main lines vary from three minutes to a hundred, whilst the light shades, which are thrown over the organic lines were only bitten from two minutes to five minutes. Thus there is a scale of biting in the whole plate from 3m. to 100m.

P. G. H.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

SAMUEL PALMER.—Mr. Palmer wishes it to be clearly understood that the following notes are to be considered 'suggestion, not assertion.' He is well aware that in all matters connected with the fine arts there is an almost insurmountable difficulty in saying what is exclusively true—true, that is to the exclusion of everything which may seem to contradict it. 'Art unites things in themselves remote—Vision, Matter, Science, for instance; and so it comes to pass that of some of its wisest saws the reverse is equally true.' It is probable that our readers will already be well prepared both by what they have found in the PORTFOLIO, and by what they have read or heard elsewhere, to perceive that doctrines about art are never final, and to give them just the degree of weight and importance which they deserve. In these technical notes we admit without hesitation the most opposite opinions on artistic practice, only endeavouring to explain quite fairly and clearly the methods of each artist who is so good as to tell us how he paints, and why he prefers one colour or process to another. We are firmly convinced that the publication of these notes may be of use, but we are far from wishing it to be understood that there is any finality about them. One artist finds a certain colour, or a certain process unsuitable to his own idiosyncrasy and condemns it; but the condemnation is always to be understood as relating to his own mental constitution and habits, unless the objection is scientific rather than artistic: as, for example, when there is a chemical objection to a pigment. Yet although opinions about artistic matters never reach mathematical certainty, they are always valuable when based upon real experience, and always interesting to those who take any serious interest in the subject. Some eminent artists, who were perfectly willing to do what lay in their power for the extension of technical knowledge, have felt it to be useless to fix any record of their practice in writing, because their practice itself was incessantly changing; so that what seemed to them the right thing to do in 1875, would probably seem wrong to them in 1876. Yet, just as the different opinions of different artists are interesting in a relative way, so are the different opinions of the same artists as they change in successive years; nor would such changes, if we could know them all, diminish the respect which those who are seriously interested in art must feel towards eminent painters. Again, it is perfectly well known that both in art-criticism and in practical art, the mind of any one who thinks very much about these subjects is apt to move in a circle like a ship sailing round the globe, so that after much travelling it may arrive, in course of time, exactly at the point from which it started. But, to pursue the simile, just as a ship which has returned to her point of departure may have gathered much that is valuable during her voyage, so the mind, even when after many movements it comes back to early beliefs and practice, may be greatly richer for its experience. We believe that the opinions about artistic matters held by every good painter are always interesting yet at the same time never final: we like to know what he thinks about his art, and how he practises it at every period of his career, though at the same time we are quite aware that he cannot fix the practice of a school, nor even his own practice, by a set of rigid rules which would certainly be broken to-morrow, not only by his imitators, but even by himself. There

are, however, certain differences in the value of opinions on technical subjects which make us attach more importance to some opinions and less to others. Mere age and experience have great weight in themselves, because young painters so often only reflect the opinions of others, or the fashion of the hour. A strong personal originality in the practical work of painting is also a very serious reason why the opinions of a painter should be interesting. In the case of the eminent artist who occupies us to-day there are ample reasons why his opinions should be listened to, though we do not wish, and he himself does not wish, that they should be considered authoritative. He has reached the time of life when men can look back upon what they have done, and see past enthusiasms in their right relations ; and his manner of work, notwithstanding much loving study of painters who have gone before, is serenely independent of narrow rules.

Mr. Palmer is keenly alive to the difficulty of ascertaining, and still more to the difficulty of expressing, any positive indubitable truth about the technical business of painting. The subject he considers to be naturally 'prolific of doubt.' For example, take the disputes about the permanence of colours. It is difficult in the extreme, if not impossible, to remain for long together in the same state of opinion on this subject. There is evidence of a very strong kind that, under certain circumstances, colours which commonly bear a very bad character for permanence have stood well for many years. Indian yellow has the reputation of being fugitive, and Field says that 'in ordinary light and air, or even in a book or portfolio, the beauty of its colour is not lasting;' yet one of our correspondents—a painter of great experience, with a very accurately critical eye for colour—says, 'I find Indian yellow quite sound. I *know* that it stands forty years, at any rate, and nothing replaces its brilliancy.' After reading this sentence* the temptation to use Indian yellow becomes strong indeed. There is a pigment much more fugitive than Indian yellow—namely, iodine scarlet. We have before us several heraldic paintings, not twenty years old, in which this wonderfully brilliant pigment had been imprudently employed for the gules of heraldry. The test here is excellent, because in heraldic painting the colours are not mixed. Well, it has simply disappeared from the parchment, leaving only a few faint traces here and there. Other shields of arms, painted at the same time in vermilion, remain as fresh as when first painted. This seems decisive against iodine scarlet; yet even this fugitive colour has had one friend, and an eminent one. Mulready told Mr. Palmer that iodine scarlet had stood perfectly for about thirty years on a child's top in his picture of *The Widow*. This brings us to what Mr. Ruskin calls 'the wholesome state of not knowing what to think.' Certainly in the first instance the scarlet was used in water colour, and in the second instance it was used either with oil or varnish, or a medium containing both ; but the heraldic paintings were not exposed to light, being bound in a volume ; whereas the picture was constantly exposed to the destructive influence of the sun. We all know the bad character borne by chrome yellow, which most artists now leave to the coach-painters ; yet we could mention an eminent living painter who uses three kinds of chrome yellow occasionally, in his own particular way, and with his own precautions, though he is extremely careful about permanence, and would not touch yellow madder on any account. We know, on the evidence of Mr. Palmer, that Mulready employed a green in a landscape which was composed of chrome yellow and asphaltum, we believe without bad results. Asphaltum is now discarded by the great majority of prudent artists, as utterly suicidal; yet we know a French painter, who is most scrupulously careful about the permanence of his works, rejecting, without hesitation, every pigment which he even suspects of being untrustworthy, and he never paints without asphaltum on his palette: it is, indeed, the only brown he uses, and an essential part of his colour gamut. We have never learned that he has had any reason to regret employing it, and his pictures appear perfectly sound. Mr. Palmer says that almost all the pigments will stand in parchment-size tempera, or with common glue—'a lift for those artists who begin what are to be oil pictures in tempera ; but he who attempts this must be a learned *anticrackist*.'

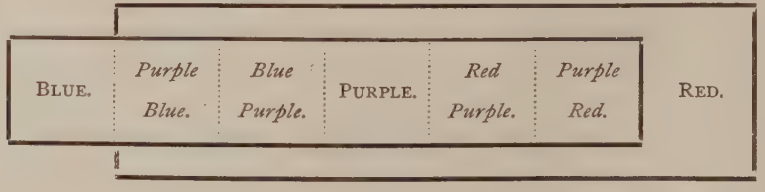
* It is probable that Mr. Wyld (the artist quoted) referred to water colour. Indian yellow has always been considered less fugitive in water than in oil.

Two things Mr. Palmer feels quite sure of: the first is, that the ground should be of the purest white, even if glazed with orange or golden brown to receive the greys; the second is, that the whole quantity of vehicle which the colours respectively want should be mixed with each when the palette is set, and nothing added with the brush but a pure diluent, as turpentine or oil of spike-lavender, useful in keeping down gloss, which the Venetians hated in the early stages of a picture. Mr. Palmer considers it bad practice to dip the brush into megilp and then thin the colour with it, 'sometimes more, sometimes less.' Mulready said that it took an hour to set a palette, each pigment having to be mixed upon a glazed tile with its own proper quantity of vehicle, and then transferred to the palette. Mr. Palmer strongly recommends white earthenware palettes, because they allow the tints to be properly seen. He quotes with approbation the saying of another artist: 'Whatever part of a picture we entrust to others, we must lay the priming ourselves.'

Mr. Palmer is quite convinced of the importance of superimposition of colours: 'Hues are thus obtained which no solid tints nor any mere glazing can approach. There is no kind of yellow which, mixed with white, will match the horizon of one of Cuyp's amber skies. Where cleaners have removed Cuyp's upper painting, we see the silvery painting underneath; the gold or amber above was not a mere glaze, but a mixture of white and yellow, opaque in itself, but thinly laid and acting relatively as a transparent colour over the lighter and cooler tint beneath. So, when glowing painting comes over grey modelling, as in Titian's flesh, it is not implied that the flesh tint is transparent colour; it seems rather to be solid enough very much to obscure the modelling beneath, especially when closely looked at, only it seems that the layers must be relatively alternate, not thick over thick, nor cool over cool, nor glaze over glaze. Claude carried the double-colour system into the individual tiny leaves of trees against the sky, each leaf having been painted cool and then warmed.'

The passage here quoted was suggested by a question referring to the method of Reynolds, which, as the reader is aware, was founded upon a very cool or even gold-grey basis, warmed by thin paintings in warmer colours afterwards. But Mr. Palmer remarks that there exists also a converse system, 'where the blooms and coolness are scumbled over a golden glory.'

Although it is possible to get an immense variety of tints by complex mixtures of a few pigments, Mr. Palmer would, with few exceptions, such as certain grey skies made of blue, red, and a little yellow, give heed to Fuseli's dictum, 'Two pigments make a tint; three make mud.' In Mr. Palmer's water-colour work, which is now a kind of tempera, he never mixes two pigments if he can get the hue he wants by laying one over another, 'for superposition being necessarily unequal, there is endless variety of pulsation. Where two gradated primitives overlap in this way, we get seven generic hues and infinite variety in the gradation.'



The following notes on colours may be of use, both in oil and water-colour practice. First, Mr. Palmer would recommend a student to keep constantly in view a set of ideal hues, and to remember that the pigments we have are only approximations to them, and purely accidental approximations. The cycle of ideal hues would be as in the diagram on the opposite page.

In the scale, or mariner's compass of chromatic equivalents, the student is requested to suppose a gradation from the centre to the circumference of the circle, the centre being pure light, whilst outside the circumference is nothing but absolute darkness. This idea of gradation

makes Mr. Palmer's scale much more complete artistically than the scales given by Field and Mérimée, from which the idea of gradation is excluded. Painters always suppose colours to be gradated; men of science do not. The chromatic scale given by Mr. Palmer has the advantage that it can be remembered easily, and 'boxed' like the mariner's compass. It has three cardinal points, and three intermediate ones; between each cardinal and an intermediate there are two others, which are steps of transition from the cardinal to the intermediate. When two words are used, it is the last of the two which indicates the predominant hue in the mixture. We have thus eighteen ideal hues to remember. The gradation must be ideal also, for in real pigments you cannot gradate *all* colours without spoiling them at one end of the scale or the other. If, however, all these eighteen hues could be seen through a scumble of semi-opaque white, they would give all the generic greys; so then each of the greys would have its prismatic place and name, except that which was absolutely neutral. Mr. Palmer doubts whether the arrangement is theoretically perfect, but it answers the end of getting the infinite variety of natural hues into some order and method.

Having then in the mind a clear idea of these fixed landmarks in the circle of colours, the next thing is to get some practical means of approaching them, and the tints that lie between. The following list of pigments is given by Mr. Palmer with his usual sense of the uncertainty of the subject; 'in great ignorance,' as he says.

Flake white, the cadmiums, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, aureoline, raw sienna, raw umber burnt sienna, brown madder, Field's extract of vermilion, vermilion, light, or else Venetian red, Indian red, madder carmine, pink madder, rose madder, ultramarine, ultramarine ashes, cobalt, Antwerp blue, terra verte, green oxide of chromium, emerald green, vine black, ivory black.

A few observations on these pigments are given with the list. Mr. Palmer agrees with Sir George Beaumont in the opinion that the abuse of flake white has had a bad effect on modern practice. Aureoline he considers safe, and ultramarine ashes invaluable. Prussian blue might be added to the list for its value as a dark blue (being the darkest of all pigments), if it were used with varnish. Emerald green is not to be used with cadmium, because they destroy each other; but it may be used with raw sienna, and these two pigments supply, when mixed in various proportions, a fine set of greens.

It is to be understood that Mr. Palmer is an advocate of few pigments, though this would

scarcely appear from the list given above, which is rather comprehensive. The apparent discrepancy is explained by his opinion that several of these pigments should be kept for use when occasionally needed, but are not to be always on the palette. Some artists keep many in their colour-box, but use a very few at the same time.

Mr. Palmer recommends oil copal as a medium, with oil of spike as a diluent. These two give the extreme of richness and fluency, and their mixture in various proportions gives various degrees between the two. A *very* little wax may be added by dissolving it in warm spike oil, and adding it to the varnish. This is said to set the colour well and make it keep its shape, but prudence is necessary here. Turpentine, when used in painting, should be the best rectified spirits.

Much, in the safety of materials, appears to depend upon the artist himself. One artist uses materials with safety which are dangerous in the hands of another, and this from subtle causes in the way of dealing with the materials which it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to detect and ascertain. Mr. Mulready used to say that if two men, A and B, were to paint off the same palette with the same vehicle, A's picture might dry and B's picture not dry; A's picture would perhaps stand, and B's fade. Thus, oil copal is a quick drier, yet some painters cannot use it because it prevents drying.

A very essential item in Mr. Palmer's technical theory is that flake white is not like light, but is in *hue* a cold shadow colour, though of a very light pitch. It may, however, be made to resemble solar light by scumbling it when dry with a creamy tint of itself mixed with a little orange or golden yellow. This gives a luminous variety of the harmonic white ivory tones and golden hues, the coldness of the pure pigment beneath aiding the lustre. This is, of course, somewhat darker than flake white, yet preferable to it, because nearer to the chromatic quality of light. A mixture of white with yellow painted solidly on a dark ground does not give the same result. When golden tones are darker than the dead colour behind them they become relatively. and in a degree, transparent. Naples yellow, for example, is opaque over dark tints, but semitransparent over white.

Mr. Palmer approves of the practice of Reynolds in beginning with black and white, because it is favourable to the general harmony which ought to rule the tints of a picture. He believes the practice of the Venetians to have been intricate and scientific as well as artistic. The processes of Italian painting were dependent upon superimposition of colour. Some of the great Italians, as is known from unfinished works of theirs, began by painting their flesh green.

The leading ideas on technical practice, which we have just endeavoured to express, are: first, a conviction of the extreme obscurity and uncertainty of the whole subject, and the artist's quite sincere, yet perhaps too modest, opinion, that he is not an exception to the general rule of ignorance about these things; secondly, so far as Mr. Palmer would venture to assert anything, he feels sure that white grounds are the best, and that a very important part of the acquirements of a colourist is a knowledge of the effects of superimposition. As to pigments, though the list he gives is rather long, he likes to use few at a time, and avoids mixture of more than two pigments at once as much as posible. Oil copal varnish, and oil of spike, are the mediums. It is essential, in Mr. Palmer's opinion, to good technical practice, that each pigment should be mixed with such a quantity of medium that the different pigments on the palette at the same time shall be equally thick or equally fluid. Sometimes it is necessary to have them stiff, and at other times very fluid; but they should all be altered together. Mr. Palmer likes pigments to be very firmly ground and stiff when they come from the tube, and he particularly dislikes them to be so prepared that oil dribbles out of the tube when it is opened.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXIX.—Claude Gillee (1600–1682).

Landscape, with the Death of Procris.

ETCHED BY R. CHATTOCK.

CLAUDE GILLÉE, or CLAUDE LORRAIN, as he is commonly called, from his native province of Lorraine, was born at Château de Chamagne, near Charmes, in the Vosges, in the year 1600.

A romance of a kind is attached to Claude's life which vanity at one time attempted to destroy, but which is now perhaps well established. His parents were very poor, and, as he showed no special qualities for study, he was apprenticed to a baker and pastry-cook. This is quite clear from the authentic story of Sandrart, Claude's intimate friend in Rome, and published in the painter's lifetime, 1675; but a curious fatality attended this story when it was translated into Latin for the benefit of the general reader a few years later. The translator had represented the case correctly enough, but the printer, or Latin reader of the press, finding a celebrated painter spoken of as a *pistor* (baker), took it for granted at once that this was a mere misprint, and carefully *corrected pistor* into *pictor* (painter), wherever the word occurred, noway dismayed by the context; and Sandrart is made to say that Claude was bound to a *painter of pies*, a cook-shop sign-painter in fact—*pictori cuidam artocreatum*—instead of to a veritable pastry-cook.

Of course Baldinucci knew nothing of this; Claude's nephews would not tell him, perhaps, even if they knew, and we miss it in his 'Notizie dei Professori del Disegno,' &c. (Vth Decen. 1728); hence it was assumed by a writer in the 'Biographie Universelle,' that Baldinucci, because he did not tell the same story, contradicted Sandrart. This is not so at all; he speaks of a period after the death of Claude's parents, who died when the boy was twelve years old, and accounts differently for his visit to Rome. Baldinucci says that at this time Claude joined an elder brother in Alsace, who was a wood-engraver, and subsequently accompanied a lace-merchant, a relative, to Rome: this is, however, quite compatible with Sandrart's story; it all happened after the lad had left the cook's shop. Here is, therefore, nothing contrary to Sandrart; and if there had been, it could not have touched Sandrart's remarkable story, published in Claude's lifetime, and which was no doubt acquired from the painter himself, in their repeated intercourse and sketching excursions together.*

The cooks of Lorraine were celebrated in the time of Claude's youth, and it was with a party of these cooks, and Baldinucci's lace-merchant may have been also one of the company, that our young painter journeyed to the Eternal City; not for the purpose of studying art, but to procure domestic employment there. He found it with the celebrated landscape-painter Agostino Tassi, who had studied with Paul Bril. Claude became Tassi's general servant; he not only prepared his meals, but ground his colours for him too. This was probably when his master was engaged in the Lancellotti and Quirinal palaces, during the pontificate of Paul V. And in learning to grind and mix Tassi's colours he seems to have learned also to use them, for already in the pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623–44), he had made himself a name in Rome as a great landscape-painter. This was the time Sandrart was in Rome, and he first taught Claude to sketch from nature: he says, Claude was exceedingly slow in his execution, frequently working

* 'Lebenslauf Joachims von Sandrart,' &c., p. 12; 'Academia Todesca,' vol. ii. p. 332.

for a week or a fortnight at a picture without showing any progress. That he was a slow worker is evident from his work.

Claude's best pictures were painted from about 1630 to 1650; he seldom executed the figures or animals in them; he experienced too much difficulty in painting these portions, and generally had recourse to Francesco Lauri, Jacques Courtois, Andrew Both, who was drowned in Venice in 1650, and others. He tried to master his difficulty by studying in the Academy of Rome for some years, but to little effect; he never learnt to paint figures or animals.

Claude, in the beginning of his career, revisited his native country: he was also in Venice and in Naples. He was in the habit of preserving sketches of his pictures in a portfolio or book, which he called the 'Libro di Verità,' or Book of Truth; and on the backs of some of the sketches are written the dates of the paintings and the names of the purchasers: the book, containing 200 sketches, is still preserved, and is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. Earlom engraved it as 'The Liber Veritatis,' for John Boydell, in 1777, and a copy of it was made by Lodovico Caracciolo at Rome, where it was published in 1815. Caracciolo, in a biographical preface, censures previous writers for their publication of Claude's imagined vulgar origin, by quoting the misprinted Latin translation of Sandrart's 'Academia Todesca' as a proof of the want of foundation—a very unfortunate correction.

Claude was also an etcher; some of his works of this class are dated, ranging from 1630 to 1663, and many of them are signed. In Robert Dumesnil's 'Le Peintre-graveur Français,' forty-two etchings by Claude are described, and of the eighteen signatures which he reproduces no two are alike: he generally signed himself Claudio, sometimes Claudius, and often added Gillée. He has written 'Claude Gil.' and 'Claudio Gillee,' on pictures in the National Gallery. The British Museum possesses a good collection of his drawings.

The 'Libro di Verità' is supposed to contain sketches of all the pictures that he disposed of. He lived at Rome, where he died on the 23rd of November, 1682, a martyr to gout, and was buried in the church of Trinità de' Monti, where his two nephews raised a tablet to his memory. He made much money, says Baldinucci, but, owing to his habitual liberality to his relatives, he left but little behind him—only 10,000 scudi (about 2000 guineas of our money), but of course worth a very great deal more two centuries back, perhaps ten times as much.

Claude is commonly spoken of as the prince of landscape-painters, and formerly he was such in reputation; yet he is surpassed in natural truth, if not in grace, by both Dutch and Flemish masters. Claude is distinguished for his clear atmosphere and his aerial perspective (too clear for our climate), his brilliant seas, and often a splendid, if formal and monotonous, architecture: but there is almost always a hardness in his works, and his figures and animals, which are not his own, are, as a rule, very unsatisfactory, and mischievous to the effect of his works. He is nowhere better seen than in the London National Gallery, where he is hung in immediate competition with Turner, whose *Sun rising in a Mist* displays a far more thorough mastery of nature, perhaps, than we ever find in Claude.

The picture in the national collection which seems most free from his usual formalities is the *David at the Cave of Adullam*, painted in 1658; this is the one signed 'Claudio Gillée.'

No. 55. *Landscape, with Figures representing the Death of Procris.* In the foreground Procris lies pierced by the fatal arrow from Diana, at the hands of her husband; Cephalus, accompanied by his hound Lelaps, another gift from Diana, is hastening to her assistance, but in vain. In the background a deer is seen descending a hill towards a lake, on the border of which are some buildings. The scene seems to be a forest; to the right are many trees. It is early morning, but the sun is already high in the heavens. The colouring is very brown, and the picture is considerably obscured by dirt.

This composition is No. 100 of the 'Liber Veritatis,' and there is a large print of it by J. Browne. On canvas, 15 in. high by 21 in. wide. Presented to the nation in 1826 by Sir George Beaumont, Bart.

R. N. WORNUM.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

BURLINGTON CLUB.

I FEEL it may savour of presumption that I should touch a subject which has been handled so well by sympathetic and competent writers. William Blake had been included by Allan Cunningham among 'the most eminent British Painters,' but still this 'Pictor Ignotus' was made fully known for the first time when Mr. Gilchrist, in the year 1863, published his exhaustive Biography. Since then Mr. W. M. Rossetti has prefixed to his edition of Blake's Poems a well-judged 'Memoir;' also, Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne has written a volume, 'William Blake: a Critical Essay.' Likewise in the PORTFOLIO (1871) appeared, from the pen of Mr. Sidney Colvin, a paper upon Blake, illustrative of 'Children in English Design.' Lastly, we owe to Mr. W. B. Scott, long an earnest disciple in the school of imaginative art, a calm and impartial view of the painter, prefixed to the Catalogue of this all but exhaustive Exhibition in the Gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Inasmuch as so extraordinary a collection has never before been got together, and never can be seen again, it may be worth while to make a few remarks, suggested by the immediate presence of these 333 pictures, drawings, engravings, and books.

In order to prevent misunderstanding it will be best at once to make, frankly, a few admissions to Blake's disadvantage. Firstly, it ought to be definitely understood that the mind of the painter lay on the frontier line which divides, by thin partitions, genius from madness. Without this allowance, with all involved therein, the spectator will stumble at the very threshold. In England, notwithstanding the well-known sarcasm in 'Hamlet,' there is little belief in the literary or artistic advantages of at least occasional fits of insanity. I have found, however, when travelling in the East, a superstitious faith that men of a certain twist of intellect are gifted with insight into the world of spirits. Blake is known to have claimed as his personal privilege this vision; therefore, for better or for worse, the believer or the sceptic, as the case may be, will do well to approach the Exhibition from this point of view. Again, it is equally evident that the painter had an indifference amounting almost to disdain of Nature: he went even further than Fuseli, who said, 'Nature puts me out.' And therefore he is worst when he presumes to imitate Nature, as in *The Canterbury Pilgrims* (18). Indeed he has expressly stated, 'Natural objects always did and do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me.' . . . 'Nature and fancy are two things, and can never be joined; neither ought any one to attempt it, for it is idolatry, and destroys the soul.' . . . 'I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action.' . . . 'I question not my corporal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it.' Also, apology must be made for Blake's want of drawing and technical skill. His art training, and apparently his general education, had been slight: thus his poems occasionally break down in construction of sentence, just as his pictorial designs fail in composition and in form. Still I do not think it would be quite fair to say that Blake could not draw when he chose to take care: *The Last Judgment* (68–70), and *The Creation of Eve* (116), prove a passable knowledge of the human figure. And it is right to take into account that in *Young's Night Thoughts* (321), and in other creations, strictly-studied, drawing did not come within the artist's intent. Of such designs, a living anatomist—a 'spiritualist,' let it be supposed—is known to have said that it matters little if a painter's figure be twice the length of the natural proportion! Such works may be looked at as 'motives,' as a kind of 'thinking aloud.' Certain poets are known to jot down, with free and careless hand, incoherent ideas on scraps of paper; consequently the words, as they

bubble up out of wayward fancy, lack poetic form and literary treatment. Such are the inchoate conceptions of Blake. In fine, it seems now to be generally admitted that this eccentric genius cannot be measured by rigid art standards; in other words, the interest of his creations, as of his personal character, is less artistic than psychological.

Perhaps the next step in this apology—if apology be needed—is to test the artist by some of the favourite ideas which take prominent form on the walls of the Burlington Club. Here are no less than four manifestations of that sublime but intractable theme *The Last Judgment.* It were unfair to institute a comparison of small drawings on the scale of square inches with the large but obviously analogous scenic dramas by Michael Angelo, Tintoret, Rubens, and Cornelius, any one of which would occupy one half of the Burlington Gallery. Yet Blake as an imaginative creator, who believed more trustingly than any other artist, save Angelico, in the absolute reality of what in states of rapture seemed revealed, has a certain way, peculiarly his own, of transporting the spectator mid heaven into a land of spirits. I have never seen in any one place such multitudes of wings. Blake, fortunately as well as unfortunately, belonged to that pre-scientific period when as yet no anatomist had demonstrated that wings, if attached to the human structure, must be worthless. Yet like the early spiritual painters—Angelico, Gentile da Fabriano, Gozzoli, and others—he was sustained in a faith—doubtless a faith unsubstantiated by facts—that men when they become angels are birdlike and can fly; and the victory for him is that he makes them float and fly: sometimes indeed, I am sorry to add, they appear to swim in the ether of the upper spheres. But this touches on the oftly recurrent breakdown in this artist—that incongruous transit from the sublime to the ridiculous—of which I may presently venture to speak. The grotesque, indeed, as in the abortive creations of Barry in the Adelphi, sometimes reduces grandeur to caricature. This becomes evident in some parts of *The Last Judgment* (70), also an egregious example is *Nebuchadnezzar* (91); and yet Blake had usually something to teach, because he thought; and perhaps I may be pardoned the contradiction, that he had the faculty of seeing the unseen, and that not quite 'through a glass darkly.' Noble, though here and there puerile in conception, are figures which in mingled love and awe ascend to the throne of the Eternal (70). Here, too, once again, the flight of spirits across infinite space becomes birdlike. I do not think there is any other artist equally endowed with the facility of making bodies buoyant. They rise not as balloons by inflation, but rather through an inborn aspiration which leads up to a higher life. I do not excuse the art, though I sympathise with the suggestion. *The Last Judgment* (68) from Petworth, is, as the catalogue states, 'very highly finished and elaborate, with many figures, and full of wonderful grouping.' Yet this creation of daring imagination and playful fancy is not free from the charge of plagiarism. Thus one of the figures has been manifestly robbed from the design of Michael Angelo's *Jeremiah.* That Blake, though sometimes incongruously modern, borrowed from the old masters, may also be seen in *The Flight into Egypt* (136), and in *Christ Blessing Children* (139): the colour is Venetian.

Yet it can scarcely be said of Blake, as of Raphael, that whatever was borrowed he repaid with interest. As to the creation of Adam and of Eve, the supposed condition of things in Paradise, downwards through other Biblical events to the Crucifixion—of all of which there are abounding examples on these walls—Blake has little to tell that has not been told with more power and persuasion before; and occasionally the grandest of traditional conceptions are brought from the prescriptive position of the Church to the infantile place of the Nursery. Yet with reverence I would say that the words, 'Ye must be born again,' seem to have special significance in the childlike, and even in the Christ-like, art and poetry of Blake. Take, as an example, the series here exhibited of *The Songs of Innocence.* Moreover, not a few of these creations bear out the painter's creed; they show how a mind sensitive and recipient caught fire from what he thought to be divine, and so, from time to time, a new reading is given to themes well-nigh worn out. Take, for instance (No. 175), the figure of Eve, who at the command of a creating God rises and floats upwards, as in gratitude for life and joy bestowed.

The conception has the advantage of having been worked out independently of Milton. But more Miltonic in grandeur, and possessed of that dignity which rests in balanced symmetry, is the most compact among these designs, *The Ancient of Days setting a Compass on the face of the Earth* (269). Analogous, but not superior in thought, is Raphael's ceiling-composition in one of the Churches del Populo, Rome. Minds traversing like regions of thought—though divided by centuries as to time—often work in parallel lines. Yet, occasionally, Blake hits on a somewhat new subject, as in *Eve naming the Birds* (30). Likewise in other compositions, wherein he believed, as the Quakers do, that he was favoured with direct inspiration—rays from the Source of eternal light—he breaks loose from old traditions and treads a path which, though lofty, unhappily launches him suddenly, at some haphazard step, into bathos. As startling in the way of creed may be mentioned *Satan's Entrance into Paradise* (119).

Wordsworth should have favoured Blake with at least a sonnet, as he did poor Haydon: 'High is our calling, friend;' 'creative art demands a mind heroically fashioned;' 'a soul without decay;' 'great is the glory though the strife is hard!' Yet Wordsworth, in the 'Ode to Immortality,' looks at Life and Immortality, as Blake did, especially in stanza 5, commencing—

> 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar.'

Mr. W. B. Scott, in his 'Introductory Remarks' to this Exhibition, delivers himself of a wise verdict, ending with sympathetic adaptation from Wordsworth's inspired poem, as follows: 'Blake's originality was guarded about by ignorance; his was the most childlike manhood we are acquainted with; he retained the morning freshness throughout his long day; with him it was as with Wordsworth's ideal infancy, which comes with "trailing clouds of glory," and neither the clouds nor the glory ever left him.'

Perhaps the mistake of Blake was, that he never confessed to the divergence set up by him between poetry and painting. Of course the two arts are indissoluble in the wide reciprocity of all art; yet it cannot but be felt that Blake fails in nine cases out of ten in his strife to reconcile poetic thought with pictorial form. As a rule, the supernatural and supersensual is better trusted to written words than to colours cast on the easel. Nevertheless the poets of about Blake's period seem to have re-echoed, if not originated, ideas which, as cloud, shadow, and sunshine, became epidemic in the atmosphere of England. Many years ago, when pursuing this line of thought, I annotated the following passages, through which, as through refraction of a lucent medium, these 333 creations by Blake may possibly be looked at with kindly and accommodating consideration:—

> 'With genius Nature is bound in eternal alliance:
> Whatever mind has vowed piously nature performs.'—SCHILLER.

'In a true poetic system there must be room for all things, and art must be all-embracing.'—AUGUSTUS W. SCHLEGEL.

'In Art form must be begotten of conception.'—SCHELLING.

'The beautiful is the True and the Good manifested to man under sensible forms. . . . . The True exists by itself: when seen in human action it becomes the Good: combined with sensible forms it becomes the Beautiful.'—COUSIN.

'Sounds can be translated into forms, and when a figure is beautiful it is by virtue of the idea contained in it.'—OERSTED.

'When I have fantasied long on the piano I break out into violent weeping. The tones cut deep and clear into ear and heart.'—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

'Every art can only elevate itself above a mere handicraft by being devoted to the expression of lofty thought.'—MENDELSSOHN.

'O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul;
A light in sound, a sound like power in light—
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.'—COLERIDGE.

'Poetry takes its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity.'—WORDSWORTH.

'What form is best for poems? Let me think
Of form and the external less. Trust the spirit
As sovran Nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we only imprison spirit
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward. So in Life and so in Art,
Which still is Life.'—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Seeking for some climax to the above, I have to regret that the best response to be found is the following infantile platitude, wild as the wind, and weak as water:—

'All nations had originally one language and one religion: this was the religion of Jesus, the everlasting Gospel. . . . . I know of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination.'—BLAKE.

In these cursory suggestions I would further plead as an excuse, and even as a fascination, the madness in these multitudinous wanderings to and fro among cries of earth, joys of heaven, and groans from hell. Most people have had the fortune, or the misfortune, of intimacy with geniuses verging on madness: Dadd, for example. The poems of Blake ought to be read in face of his pictures: the poems, as the pictures, have a ring and broken rhythm passing incoherently from harmony into discord. One pictorial phase may be pointed to as common to 'seers' of several kinds. In this collection appears the vision of the spirit watching and floating over—as shadow is to substance—the dead body beneath. The idea, in itself lovely, was never touched on exactly by the old masters: 'the Church' possibly forbade. Yet the creed of our own Church and the sublime words of St. Paul point to a natural body and a spiritual body, like to like. Again, poetry aids as an interpreter. Shelley, in 'Queen Mab,' in eloquent words, every one of which steals upon the mind with persuasion, describes 'Ianthe's soul' suddenly arising, 'immortal amid ruin.' The body lay in slumber, yet the soul above possessed an 'inexpressible beauty and grace,' because 'each stain of earthliness had passed away.' Byron, though of the 'fleshly' as opposed to the 'spiritual' school, speaks in a passage almost too hackneyed for quotation, of the first day of death, before Decay's effacing fingers had swept away the lines of beauty. Bryant and Willis, the well-known American poets, have in words, simple yet vivid as a picture and severe as a statue, sculptured the human form an instant after death. I may also mention that in the Experiences of the Life of Mr. Home, 'the Spiritualist'—experiences which I have witnessed—there is a passage almost identical with the one from Shelley above mentioned. It is a condition known to dreamers by night and by day down to the present hour; the spirit seems to hover just above the body: Life contemplating Death in love. In Blake, as seen in this Gallery, death is a sleep and the grave a resurrection: in the foreground we stumble across Time, in the background we are led on to Eternity. Yet it is painful to see how impotent the artist was to give adequate expression to his thoughts.

Suggestive of speculation are the so-called 'portraits:' they range from William Pitt, Prime Minister, to the notorious portrait of *The Ghost of a Flea* (318), lent by Mr. W. B. Scott. The exposition given in the catalogue is worth quotation; it reads as follows:—

'See PORTFOLIO, July, 1871. *The Ghost of a Flea*, engraved by Varley in his "Zodiacal Physiognomy," and also that in Gilchrist's Life, are only the head of this figure. Mr. Varley says: "This spirit afterwards reappeared to Blake, and afforded him a view of his whole figure, an engraving of which I shall give in this work." The "Zodiacal Physiognomy," however, did not issue a second part. The little sketch-book now shown is Mr. Varley's, and the sketch of the "whole figure" is that referred to by him.'

No comment is needed, and yet after this *Ghost of a Flea* how ought we to accept the portraits of *Dante* (34), *Milton* (35), *Homer* (51), and *Shakespeare* (52)? To apply a trite satire, it may be said that Blake trusted to his imagination for his facts and to his memory for his fiction. No ghost was wanted to reveal these faces; they are but inartistic replicas of accepted forms. But Blake felt himself equally inspired, whether he painted the portrait of a flea or of a poet.

Blake incites yet disappoints; in colour he seems to have been smitten with the symbolism of Swedenborg, and in *The Death of the Virgin Mary* (216), and in *The Death of St. Joseph* (218), he encircles the compositions with rainbow, that is with prismatic colour. Perhaps the effect, though a surprise, is not quite satisfactory; yet the old masters, excepting perhaps Fra Angelico, never hit upon a diagram thus exemplifying the phases of modern science. Blake seemed to see figure-subjects through atmospheric conditions—imagination was to him as an atmosphere; thus in his figure-pieces we seem to see the glow of sunset, the shade of night, and the awakening light of morn. He threw around his imaginings the seasons and the elements, and among his poems 'Spring' differs from Shelley or Keats, yet is not inferior to either. A few more works may be mentioned briefly: *Death on the Pale Horse* (96) is, of course, stronger than the famous composition of West, and not inferior to the grand composition by Cornelius. *The Head of our Saviour* (127) is painfully wanting in power and divinity. *Jacob's Ladder* (154), though of course an impossibility, gives occasion for graceful bend of figure. Blake had a sense of curve and symmetry akin to Flaxman and Stothard. He loved children, yet they were not born in Greece, but in our English homesteads. On the whole of Blake it may be said, that, though of dubious Christianity, he shared in the benedictions of the Sermon on the Mount, especially in the blessedness of the pure in heart.

I scarcely think that much need be said of the etchings of Blake, although he had crotchets and inventions. His water-colour at the best was little more than tinting, his oils have fallen into a darkness invisible, and his so-called 'frescoes' are no frescoes at all. *Elijah mounted in the Fiery Chariot* (101), though 'inscribed fresco,' is, in truth, only 'a stamped print coloured.' A stamped print finished by hand, *Jerusalem for Blake's Poem* (108), and *Nebuchadnezzar* colour-printed (91), are little more than curiosities in these times, when 'processes' are almost hourly multiplying.

William Blake has had, and has still, a great following. The list of contributors speaks for itself: among other names are the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Lord Coleridge, Sir Charles Dilke, Mrs. Gilchrist, Lord Houghton, J. J. Jarvis, John Linnell, sen., Frederick Locker, Alexander Macmillan, the late Fuller Maitland, F. T. Palgrave, Samuel Palmer, George Richmond, R.A., William M. Rossetti, William Russell, W. B. Scott, and Tom Taylor. The present collection has been got together not without difficulty, and yet the Committee in their anxious endeavours cannot complain of want of response. One result of the exhibition, as might have been anticipated, is to bring to light further works not mentioned in catalogues or biographies, or included in this collection. Among the many opinions which happen to have come to me, some express an indifferentism amounting almost to scorn; others, on the contrary, imply a love little short of worship. It is said by some that Blake cannot bear this ordeal of presenting himself solo and in soliloquy, that his works when brought together break down; others, however, affirm that in confluence they gather strength. I incline to the latter opinion; at all events, the artist and the man here speak out in a way not to be misunderstood, and each spectator has now the opportunity of judging impartially for himself. The public respond heartily, and the general opinion seems to be that the Burlington Club, in its many endeavours to promote art, has never done better service than in affording ample justice to this 'Pictor Ignotus.'

J. Beavington Atkinson.

ON THE SEINE NEAR ROUEN.

BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THE influence of Constable upon French landscape art has long been acknowledged, and is still far from having spent itself; but hitherto Turner has been so little known and understood on the other side of the Channel, that any influence he may have exercised there has been quite untraceable. It is very possible that the establishment of the PORTFOLIO may be the means of propagating what may be called the Turnerian enthusiasm on the Continent, for the able French etchers who have come over to work for this periodical in our National Gallery at once appreciated our great landscape-painter, and were eager to interpret him, which they did with a degree of sympathy really surprising when we remember the old French prejudice against English art of all kinds. Amongst these etchers M. Brunet-Debaines was one of the most faithful students of Turner, and in the present original plate of his the influence of the English artist is clearly visible, although the etcher has not imitated him with anything like servility. The tone and mystery in this plate are Turnerian, especially the delight in the management of exceeding pale tones, the pleasure of playing delicately in a high key. The drawing is strictly the etcher's own, and has those qualities which have distinguished his original work for some years past. Since our readers are already familiar with M. Brunet-Debaines as an interpreter of pictures by other artists, we thought it would be agreeable to them to see how he interprets nature. This plate was not etched out-of-doors, but from a page in the artist's sketch-book. He sketches much from nature, and very skilfully.

ART IN ALSATIA AND LORRAINE.*

THIS is an uncommonly good specimen of a class of gift-books which some of the French publishers have been issuing about the month of November for the last two or three years. A subject is chosen which will admit a great quantity of illustrations, many of which have already appeared elsewhere; and the subject is so treated that the engravings always appear to come in quite *àpropos*, as if they had been made for the text, and not the text for them. M. Firmin Didot's publications on the Middle Ages, with the text by M. Paul Lacroix, were of this class. M. Lacroix discoursed of the manners and customs of the middle ages in one volume, of the arts in another, and of the military and religious life in a third. All these works were profusely illustrated, beautifully printed, and sold in great numbers at an astonishingly moderate price. Although it might be said with truth that they were cleverly arranged for the market, it would be unfair not to add that they are permanently valuable for the exactness of the information which they contain, as well as for its quantity. So it is with the work before us. We see at a glance that it is made for the market, that the region selected has been chosen because there is a sympathetic interest in it on account of the annexation, that many persons and things are mentioned simply in order to bring in certain illustrations, and that the author has had to keep constantly in view the necessity of making up an attractive gift-book for the *Jour de l'An*. In spite of these difficulties, and the inevitable necessity for brevity, M. René Ménard has contrived to make a book of permanent interest and value. It is exceedingly clear in arrangement, the subject being divided into history, biography, and topography, separately for each of the two provinces, with a general introduction of three chapters on the position of art in the country before the two provinces were constituted. These three chapters have for their subjects the ancient inhabitants, the Roman domination,

* L'Art en Alsace-Lorraine, par René Ménard. Paris: Librairie de l'Art, 3 Chaussée d'Antin. 1876.

and the barbarians; then comes Alsatia, beginning with the monasteries, and dealing with all the arts of the middle ages, the *Renaissance*, and the 18th century. These chapters are followed by forty-one biographical and critical notices of contemporary Alsatian artists; then come two chapters on the 'Topographie artistique et monumentale de l'Alsace.' Lorraine is treated in the same comprehensive and orderly manner.

M. René Ménard is very happily constituted for the execution of a work of this kind, which requires a good deal of industry along with the feelings of an archæologist and a catholic interest in art. Some critics have so strong a predilection for one or two very limited departments of the fine arts, or even for one or two masters, that they are quite incapable of giving

DESIGN ON PORCELAIN. BY DECK.

their attention to the labours of a whole race of artists working through several generations. It so happens, for example, that Claude was a Lorrain, and therefore he comes in for a chapter. Most Frenchmen would have glorified Claude at great length, and suppressed contemporary artists as unworthy of mention in comparison with him; but M. Ménard only gives him two pages and a half (if the space occupied by woodcuts is deducted), whilst he gives Français, a contemporary, more than five pages. Again, there are many critics, especially in France, who would have put the landscape-painters aside (always excepting Claude), or passed them with very slight notice; but M. Ménard treats them fairly. He gives, too, a just degree of attention to decorative and ornamental artists, such as Deck and Kirstein, and the artistic stove-maker Hügelin; and is by no means indifferent to the sculptors, who usually get so poor a share of critical study and attention. In a word, M. Ménard has great breadth of sympathy, which is most valuable in a work of this kind. On the other hand, as might be expected, he has little enthusiasm, and hardly ever gets heated up to the point of passionate admiration.

We have just incidentally mentioned Deck and Hügelin. The latter has a very uncommon specialty in the fine arts. Imagine an artist, with all the talent and culture of an English Royal Academician, who employs his powers on stoves! The explanation is, that in Germany and in Alsatia the stove is not simply, as it is in England, a warming apparatus. Being cased in *faïence* it offered excellent opportunities for decoration, both in form and colour, which potters of an artistic taste were not slow to seize upon and improve. Hügelin has carried this enrichment of the stove to its utmost development. His largest stoves are monuments, combining the arts of the architect, the modeller, and the colourist. He is himself an accomplished painter, who has gone through all the studies necessary to an artist; and his brother is an eminent architect, and writes upon architecture.

Some of M. Ménard's notices are very amusing—that upon Jundt, for instance—as the following extracts will show:—

'He has been all his life of a very independent disposition, and only knows by hearsay that there is such a thing as a "prix de Rome." When anybody shall catch him putting on a white cravat, to pay visits as a candidate to the forty immortals of the Academy of Fine Arts, I know somebody who will be wonderfully astonished.'

'Jundt has never suspected that painting could present any manner of difficulty. To be convinced of this one has only to see him paint just once. The metamorphoses of a fairy piece at a theatre are nothing in comparison with those of a picture of his whilst he is painting. I knew a landscape-painter who sold his little studies for ten francs each. The dealer thought that he would sell the little pictures better if they were "furnished," so he added a franc for each figure or animal which was inserted in the landscape. Ah, if Jundt had been the friend of that painter, how useful he would have been to him!'

'He draws as one walks, without seeming to think about it; and he paints as one talks, always improvising. There are people, however, who have a good carriage, without thinking about it; and there are clever and inexhaustible talkers who are quite devoid of pretension. That is exactly how Jundt composes and paints.'

M. Ménard tells an amusing anecdote of a picture by Jundt, called the *Retour d'un Concours régional,* a scene full of life, with an effect of intense fog. But the picture had not at first been distinguished by this foggy effect. On the contrary, it began with a brilliant, sunny effect, and a blue sky; but the artist was displeased with his performance, and determined to efface it. Instead of scraping the paint from the surface of the canvas he preferred to hide it under a coat of white; and now comes the happy accident. The background was now completely effaced, the figures still partially visible, and rather more clearly visible after they had been wiped a little. Then it occurred to the artist that, by retouching, he might make the figures look like people in a mist; he tried this, and succeeded. Such incidents occur in studios more frequently than the uninitiated suppose. Another of M. Ménard's anecdotes is more unprecedented:—

'Jundt has made many studies of landscape, although landscape is not his specialty. One day, in the forest of Fontainebleau, I perceived in a thicket a white parasol stuck in the ground, close to a colour-box, a camp-stool, and all the belongings of a painter. The donkey which had carried all these things was a few yards off; and the artist, whom I recognised immediately as Jundt, had his painter's rag in his hand, and seemed very anxiously busy wiping the donkey's tongue, which hung dripping out of the creature's mouth. "Whatever are you doing there?" I said, on greeting him. "I do believe," he answered, "that my donkey has poisoned himself. Whilst my back was turned he licked my palette, just after I had set it, poor beast!" So saying, he continued to wipe the unlucky donkey's tongue, which was all diapered with vermilion, chrome, Prussian blue, and emerald green. When the ass considered that his tongue had been sufficiently cleaned, he drew it back into his mouth and thought no more of the matter.'

The close connexion between personal experience and artistic production is illustrated in the case of the elder Kirstein, who was a great sportsman, passionately fond of pedestrian excursions in the Vosges and the Black Forest. Being thus in the habit of observing animal life and sylvan nature he was led to represent them in a very original kind of goldsmiths' work, making little compositions in rather high relief, which served for the tops of boxes, or as medallions.

M. Ménard, as may be expected, is not particularly grateful to the Germans for having bombarded Strasburg Cathedral. The damage they did was lamentable, and M. Ménard asserts that, if the edifice was not entirely destroyed, the fault was not in the intentions of the German officers, but in the imperfection of their artillery. They made the spire a target, and were really clever enough to hit the cross. This reminds the author that, at the time of the great revolution, the wild democrats of those days wanted to pull the spire down; but a ready-witted citizen preserved it by proposing to fly the national colours from the top of it, and a tin cap of liberty was hoisted to the summit, to be to the nations like the brazen serpent in the wilderness. That piece of tinner's work did excellent service in preserving one of the most remarkable and original edifices of the middle ages.

BOX-LID, BY KIRSTEIN.

M. Ménard gives us, amongst other interesting biographical sketches, one of a painter called Le Prince, who was born at Metz in 1733, and who died in 1781. This Le Prince was a pupil of Boucher, from whom he learned something of those airs and graces in the *pose* and arrangement of his figures which Boucher had made fashionable at that time. He had a strong tendency towards landscape, but had never thought it necessary, or had never found the time, to study directly from nature until his sojourn in Russia. He went to Russia under peculiar circumstances. At the early age of nineteen he had committed the almost inconceivable folly of marrying, for money, an old maid exactly twice his age. He was naturally gay and light-hearted, and could not do without a little amusement; his wife had a sour and morose disposition, besides which she was exceedingly avaricious, and was always telling her husband how much he ought to feel obliged to her. The unlucky artist found life insupportable under such conditions, so he returned the money she had given him, and then ran away. In early life he had been protected by Marshal de Belle-Isle, who had very kindly given him a little pension, on which to continue his studies. He had resigned this pension on his marriage; but on leaving his wife he asked the Marshal to give him letters of recommendation for Russia, where two of his brothers had already settled. Whilst on ship-board he divided his time between drawing the details of the ship, and playing on the violin for the amusement of the sailors and passengers. All this was very pleasant; but the voyage was rudely interrupted by an English pirate, or privateer, which attacked the vessel and boarded it. The Englishmen were already occupied in sharing the artist's belongings amongst them, when Le Prince had the presence of mind to seize his violin and begin to perform. Our countrymen were so delighted with the music that they returned to the musician everything that belonged to him, and appointed him violinist for their entertainments. Luckily for the passengers, the capture was annulled in the nearest port. In Russia, Le Prince found employment at the Imperial palace; and this journey seems to have been the best thing that could have happened to him from the artistic point of view, for he set to work heartily from nature, being interested by the novelty of the costumes and scenery around him; so that on his return to France he brought with him a great collection of drawings, and a hand and eye renewed by another education.

THE STALL-KEEPER. BY LE PRINCE.

The history of Clodion the sculptor affords a curious instance of the effect of fashion on

prices, and an instance especially curious in this, that here we have a decline and a recovery; whereas in most cases either the decline is without recovery or else there is an advance, either sudden or gradual, which after a lapse of years astonishes us by its contrast with the modest beginning. Clodion's small works were highly esteemed when he began, that is, from 1760 to 1783, but afterwards these same small works went down very much in public estimation. In 1767 two little figures were sold for 250 francs (the figures, no doubt, were in terra-cotta); in 1771 a single small figure fetched 200 francs; in 1775 a vase, with a group of children in relief, reached 600 francs; and a group of nymphs, &c., fetched 900 francs. These prices may seem very moderate to artists of the present day, but they were sufficient to enable an artist to live by his profession. Suddenly, however, about the year 1783, these little things of Clodion in terra-cotta went out of fashion. The classical pedantry of those days, which was as remote as possible from the lively grace of the true Hellenic spirit, had decided that the dignity of classic

IN ALGERIA. BY FRANÇAIS.

art required it to be stift and dead; so Clodion was cast aside, because he was graceful and inventive. The little work in terra-cotta, which had been worth the prices quoted above, fell so low in the market that some of the best were sold for a guinea each, or less; and the highest price mentioned by M. Ménard does not attain 3*l.* At the present day all these works have multiplied many times in value.

One of the most interesting, as well as one of the longest, of M. Ménard's biographical notices is that of the well-known living painter Français, who began his artistic career as a book-illustrator, after which he made a reputation as a lithographer. He did not begin to exhibit pictures till the year 1833, when he made his *début* with a landscape called *Une Chanson sous les Saules.* Français differs greatly from Daubigny, in the range of his sympathy and interest in landscape. He has explored every part of France, from the Jura to Normandy and Brittany, and from the Seine to the Mediterranean; he has studied much in Italy, and especially in the neighbourhood of Rome, where he may have imbibed that classic taste and sentiment which distinguish some of his works; he has also studied in Switzerland and Algeria. We quite heartily agree with all that M. Ménard says of this truly elegant, and learned, and distinguished artist, in whom we find the most perfect balance of good qualities. He is severe with himself in study, and yet at the same time quite free from pedantry in his work intended for the public,

which has always a gracious amenity. Few artists, as M. Ménard justly observes, are so richly endowed with the true sentiment of antiquity. His *Bois sacré*, of which a good wood-engraving is given in this volume, and his *Orpheus mourning for Eurydice*, which we well remember in the Salon of 1863, are two of the best examples of antique sentiment amongst the works of Français. They are both quite in the Virgilian temper, with their association of sylvan beauty and tender human feeling. M. Ménard says of these pictures :—

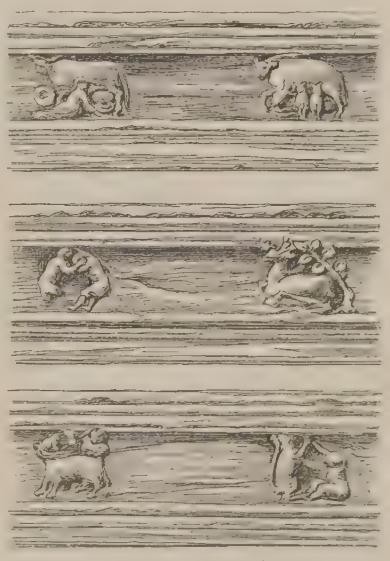
'Son *Bois sacré* est une toile ravissante d'élégance et de distinction. Théocrite n'a rien rêvé de plus poétique et de plus vrai en même temps. Si nous voyons ici les dernières lueurs du soleil couchant, le croissant de la lune va se montrer derrière Orphée, tandis qu'au loin le chœur des jeunes filles viennent déposer des fleurs sur la tombe d'Eurydice.'

EDITOR.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

(*Continued.*)

THE imposing monuments at the eastern end of the church, grandly furnishing the retro-choir and the Saint's Chapel, may be taken as the last record of the most splendid period in the social history of the Abbey. At no time was St. Alban's so constantly the resort of the great, and never was it so famous for the brilliancy of its entertainments, as under the princely rule of that Abbot, John of Wheathamstead, who was twice raised to the dignity of Abbot, and whose tomb now faces that of Abbot Ramryge in the front of Wallingford's ornate screen. To-day as we pass through the vacant streets of the little country town, quiet and sedate almost to the point of dullness, it is difficult to conjure up those splendid processions which used to wind their way up to the monastery, or to image in fancy the grand pageants that the monks were wont to organize when they went forth to escort their distinguished guests on the road to Barnet. But the difficulty is probably no greater for us than it would have been for those earlier inmates of the monastery, who lived and died before the great religious house was turned into a place of feasting and merriment. To the church of St. Alban's, and to the shrine of the Saint, the noble and royal persons of the kingdom had always been wont to make their way; but in the earlier days it had been rather in the guise of worshippers than as guests who went to seek and to find a lavish entertainment. But the manners of the great ecclesiastics had wonderfully changed, and we can fancy with what astonishment John de Cella, the pathetic circumstances of whose death I have briefly related, would have regarded the life and bearing of his successor, John de Wheathamstead. Both men had the reputation of learning and high culture; but the grave student, so absorbed in his studies as to be unfit for practical affairs, tempted by his love of the new beautiful architecture of the 13th century to begin a work of reconstruction which he was unable to finish, would scarcely have recognised under the same title the polished Wheathamstead, who found time for all worldly affairs, and had besides the forethought to build for himself a costly and magnificent tomb. Wheathamstead was in fact the type of the polished courtier and the cultivated man of the world. His biographers are never weary of recounting his accomplishments, or of repeating the verses which he threw off on every occasion.



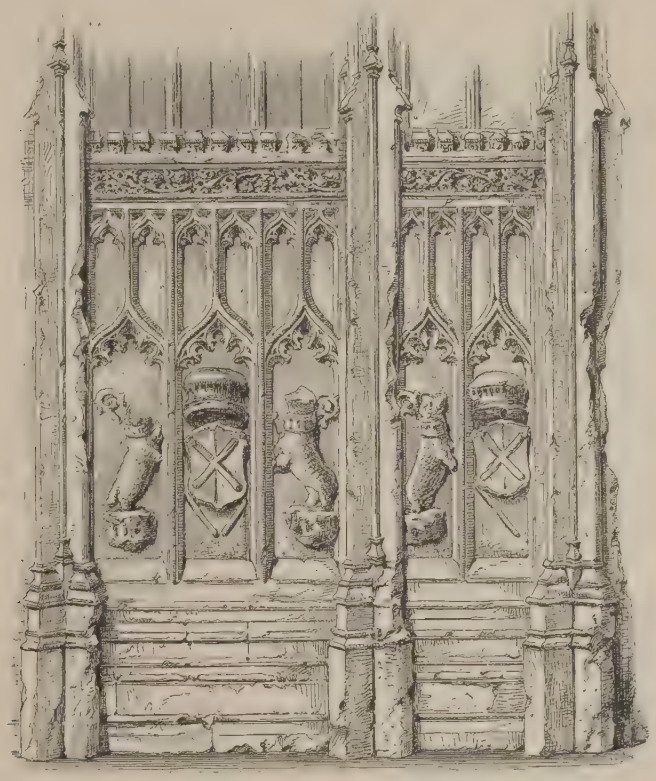
CARVINGS ON THE WATCHER'S GALLERY.

Indeed verse-making and letter-writing seem to have been his most remarkable gifts, as they were certainly the means which he most constantly employed to meet every difficulty. When one of the monks had deserted the Abbey he set himself to the composition of a poetic lament, and when the townspeople of St. Alban's had brought accusations against the monks, the Abbot replied to their grave charges in hexameters. And once, as a tribute to his persuasive skill as a letter-writer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the prelates besought him to indite an important epistle to the Pope. It must be confessed, however, that Wheathamstead's reputation as a polite versifier would probably have been greater if his verses had not been preserved, and there is the less difficulty in accepting the traditions of his facility in composition when we consider the poverty of the result. His gifts as a letter-writer are more substantial, and they are brought out especially on the occasion of his visit to Italy, in the beginning of his rule, to attend the Council of Pavia. Here he developes some of the characteristics of the special correspondent. He is no sooner arrived at Calais than he sends back to the wondering monks a graphic account of the perils of a passage which has not yet lost its discomforts, and from the various towns of Italy he despatches a number of letters, which form a by no means uninteresting record of foreign travel as it was in the year 1423.

John de Wheathamstead was the son of Hugo and Margaret Bostock of Wheathamstead, in the county of Hertford. We first hear of him as being at Gloucester College, in Oxford, and it was about this time that he formed an acquaintance with Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was then a student at the University, and who afterwards became a constant visitor at the Abbey. Wheathamstead seems to have had the valuable gift of making and keeping useful friends. When he was elected Abbot, in the year 1420, he soon perceived that the available resources of the Abbey were quite insufficient for the kind of establishment which he designed to keep up, and casting about for some means of easy enrichment, he seems to have bethought him that his illustrious friends could be turned to good account. Accordingly he managed to discover and to revive an old custom, by which ladies and gentlemen of rank and position might be admitted into the fraternity without undertaking the burdens or responsibilities of a religious life. In this manner he attached to the monastery his old friend, the 'good Duke Humphrey,' and his wife, the Duchess Jacqueline of Hainalt; and we find that Christmastide of the year 1423 was a merry one at the Abbey, for the good Duke, with no less than three hundred followers, is quartered there for the festive season. No wonder, indeed, that the ancient revenues of the Abbey were unequal to such hospitalities as this; nor, when we consider the moral influence of these frequent feastings, is there any cause for surprise to find the Abbot at Rome supplicating the Pope for some relaxation from the strict rules of fasting during Lent, alleging as one of the grounds for greater indulgence that St. Alban's was far from the sea, and that fish, the appropriate food of fasting monks, was not easy to obtain. Once, in the year 1426, we find these lavish entertainments resulting in some danger to the sacred pile. The 'good Duke Humphrey' had been there again, and after due entertainment the monks had gone forth to escort him in solemn procession on his road to Barnet, when it was discovered that the chamber in which the feast had been served was on fire, and all the embroidered wall-hangings were destroyed. Indeed the history of the early years of this Abbot's rule is little more than a record of feasting and merriment, and we may picture to ourselves Wheathamstead as the brilliant centre of a fashionable throng, entertaining his guests with bad Latin verses, and receiving from them in return rich gifts for the Abbey. In 1426 John, Duke of Bedford, and his wife, also with a retinue of three hundred followers, spent three days at the Abbey, and Christmas of the next year finds the Duke of Gloucester once more a guest of the house, entertained, we are assured, 'in splendid style;' and at Eastertide of the same year Wheathamstead must have felt at the height of his social glory, for it was then that for nine days he entertained the young king, Henry VI., and his mother, at the Abbey.

It is clear that, whatever the cost to the establishment of these brilliant entertainments, the Abbot himself was well content with the material results of his hospitalities, for in the

eighteenth year of his rule he makes a memorandum of the various gifts which had been bestowed upon the Church by wealthy and distinguished benefactors. In this list of donors, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, comes first, and after him the Bishop of Lichfield, Margaret Duchess of Clarence, Lord Fanhope, and Dame Anne Tirelle. Two years after giving this account of his stewardship, Wheathamstead was overtaken by a sudden desire to resign; and as the reasons given for this step seem quite insufficient, it is, perhaps, probable that the real cause of his determination was the waning influence of Duke Humphrey at court. This is the suggestion made by Mr. Riley, and certainly it is more easy of belief than the story told by the chronicler that Wheathamstead, the brilliant host and accomplished man of the



PART OF RAMRYGE'S MONUMENT.

world, sought retirement because of the extreme bashfulness of his nature and his dislike to society. Whatever may have been the Abbot's secret motive, there is nothing in his life to support this assumed character for modesty, and if we look to the record that he has left of himself, we shall probably be still less disposed to accept the legend of the biographer. For, so far as we know, Wheathamstead was the first of all the Abbots of St. Alban's who designed and executed his own tomb. He had not governed the Abbey nine years before he bethought him of the most fitting means of perpetuating his own memory, and the very next year this chapel, that he had erected for himself 'at great expense,' was duly consecrated. In the latter years of his life, when, after a brief retirement, he was once more the Abbot of St. Alban's, this sepulchral chapel seems constantly to have occupied his thoughts. He had paid a large sum of money for the execution of a painting for its adornment, but of this no trace now remains. It is not always that the monument to a great man preserves a record of his individual taste, as well as of his greatness, and we may look with the more interest upon this handsome structure in the thought that it shows to some extent Wheat-

hamstead's own measure of his importance, as well as his notion of what a monument to the dead should be. Certainly it compares favourably, both as regards taste and modesty of design, with the more ornate and elaborate work to the honour of Abbot Ramryge on the opposite side of the church. Wheathamstead, who during his rule did much for the maintenance and repair of the church, here proves himself to have been something more than a man of the world. The design of the monument, with the image of the ears of corn deftly worked into the ornamental sculpture, was, no doubt, due to some architect whose name has not been preserved. But the Abbot, we know, carefully supervised the work, and the good taste and the absence of vulgar display in the monument must, therefore, be in some measure attributed to him.

A more lavish expenditure seems to have been bestowed upon the chantry and tomb of the 'good Duke Humphrey,' which were probably erected by Abbot Wheathamstead in his second abbacy; for here, too, we find the wheat-ears worked into the ornamental designs, showing, as it would seem, that, even in doing honour to his illustrious friend, Wheathamstead could not quite suppress his own identity. The iron grating on the south side of the tomb is considered to be of earlier date than the tomb itself, and is supposed to have been erected to give pilgrims and worshippers a sight of the shrine of St. Alban. This design of leaving the view from the south aisle unobstructed would appear also to have weighed with the architect of the tomb. 'The structure,' write the Messrs. Buckler, 'is so skilfully contrived as to offer no obstruction to the view into the feretory. The triple arches of its sides are without intermediate supports, yet science was exerted to uphold with perfect safety the lofty stone canopy upon a groined roof and pendant arches. The opening between the side-piers was sufficiently broad to admit a full prospect of the martyr's shrine, and for protection and security a screen of iron net-work, arranged in squares within a strong frame, was permanently fixed in front upon a moulded base of oak, elevated upon a plinth and step of Purbeck marble.'

J. Comyns Carr.

(*To be continued.*)

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

Fact and Truth.—In Lowell's recent volumes of literary criticism, entitled 'Among my Books,' there is a sentence about Wordsworth which deserves the attention of all who concern themselves with the fine arts. 'Wordsworth,' says Mr. Lowell, 'never quite learned the distinction between Fact, which suffocates the Muse, and Truth, which is the very breath of her nostrils.' This is a powerful and concentrated expression of very high and just thinking about art. It is just as applicable to painting as to poetry, and more necessary to be remembered in painting, because in that art both students and teachers are so apt to forget it. It is probable that Reynolds was aiming at the expression of this doctrine in his 'Discourses,' but, for want of experience in reasoning, took up the indefensible position of an advocate of general truths in opposition to particular ones.

Claude Lorrain.—It would be interesting to know when it became the custom, in England, to write Lorrain with a final *e* after the name of Claude. Reynolds generally, but not always, wrote it without the *e*, as the French have always done to this day. In the French form the article is understood, and if it were written in full the name would be Claude de Lorrain: in the prevalent English form we suppose the preposition *of* is understood, and that the name is supposed to be Claude of Lorraine. This is better adapted to the English pronunciation, which comes pretty near to the true sound of Lorraine, whilst it is impossible for an Englishman to pronounce Lorrain, unless he has had practice in speaking French. The English form, we suppose, only refers to the land of Claude's birth, and does not imply any belief that the famous landscape-painter was of the female sex, as French critics seem to imagine.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXX.—Andrea del Sarto. (1487–1531.)

His Own Portrait.

ETCHED BY A. MONGIN.

ANDREA DEL SARTO, who, like several other great painters, died of that mediæval scourge of careless communities, the plague, on the 22nd of January, 1531, aged only forty-two, was one of the greatest masters of the *cinquecento*. He is commonly reputed to have been the son of a tailor, and his family name is reported to have been Vannucchi.

Unhappily for the trustworthiness of our art-records, neither of these last statements is borne out by evidence: his father's name was Angelo, and the father was called Agnolo del Sarto; Andrea has signed his name in a receipt, *Io Andrea di Agnolo del Sarto:* so that if Sarto is anything but a name the grandfather was the tailor, not the father. Andrea was always Andrea d'Agnolo, or Andrea del Sarto; he has never signed himself Vannucchi, or with the initials *A. V.*, but in monogram always with the initials *A. A.;* that is, *Andrea d'Agnolo*, the two *A*'s being so placed that one is inverted on the other, as in our portrait.

This view is completely borne out by the painter's signature in full in several cases, as, for instance, in the *Charity* in the Louvre, 'Andreas Sartus Florentinus me pinxit, mdxviii.; and on a *Holy Family* in the same collection he has written Andrea. del Sarto. Florentino. Faciebat, to which he has added his monogram, as above described. On a *Pietà* at Vienna he has written And. Sar. Flo. Fac.; and at Poggio a Caiano his frescoes are inscribed *Andreas Sartius pingebat.*

Born in 1487, Andrea when still a boy was placed with a goldsmith, then with Barile, a painter, and eventually with the able but eccentric Piero di Cosimo: and he was one of the enthusiastic students of the famous *Cartoon of Pisa*, the composition of Michelangelo, executed for the Council Hall of the old palace at Florence, by the order of the Gonfaloniere Soderini. Andrea was also much fascinated by the effective chiaroscuro of Fra Bartolommeo, and in his later oil pictures was an imitator of his style, carrying even to excess the softening and blending of the shadows into the lights; so far, indeed, as to take the daylight out of his pictures and somewhat weaken the effect of his forms.

Andrea del Sarto paid a short visit to Rome to see the works of Michelangelo and Raphael in the Vatican; the time is not specified, but it is possible that Raphael may have had an opportunity of seeing the 'little man' (*homaccetto*) from Florence, of whom Michelangelo had said to him that, had he had equal opportunities with you in great works, he would have drawn the sweat from your brow—'*li farebbe sudar la fronte.*'*

Andrea worked for a short time in company with Franciabigio: but he very soon distinguished himself and earned independently a great reputation, both as a fresco and as an oil-painter: he founded a school of his own; his biographer Vasari was one of his scholars.

When still a young man he became desperately enamoured of a pretty neighbour of the Via San Gallo, Lucrezia del Fede, the wife of a hatter, Carlo di Beco. She was probably about his own age, and after her husband's death, in 1512, they were married, some time early in 1513; Carlo di Beco was buried on the 26th of December of the former year.

This marriage, according to his scholar Vasari, involved the painter in almost perpetual

* Bocchi, 'Bellezze di Firenze,' ed. Cinelli, 1677, p. 461.

trouble ever after, to the very death. There were, we may assume, faults on both sides. The poor painter seems to have married not only Lucrezia, but the whole family of del Fede too—her father, her two sisters, and her young daughter by her first husband. The widow, however, did not go to him dowerless; he received on her account a few years later (1518), property to the value of 150 golden florins, which, at his biographer Biadi's computation, valuing the gold florin at two scudi (about 8*s.* 4*d.*), amounts to a considerable sum. Three hundred scudi early in the 16th century was worth at least eighteen times what it is worth now, so that Lucrezia's dower from her family would be equivalent to quite a thousand pounds of our money now. Her exactions, therefore, were not wholly without excuse, if without justification.

In 1518 Andrea was invited to the Court of Francis I. of France, and resided there in great honour for about a year; but Lucrezia was so impatient of her husband's absence that she importuned him to return, and in 1519 Francis allowed him to return to Florence to fetch his wife, and gave him at the same time a sum of money to purchase for the King some works of art. Andrea, as it is reported, submitting to the baneful influence of his wife, neglected the King's trust, squandered the money in pleasure, and in part built himself a house with it in the Via San Sebastiano. His return to France was therefore henceforth impossible.

This disgrace, however, did not interfere with the course of his art; his beautiful oil pictures, especially *Holy Families*, are conspicuous in many of the great European galleries, and his frescoes are still among the chief attractions of Florence. One of the most celebrated of these is the *Madonna del Sacco*, in the convent of the Annunciata, where are other frescoes by him also; especially noteworthy is the *Nativity of the Virgin*, signed ANDREAS FACIEBAT, with his monogram, and dated A.D. MDXIIII. For the *Madonna del Sacco* the painter received the sum of ten scudi, or two guineas of our money; this is just one-fifth of the amount that Domenichino received for his great altarpiece of the *Communion of St. Jerome* in the Vatican, just about a hundred years afterwards, so that Andrea's seems to have been on a high scale of remuneration in comparison.

Another great series of Andrea's early frescoes is the *Life of John the Baptist*, executed for the convent of Lo Scalzo; these are engraved by Lasinio.

In the picture of the birth of the Virgin (1514) Andrea had painted Lucrezia's portrait, when she was in the flower of her age; and Baldinucci* records that as Jacopo da Empoli was making a copy of this work an old lady spoke to him, pointing out to him her own portrait, saying that she was the painter's wife, Lucrezia del Fede. As Jacopo was little more than a boy in 1570, the year of Lucrezia's death, and fifty-six years after the portrait was painted, the old lady must have been an octogenarian when she took this interest in the young student's work. Baldinucci suggests that Lucrezia may have shed tears during this conversation with Jacopo da Empoli; if so, they should have been tears of remorse, for when Andrea was seized with his last illness, supposed to be the plague, his wife, afraid of contagion, fled and left him to die unattended and alone. Andrea had injured his health by intemperate living, by the accounts handed down to us.

His Own Portrait (No. 690). This is evidently the picture of a thin, sallow man by himself, and it bears Andrea del Sarto's monogram; it is therefore his own portrait. He is seated in a wooden chair, and looks over his left shoulder at the spectator, his face turned almost to the full; in his hands, which are only sketched, he holds a block of some kind, which may be a book, a vellum-bound book that has lost its outside lettering; he is dressed in black: small half-length, life-size. Painted in oil, on canvas, 2 ft. 4 ins. high by 1 ft. 10 ins. wide. Purchased at Florence in 1862 from the effects of Signor Niccolo Puccini, for the sum of 270*l.* 2*s.*†

R. N. WORNUM.

* 'Notizie dei Professori del Disegno,' Dec. VIII., Sec. IV.

† Vasari, 'Vite dei Pittori,' &c., ed. Le Monnier, vol. viii., containing Notes and a Commentary, or Prospetto Chronologico. (Florence, 1852.) Luigi Biadi, 'Notizie Inedite della Vita d'Andrea del Sarto,' &c. (Florence, 1829.) Both books give catalogues of Andrea's works, of which good engravings abound.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

(*Continued from page* 80.)

THE erection of the monuments described in the last chapter, and of the ornate screen of William of Wallingford over the high altar, may be regarded as the last important incidents in the architectural history of the Abbey. If we gaze at the work upon them, and examine carefully their clever carving and liberal invention of ornament, we shall be able to realise in some measure what was the ultimate development of architecture in England. And if, with the ingenuity and elaboration of these works in our memory, we make our way once more to the western end of the church, and examine the carven columns of John de Cella, we shall see some curious analogy between the art and life of the earlier and the later time. For Wheathamstead does not differ more in character and accomplishment from his predecessor than the art of the fifteenth century differed from that of the thirteenth. As the pure tradition of monastic life was gradually over-

CARVING ON THE SHRINE. THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. ALBAN.

powered by secular influences, until we find the type of the Abbot is also the type of the polished man of the world; so the tradition of architecture which had grown up under the shadow of monastic life had also yielded to the fascinations of a more ornate style. And the failure in both directions springs not so much from the intrusion of what is new, as from the attempt to combine the new and the old in impossible association. You cannot conduct a Renaissance with the rites appropriate to a religious ceremonial, any more than you can hide the costume of courtier under a monkish cowl. The conscience of this earlier time was single, and the type, whether of art or life, was consistently fair. What the artist of the thirteenth took from nature for the needs of his design he rendered with entire devotion, and with a simplicity that is priceless; but in the later confusion of ideals that overtook the religious life of England no one was deeply held or frankly expressed. In the progress of art in Italy, the knowledge of nature deepened and widened by slow degrees; and the point at which art ceases to serve the end of religion, and begins to work for its own ends, cannot be definitely fixed; but in England, the Renaissance when it came arose outside of the religious circle, choosing as the material of its expression not art but literature. Religion kept fast hold of the craft of the artist until the last; and with the corruption and overthrow of the monastic establishments art too was overthrown, and its tradition broken. Nor does it seem probable that, if the Reformation had been longer delayed with us, art

would have been any better prepared to stand alone. If such a monument as that of Abbot Ramryge is carefully examined, it will be seen that the knowledge of nature and the resources of art were growing weaker instead of stronger; and it becomes evident that, within the ruins of the religious system, the artist had not made for himself an ideal which should serve him for independent support when religion failed. Long before the blow came that put an end to the monastic system both the faith and the art of the nation had begun to decline; the craft of the artist had ceased to find true support from the failing religious idea, and yet had missed the new inspiration of nature, and was wholly unconscious of the great human ideal that was still left for noble illustration. It may be that the absence of the great examples of classic art and the ignorance of the classic tradition were in England the main causes which availed to render the Reformation the halting-place of English art; and it is, perhaps, for this reason, that when the time came for the expression of a deeper human

SAXON COLUMNS IN THE SOUTH TRANSEPT.

ideal, the whole force of the new spirit was thrown into literature, where the classical influence had already found its way. Religion, which at first nobly absorbed the services of the artist, came at the last to so enslave and degrade him, that his resources were unequal to the understanding or the interpretations of new things. The vision of a freer humanity came to men's minds, but it was not to be arrested by him. He was still bound in the service of a creed that was now itself degraded, and when this control was destroyed, he was unfit for new service, and unable to enter the realm that was opened to the imagination. In architecture, this gradual failure of the artistic spirit, with its corresponding failures of technical accomplishment, is to be recognised in the increased elaboration of the design, and the growing insincerity of the skilful workmanship. But in painting, the art whose sympathy with the movements of the intellect is strong and immediate, it is the more easy to mark precisely where the means of the artist cease to be adequate to the true rendering of the dominant ideas of the time. There was a period in the history of painting when England held no inferior place in the rank of European nations; and yet, when at the date of the Reformation the old order of things gave place to the new, English painting was found unequal to render the splendid images that demanded expression. Since that time, even to the present day, it has never reached to the imaginative level of English literature, and has seldom attempted an equal grandeur or sublimity of conception.

I have said that painting in England was once abreast and even ahead of the art on the Continent of Europe; but that was long ago. 'At a period,' writes Mr. Westwood in his introduction to 'Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts,' 'when the pictorial art may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and Greece, and, indeed, scarcely to have existed in other parts of Europe—namely, from the fifth to the end of the eighth century—a style of art had been originated, cultivated, and brought to a most marvellous state of perfection in these islands absolutely distinct from that of any other part of the civilised world, and which, having been carried abroad by numerous Irish and Anglo-Saxon missionaries, was adopted and imitated by the schools founded by Charlemagne.'

It was towards the close of this brilliant epoch in English art that Offa, King of Mercia, established the monastery at St. Alban's, and we have a right to suppose that the prevailing culture of the time at once made its influence felt in a monastic establishment that so rapidly rose into importance. It is proved by the beauty of the designs upon the coins struck during his reign, that Offa himself was highly cultivated in matters of taste, and it was once suggested that he had brought over from abroad Italian artists, by whom these designs were executed. But in an interesting paper by Mr. Keary, printed in the 'Numismatic Chronicle,'* it is pointed out that the character of the art expressed upon these coins is, in fact, the same as may be found in the illuminated manuscripts of the period; and, further, that there was nothing in the Italian art of that epoch of the same character, or of equal beauty. The interesting fact however remains, that these coins of Offa display, as compared with other specimens of Anglo-Saxon coinage, a greater perfection both of design and workmanship; and this may warrant us in the belief, that in the founder of St. Alban's, we have a man of distinct artistic taste, who would be likely, by every means in his power, to encourage the cultivation of art within the monastery. We may take it as certain that the monks of St. Alban's were not behind their fellows in the production of the beautiful designs that characterise the art of this period in England, and we may imagine to ourselves that from the beginning a high standard of pictorial art was here established, and that the tradition was from that time steadily maintained.

Quite apart, however, from the cultivated taste of its founder, there are considerations which show that St. Albans enjoyed especial advantage in the matter of art. The monastery was built near the ruins of one of the richest and most important of the Roman cities in Britain, and so soon as these ruins came to be searched discoveries of artistic interest would most surely be made. Nor are we left merely to surmise that such was the case. We know that within two centuries from the foundation of the monastery, the idea of building a new church became firmly implanted in the minds of the monks, and each successive abbot devoted a portion of his energies and resources towards the accumulation of the material necessary for the design. The neighbouring city of Verulam proved an inexhaustible store-house from which vast masses of bricks and stone were borne away for the new building, and in the course of the excavations treasures of different kinds were brought to light, some of them bringing to the monks of St. Alban's a vision of the beauties of classic art. 'The account of the excavations, made by order of Abbot Ealdred in the old Roman city of Verulam, introduces us,' says Mr. Riley, in his preface to Walsingham, 'to an early picture of antiquarian research; and that, too, prosecuted with no little energy;' and so great was the wealth of the Abbey in gems and precious stones in the beginning of the twelfth century, that they were used to inlay the shrine of the martyr. Walsingham, in speaking of this work, describes a cameo of such large size that 'it could scarcely be inclosed in the hand.' Upon it was carved a figure that appears from the account given by the writer to have been that of Æsculapius, and the account is supplemented by a careful pen-and-ink drawing by Matthew Paris, that leaves no doubt upon the subject. Nor is it unworthy of remark, as showing the curious intrusion of Pagan mythology into the very stronghold of the Christian creed, that when this cameo, with the

* 'Numismatic Chronicle.' New Series, No. LIX. 1875.

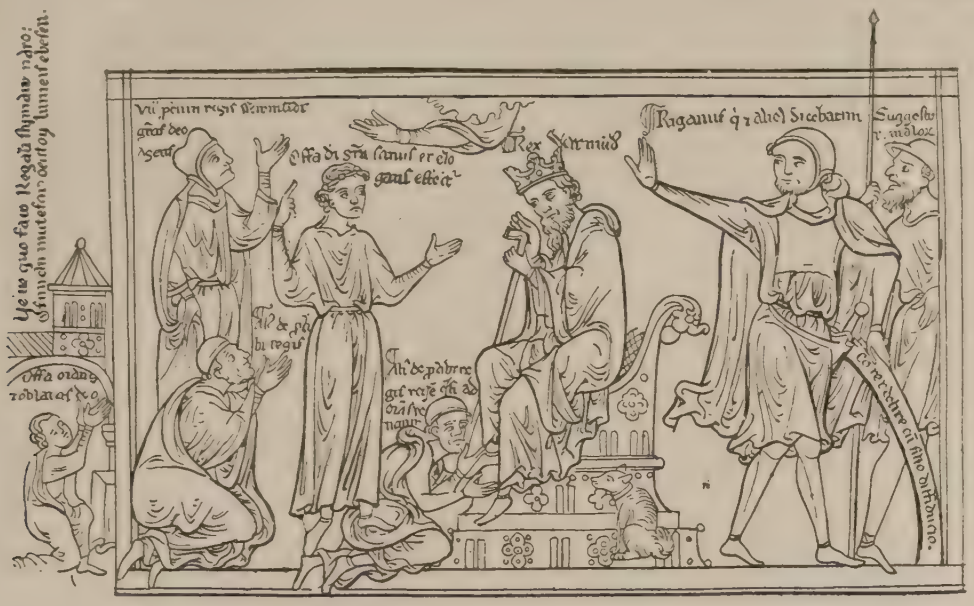
classic figure carved upon it, was brought out and given to the workmen to insert as a decoration to the martyr's shrine, they refused to surround the stone with gold, lest the setting should take from the healing efficacy which was ascribed to the image of the heathen god.

Thus we may imagine that in very early times the artistic tradition at St. Alban's came under the influence of what may almost be regarded as a Renaissance in miniature. Roman coins and gems, and amongst the latter perhaps here and there an example of veritable Greek art, were constantly being added to the treasures of the monastery by the excavations in the neighbouring city, and the contemplation and study of these treasures cannot have been quite without effect upon the practice of the school of painters and carvers established at St. Albans. But we have no extant examples of the productions of this earlier period, which can be confidently ascribed to the artists of this particular monastery. Among the earliest volumes of artistic interest issuing from St. Alban's, is a small but profusely illustrated edition of the works of Prudentius, to which the date of the twelfth century has been affixed. Prudentius, who has been described as 'the Horace and Virgil of the Christians,' was born about the middle of the fourth century, and his didactic poems enjoyed a large share of popularity during the middle ages, being as a consequence frequently reproduced in the scriptoria of the monasteries.

The little volume executed at St. Alban's contains a large number of drawings freely introduced into the text. They are firmly executed with the pen, and tinted in colours, generally red and green, and they exhibit here and there a very remarkable power of energetic expression. I have selected two of these little designs to illustrate this article. The subject of the first represents the overthrow of Pride, and from the vigorous action of the horse that has rolled upon its rider, we get a very fair notion of the powers of the artist in the treatment of form. In some others of the series the quaintness of the slender human type is more prominent, and the general effect is perhaps on that account less favourable; but even in the management of these lengthened and emaciated human bodies, there is always some sense of truth in action and movement. The hand that has done the work, imperfect as it is in all points of proportion and grace, is nevertheless the hand of an artist, ready to seize and to interpret the most expressive gestures that a study of nature may yield.

The remaining illustrations that accompany this article are the authenticated work of Matthew Paris himself, a monk at the abbey, and the biographer of its abbots. The first four of them are taken from a MS. history of the 'Life of Offa,' written by Paris, and illustrated by him with pen-and-ink sketches of the most important incidents of the legend. At the beginning of the volume there is inscribed in red letters a memorandum saying, 'Brother Matthew gave this book to God and the Church of St. Alban. Whoever shall take it away or injure it let him be Anathema.' This skilled and cultured monk, who combined with the most brilliant effect the professions of literature and art, entered the monastery of St. Alban's in the year 1217. Of the circum-

stances of his life little is known, save that he had been educated in France, and that by his fellow-monks his talents were held in high esteem. In 1259, under the rule of Abbot John de Hertford, he died, and the author of 'Walsingham's Chronicle' thus alludes to the worth and dignity of his career:—'In this time also there flourished and died Matthew



Paris, a monk of the Church of blessed Alban, a man indeed eloquent and famous, endowed with innumerable virtues, a great historian and chronicler, constantly turning over in his heart the truth that "ease is injurious to the soul." Whose fame spread abroad, caused him to be respected even in those remote parts where his presence was not known. He possessed so great

a subtlety in the working of gold and silver and other metals, and in carving sculptures and painting pictures, that he is believed to have left no second in the whole Latin world.' It may well have been out of consideration for his gifts as an artist that this accomplished monk was admitted into St. Alban's, for at the time when he took up his residence there the artistic culture

and activity of the monastery must have been at their highest. John de Cella had been dead but three years, leaving his splendid architectural enterprise to be finished by his successor, and as soon as these structural changes in the building were complete, the work of pictorial decoration would be begun in earnest. From the writings of Matthew Paris himself, we may learn that already painting and sculpture had been carried to a high degree of perfection in the abbey. He tells us of the elegant chasings in metal executed by Walter de Colchester, and of the painting of the Virgin and Child hung before the high altar by the brother of this Walter, and of other paintings on the walls above and at the sides, 'exceedingly skilful,' as he says. Thus we may see that the praise accorded to the superior talent of Matthew Paris was given by a community that had a right to speak on such matters, having been for long employed in perfecting a system of decorative art.

In estimating the worth of these drawings that are here reproduced with absolute fidelity

from the manuscript volume in the British Museum, it is well to bear in mind one or two dates affecting the general history of art. At the time when Matthew Paris entered the monastery of St. Alban's Cimabue was not born, and when Matthew Paris died there still wanted seventeen years to the birth of Giotto. The first four examples are taken from the 'Life of Offa.' They form part of a series that decorate the headings of the pages and illustrate some passage of the text below. No colour has been used by the artist, and therefore the reproductions present precisely the appearance of the originals, save that the latter are of rather larger scale. In the first drawing the artist has endeavoured to bring together a number of significant facts concerning the youth of the first Offa. In the centre of the composition is the King Warmud, his father, well stricken in years, and anxious to give up to a successor. But he is perplexed as to whom to make his heir; for his son Offa has been dumb during his boyhood, and the monarch is nevertheless unwilling to cast him aside. To the right of the throne is the departing figure of Riganus, an ambitious noble, who has sought by every means to gain the kingdom, and who at one time almost persuaded Warmud to make him his heir; and on the other stands the youthful Offa, who, by the grace of God, has suddenly acquired the gift of speech. Still further to the left, and outside of the general composition, is the figure of Offa as a child, still afflicted by dumbness, and raising his hands to Heaven in mute devotion. The design, it will be observed, fairly expresses its subject; and in some of the figures the drawing is

not without a certain grace. There is a touch of simple dignity in the face and form of the youthful Offa, while in the uplifted arm and fluttering draperies of Riganus, who departs with a menace of revenge, there is a genuine suggestion of movement. This power of presenting action is seen to better advantage in the next drawing, where the artist has pictured a battle. The horses, it may be admitted, are of rather a singular type, but they are not wanting in energy of expression, and the lines of the composition, as a whole, approach to elegance. The look of death upon the face of the rider who is falling from his horse, and of cowardice upon that of the retreating figure to the right, are effectively rendered.

Of the drawings that remain, perhaps the most interesting is that by which we get some

idea of the building operations of the thirteenth century. The king has come down to inspect the progress of the work, and to consult with his architect, who stands with the square and compasses in his hand. Above are the bricklayers, the one setting a brick or stone in its place, the other testing his work with what seems to be the plumb-line of the period; and down below two labourers are vigorously working at the windlass by which the basket of bricks has been raised on to the wall, while on either side are the stone-cutters hewing the blocks that are to be carved into the capitals of the pillars.

J. Comyns Carr.

(*To be continued.*)

TECHNICAL NOTES.

SAMUEL PALMER. *Water Colour.*—The following list of pigments provides for all emergencies, but some of them are very seldom wanted:—

WHITE.

Chinese White.

YELLOW.

Pale Cadmium—Yellow Cadmium—Orange Cadmium—Washed Gamboge—Gamboge—Raw Sienna—Yellow Ochre—Orange Ochre—Raw Umber.

RED.

Field's Extract of Vermilion—Vermilion—Light Red—Indian Red—Pink Madder—Rose Madder—Madder Carmine—Burnt Sienna.

BROWN.

Burnt Umber—Vandyke Brown—Brown Madder—Bistre—Cologne Earth—Sepia.

GREEN.

Emerald Green—Cobalt Green—Green Oxide of Chromium—Darker Oxide of Chromium.

BLUE.

Ultramarine—Ultramarine Ashes—Cobalt Blue—Prussian Blue.

BLACK.

Charcoal Black—Ivory Black.

The list is given in palette-setting order; that is, in single row, if they were all in frequent use. This does not relate to the useful relative position farther out upon the palette of certain groups of two or three pigments, with spaces between for mixtures, such as Raw Sienna or Gamboge, Prussian Blue and Brown Madder. These colours, with the addition of four more, Yellow Ochre, Light Red, Pink Madder, and Cobalt, may often be found sufficient for most purposes.

SOME REMARKS ON THE ABOVE PIGMENTS.

Chinese White.—When buying in tube, to ascertain whether it has the right quantity of vehicle, squeeze a little out upon a piece of *note* paper; when quite dry it should retain its whiteness, but should have sufficient vehicle to prevent its being easily scraped off with the nail.

Washed Gamboge.—This is not kept in the colour-shops. The washing removes the greenish gum from the Gamboge, and renders the colour more opaque, as well as making it permanent in oil, according to Field. When put over a colour darker than itself it makes a beautiful green.*

Gamboge.—This pigment has stood after thirty years of exposure to ordinary light when laid on very thickly. When thin, it fades slightly.

Raw Sienna.—A marvellous colour. Let it be the centre of all your gold. A dark and a light sort are to be got by picking the pieces, and having them ground on purpose for you.

Field's Extract of Vermilion.—Probably the brightest prismatic red that can be made is Madder Carmine over Field's Extract.

Vermilion.—The colourist would perhaps prefer lake and yellow.

Light Red, glazed with either of the Madders, might become very much like Indian Red, but less violent.

Indian Red.—*Very* powerful.

* Yellow spread thinly over a colour darker than itself becomes greenish.

Pink Madder and *Rose Madder.*—The first is a beautiful colour, the second a most beautiful one, and a little more blooming and cool than Pink Madder.

Madder Carmine.—A useful colour, but it cannot now be got of sufficiently good quality. Over Orange Cadmium it makes a very fine orange.

Burnt Sienna should be used seldom, for it is rather violent, unless in making greens. With Prussian Blue it makes a good olive green.

Burnt Umber.—A very strong Brown, very useful for certain purposes, but it should be used cautiously for fear of heat. If things were too weak and cold, a glaze of it might do good.

Vandyke Brown.—A capital colour. If desired, the least touch of Prussian Blue increases its depth and cures its redness. For a *very* deep greenish black add more Prussian Blue.

Brown Madder.—One of the three colours which will make almost everything. Most useful. With Raw Sienna and Prussian Blue it completes a very powerful triad.

Bistre.—A grand colour. The Asphaltum of water-colours.

Cologne Earth.—Very useful; a sort of bloomy brown. It was a favourite of Girtin's.

Sepia.—The darkest Brown. It is said that William Hunt got in the light and shade of his drawings with sepia and blue.

Emerald Green.—Very fine, but it should never be mixed with the cadmiums. Emerald Green and Raw Sienna make a very fine green.

Green Oxide of Chromium.—A beautiful colour.

Ultramarine.—The queen of blues, having the advantage of a retiring quality. It almost requires an apprenticeship to learn how to wash with it.

The three sorts of Ultramarine Ash.—For all sorts of retiring greys these are invaluable.

Cobalt Blue.—The most gaudy Blue. Cobalt can be made very like Ultramarine by adding the least touch of Orange Chrome; but the Chromes being inadmissible, Orange Cadmium may be used instead. Blake said that there was a unique green to be made of Cobalt and Gamboge. When Turner first saw Cobalt, he said that new combinations of colour might be got by its use. Cobalt looks purple by candlelight.

Charcoal Black.—Very fine for certain cast shadows; almost perfect when laid over the local colour.

Ivory Black.—Comes very forward.

Mr. Palmer has a *very strong* objection to those colour-boxes in which the colours are in divisions or pans, out of which they are rubbed with the brush, as wanted. This arrangement wears out the brushes and is very dirty, for the colours necessarily get sullied one with the other: besides this, it is impossible to get a sufficiently large amount of colour out at once for certain purposes. Mr. Palmer approves of those boxes which are made for tube colours, the lid being a folding palette of tolerable size, which lid should be without divisions. There is also a place for brushes, but Mr. Palmer prefers keeping these in a common round brush-case (where they are less liable to be injured), and putting into their place extra tubes, and such colours as are best kept in cake, with chalk, &c. The colours are, of course, kept quite pure and unsullied in the tubes; an important consideration. Mr. Palmer keeps twenty-three colours in his box; all that keep well are in tube, those which do not, in cake. The brushes he uses are nine sables and four camel-hair brushes. Sables made for oil-painting seem to him quite as good as, or better than, those intended for water-colours. He has three small sables (duck size) marked and kept exclusively for red, blue, and yellow, to be used when exceptionally bright touches of these colours are required without mixture. Of the twenty-three pigments some are very seldom wanted, but on certain occasions may be necessary.

There are three ways of combining colours: 1st, by superimposition; 2nd, by interhatching; 3rd, by ordinary mixing.

In sketching skies Cobalt may be used over Orange Cadmium, or, if the paper is brownish, Cobalt with a little white. A very little Orange Cadmium tones the Cobalt agreeably when you use white paper.

For grey, as in clouds, Cobalt may be used with Light Red ; for a rather more purplish tint, Cobalt with Venetian Red ; if the tint is required to be still more purple, Cobalt may be used with Indian Red. Prussian Blue instead of Cobalt with these reds will make greys also, but on a deeper key and less bloomy. For a *very* purple grey Cobalt may be used with Brown Madder, and if it is desired that it should be on a deep key, Prussian Blue may be used with the Madder instead of Cobalt.

Cobalt and Cologne Earth make a tint useful in twilights. Darker greys may be made of every variety of hue by mixing the cool greens with the madders.

Cobalt, Light Red, and Yellow Ochre, are very useful pigments for distances. With these three pigments eighteen tints in the list of prismatic opposites may be made. These greys will do for tree-trunks, rocks, earths, &c. A very good ground colour for greys of roads, tree-trunks, &c., is a wash of Vandyke Brown. For the most delicate greys Cobalt and Yellow Ochre may be used with Pink Madder.

The following combinations make valuable greens. The green Oxide of Chromium with Raw Sienna makes a beautiful sober green. Emerald Green and Raw Sienna make tints like the beautiful natural greens of trees, and allow you to have them more or less yellowish as you want. For the green of trees in spring, after drawing them in pencil, either wash them with Emerald Green and glaze with Raw Sienna (or *vice versâ*), or else mix the tint on the palette. Prussian Blue and Burnt Sienna make a good olive green for the darker modelling in trees. A deep green may be got by the union of Gamboge with Prussian Blue, and a very deep, cool green, by mixing Prussian Blue with Vandyke Brown. Gamboge and Ivory Black give a very deep green. Gamboge and Bistre give a deep, greenish, golden brown. Ivory Black and Raw Sienna supply a very deep colour inclining to green, which is very useful. All these greens are convertible into browns by glazing or interhatching, or by adding red : for instance, Burnt Sienna may be added for a warm and strong tint, and Pink Madder for cooler and retiring tints.

A good ground colour for golden cornfields is Orange Cadmium with a little white.

Field says that a water-colour painter should use nothing but distilled water, and next to this filtered rain-water. It is very often impossible to wash certain colours with hard or impure water. In water-colours Mr. Palmer recommends the student to use, if possible, four waters. 1. For white for cool mixtures. 2. For white to be used in warm mixtures. 3. For warm colours. 4. For cool colours. The water may be kept quite clear for a whole morning if plenty of brushes are used, and if, instead of dipping the hair of the brush in the glass when some water is required to mix the tints, the handle be dipped in, and the adhering drop transferred to the palette. A clean finger may also be used if the handle does not bring out enough water.

It is well, when the colour has dried upon the palette, and has to be got ready for use in any quantity, to rub it up with the finger and water, not with the brush.

BOAT HORSES, AFTER DECAMPS.

ETCHED BY ABEL LURAT.

THIS picture, which was painted in 1842, does not appear to have been exhibited until 1855, when it appeared in the Exposition Universelle. There were so many works by the same artist in that great exhibition that the *Chevaux de Halage* may not have attracted so much public attention as it would have done at the Salon ; still, Théophile Gautier spoke of it with hearty appreciation. The picture, though not one of the artist's more ambitious works, was purchased by the Government, and put in the Louvre after the death of Decamps. It does not exhibit the highest aspirations of the painter's mind, and, being of comparatively small size, scarcely gives him due importance in the National Gallery of France ; but it fairly represents the general tenour of his art, and his ordinary habits as an artist. He used to lament that early

successes had tied him down for life to small easel-pictures, and yet these were what he did best, whilst their limited dimensions did not prevent him from expressing poetical sentiment with great technical and executive power and originality. There is not a finer piece of modern painting in the whole Louvre than this Decamps; and what a relief it is, with its strong interpretation of real nature, after the conventional insipidities of David and his school! It is unnecessary to describe the subject of the picture, as our etching sufficiently explains it. Boat-horses, splashing in the water on the shallow margin of some French river, are drawing a barge that we do not see. Behind the man, who is seated on the nearest horse, the sky is yellow with the after-glow of evening, and a reflexion of it gleams upon the water; the light from the sky catches horse and man with brilliant touches. The horses are drawn with great knowledge; for Decamps had a passion for animals (he met his death on horseback in a forest). He also liked and understood the rougher classes of the rural population, such as poachers and boatmen. The attitude of this boatman is fine, without being idealized beyond the limits of plain truth. Although the picture is vigorously realistic, it is not precisely *réaliste* in the French sense of the word, because it is pervaded by a dominant artistic sentiment which lifts it above the low region of the *terre-à-terre*.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 56.)

EVERY one who takes an interest in Turner knows that when a young man he used to go with his friend Girtin to sketch at Dr. Munro's house in the evenings, and that the two young artists received as payment for their labours the sum of half-a-crown each, and their suppers. This may seem a small matter to us who think of Turner as an artistic Crœsus, but it was a pleasant help to him at that time, not only for the half-crown, the value of which it is certain that he fully appreciated, but for the kind encouragement given by Dr. Munro, for the pleasant fellowship with Girtin, and for the frequent opportunities of studying works by previous artists, of which Dr. Munro had been an intelligent collector. There were several Gainsboroughs in the house, and many water-colour drawings by the early men, Paul Sandby and others, whom Turner was destined to leave so far behind, that they seem to us at this distance to belong almost to the pre-historic ages of the world. Dr. Munro had also a collection of drawings by the old masters, including Canaletti, who may even then have led young Turner's thoughts towards Venice, which he illustrated much later with such magnificent unreality. But of all the works of art belonging to Dr. Munro at that time, it is likely that the water-colours of Cozens would influence both Girtin and Turner the most decidedly, both because they were nearest to them in the history of art, and because Cozens was an artist of deep feeling, with a remarkably fine sense of what was noble and large in landscape, and a seriousness, sometimes amounting to solemnity, which would inevitably have great influence over two such minds as those of Turner and Girtin. Even Constable, who was so differently constituted, and who chose a path in art so different from the broad tranquillity of Cozens, admired him with such enthusiasm that, as his friend Leslie tells us, he said that his works were poetry, and his genius the greatest which had ever applied itself to landscape. Leslie had such admiration for Cozens that he said there could be no improvement upon him 'when at his best.' Of the two young men who studied Cozens together Girtin is most generally regarded as his immediate successor, because he died so early, and so did not come down to the quite modern time, as Turner lived to do. Those evenings at Dr. Munro's are, therefore, curiously historical, and especially interesting to all who care for water-colour painting, and its wonderful development in England. Cozens was there, not in the flesh, but in the spirit, which expressed itself with a poet's sweetness in his drawings; Girtin was there, in the delicate early bloom of his short life, destined like Shelley and Keats to few years of labour in his art, and yet to immortal fame.

Turner was there in the strength of his youth, having already well and vigorously begun the most productive career in the history of landscape art.

The writer of these pages well remembers that he first heard of Girtin from Leslie, who possessed a few works of his, and greatly valued them. In the 'Handbook for Young Painters,' Leslie spoke of Girtin with his usual appreciation, and gave a very beautiful engraving from a poetical evening scene of his on one of the Highland lakes. In the same work he gave a fine Italian subject by Cozens—a wood, with stone-pines rising above it against the evening light, and a vast, monotonous building, with many windows—a monastery, perhaps, or convent. Both are evidently the works of poets, but as we have been so much familiarised with lake scenery by more recent artists, the Cozens seems the more original of the two. If, however, we take the trouble to place ourselves, by a little mental effort, as far back as Girtin's time in the history of English art, setting aside all that has since been done for the illustration of Highland scenery, we shall at once perceive that it needed the instincts of genius to see what he saw in it, and to interpret it with a sentiment so exquisite. Leslie considered his style to be one of more equally sustained excellence than that of Cozens, for though Girtin died very early (at the age of twenty-seven), his mental health remained good to the last, 'and he continued to draw till within a few days of his death, though he was so debilitated that he could scarcely hold his pencil.' He acquired the power of a master very soon, and exercised it so much that the quantity of good work he left behind him is surprising to artists, especially when they know that some of his valuable time was thrown away upon a panorama of London. 'Sobered tints of exquisite truth,' said Leslie, 'and broad chiaroscuro, are the prevailing characteristics of Girtin.' Turner had the deepest respect for Girtin's genius, and an especial affection for some golden effects of his; he believed, too, that the premature death of his gifted young friend had removed from his path the most dangerous of all his rivals, though it is likely that if the life or death of Girtin could have depended upon Turner's decision, affection would have prevailed over ambition, and they would have contended in friendly rivalry for the suffrages of the public, without jealousy in the heart of either. Notwithstanding Turner's warm admiration for his friend, whom he sincerely believed to be superior to himself in certain qualities, it may well be doubted whether Girtin would ever have displayed such various and great powers as Turner afterwards developed. It seems much more probable that he would have ranked with such an artist as David Cox (forcible in execution and grand in sentiment, but of narrow intellectual range), than with such an unprecedentedly comprehensive artistic intellect as Turner's.

The two friends worked from nature together by the Thames as early, it is believed, as the year 1789; and they were companions at Mr. Henderson's, as well as at Dr. Munro's, in pleasant evening work. They did not, however, visit the Highlands together, though Leslie says that Girtin was known to have paid a visit to the lakes of Scotland, and Turner was drawn to them also, the year before Girtin died.

Although Turner's professional business in early life was to draw topographic views for the publishers, he was, as we have seen, an accepted exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and this encouraged him to paint in oil. His first oil-picture seems to have been done in 1795, from one of his sketches of Rochester, taken two years before; but there is another account, which affirms that Turner's first attempt in oil had for its subject a sunset on the Thames, near Battersea, which had been seen by the artist on the previous day, when Bell, the engraver, was with him, and that Bell was also present when the attempt in oil-painting was made. The two accounts fix the beginning of Turner's career as an oil-painter in the same year, 1795; and they may possibly be reconciled by supposing that the sunset at Battersea was the first landscape experiment in oil, and the Rochester the first picture. It is evident, however, that neither of these is to be considered an absolutely first attempt in oil-painting, for Turner was now twenty, and he had painted his own portrait in oil, with considerable power, at the age of seventeen—the portrait which we all know in the National Gallery. We ought not to forget, either, that Turner had been a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and had painted in his studio at the age of fifteen. It is probable, also, that his training as an Academy student would include some practice in oil, so that neither the Rochester nor the Battersea sunset could be considered the work of a novice, though the artist who painted them had hitherto done much more in water-colour, and had not applied his knowledge of oil-painting to landscape. The technical history

of Turner's youth may be told accurately in a few words. At the age of seventeen he was a fairly good painter in oil, but in a heavy though safe manner, and had overcome all the first difficulties in the career of a portrait-painter. When he abandoned the intention of making portraiture his profession, and took to landscape, he worked in water-colour, in which he had acquired considerable skill at an early age. At the age of twenty he began to try to express in oil the knowledge of landscape which he had acquired with pencil and water-colour. At the age of twenty-two he was able to paint landscape in either of the two mediums, but remained for a long time more addicted to water-colour, and used it in preference all his life for work intended to be engraved. In later years he painted much in oil, but the influence of his water-colour practice is evident in nearly all his pictures; in many of them it is even painfully evident, so that Constable, not unjustly, called them 'large water-colours.' What interests us for the present is that Turner's whole career was foreshadowed in everything before the expiration of his minority. Whilst yet a minor he was a painter in water-colours, a painter in oils, a considerable traveller within the limits of his native island, and his works were already engraved. At twenty he was not preparing for life, but really lived already, and had entered thoroughly upon his career, not in a vague, general way, but in all its several departments, except etching on copper and engraving in mezzotint, whilst even for these his early use of the pen and the wash of neutral tint was the best of all possible preparations.

Turner's destiny in another very important matter appears to have been settled for him at the very threshold of manhood. It is a commonplace that marriage affects the fate of a man more than anything else, except the circumstances of his birth; but in the ordinary walks of life the chances are generally that the consequences of marriage will be favourable. A man is tied to his shop or his office, and does not feel more fastened down to his counter or desk because he has a wife to welcome him at home when the slavery of the day is over. In ordinary occupations the work to be done has a definite character, and requires the simple application of ordinary abilities and common industry; it is not a succession of hazardous enterprises, undertaken with the whole energy of extraordinary faculties. The life of a painter like Turner is really a succession of hazardous enterprises, in which he risks his time and genius, just as a poet does when he composes works without any certainty of sale. For these great attempts, many of which were failures at the time from the worldly point of view, he needed absolute personal independence and the most perfect privacy. His sense of the importance of this privacy was so strong that he would admit nobody into his painting-room, and he liked to be in places where nobody could possibly find him. But, besides privacy, he valued liberty; the liberty of the artist, the liberty to make an excursion when he felt it to be necessary or simply helpful to his work. Marriage would have been perilous to this kind of independence; and if Turner had been married early in life it is possible that he might have contented himself with being happy, if he had found happiness, and abandoned the ambition to become great. His fate was settled otherwise; an early disappointment made him give up all thoughts of marriage, and left all his peculiarities, including the peculiarity of being a genius, full liberty to develope themselves without restraint.

In those early days, when Turner's professional work was that of a topographical draughtsman, who increased his income by practising as a drawing-master, it is related that he loved the sister of one of his old schoolfellows, and that they were engaged to be married; but that the marriage never took place because, during a long absence of Turner's, his letters were intercepted by the young lady's stepmother, who disliked the match. When Turner came back he found his betrothed engaged to another, to a man for whom she had no affection, and yet she would not break off this new engagement because the wedding-day was very near at hand, and she believed that matters had gone too far for her to retreat with honour. Notwithstanding all that Turner could say or do to prevent it, the sacrifice was consummated; and he remained single all his life in consequence of this bitter disappointment.

The tradition is, that Turner's absence lasted two whole years; but it is difficult to believe this. We know very little of the circumstances, for we do not even know exactly what Turner was doing at the time, nor where he was during his absence; but it seems in the highest degree improbable that, as a young lover, he would have endured to be separated from his betrothed for two whole years, or anything like it: such a pedestrian as he was then would have walked,

rather, across the distance which divided them. But this is one of those stories, half-legendary already, which one cannot wholly believe nor yet quite disbelieve. At the same time, from their very lack of substance, such stories are difficult to criticise. When there are dates, for example, the critic has some ground to go upon, for he can ascertain from other sources what the subject of the history was doing at the time fixed; but here we have no date, except a supposition that the event may have happened some time about 1796. Again, it is said that Turner went abroad to study his art, and that this absence on the Continent was the cause of the separation; but the catalogues of the exhibitions mention no Continental work of Turner until the year 1803, when he was twenty-eight years old. We may, however, admit as highly probable that Turner may have had a disappointment of this kind in his youth, since few men remain confirmed old bachelors unless they have had one or more such disappointments. And although this legend is alike without names and without dates it is circumstantial enough not to be wholly disregarded, and is said to have come from the nameless lady herself, through friends or relatives of hers. What we positively know is, that Turner remained a bachelor, and apparently in a more decided spirit than that of Etty, who passed through a succession of unfortunate attachments and disappointments. It is said that the girl whom Turner loved condemned herself to the life-long misery of an ill-assorted union; but we know that the painter entered upon half a century of celibacy—of celibacy without chastity—a life in which he formed indeed connexions with the other sex, but connexions of a kind which could do nothing for the elevation of his mind or for the removal of his defects. Fortunate in so many things, Turner was lamentably unfortunate in this; that throughout his whole life he never came under any ennobling or refining feminine influence, either in marriage or out of it. His mother was bad tempered, and finally even insane, having to be separated from her husband and placed in seclusion. The best hope for him, after this first misfortune, lay in a happy marriage with some cultivated lady, or at least with some woman who had a delicate, feminine sense of what was becoming. In early life, considering his own humble position in society, he was not likely to make what is called by worldly people 'a good match,' but he might have met with a girl who had a natural good taste and refinement, as many have who are not exactly 'ladies' in the conventional sense of the word. This chance he lost for ever by his absolute renunciation of all ideas of marriage. There still remained for him one possibility. One of his mistresses might, by chance, have been a superior person: this has happened occasionally in such connexions, though rarely; it happened, for example, in the connexion between Shelley and Mary Godwin, which was not at first a marriage in any sense but their own; and it happened also in the case of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli. Both these ladies, though their conduct was not moral, were persons of culture and refinement, who kept their lovers up to a better and higher kind of life than they would probably have followed without them. This is especially true of the Countess Guiccioli, who partially reformed Byron, by making his life relatively decent and respectable in comparison with what it had been before she knew him. Mary Godwin did not reform Shelley, merely because he did not need that kind of reforming, but she gave him intellectual companionship. Turner, as great a poet as either of these two, though he expressed himself in a different medium, never knew, during the whole course of his life, what it was to have such companionship as that with any woman. He had not even, so far as we know, any intimate friendship with a lady able to encourage and understand him—such a friendship, I mean, as that which subsisted between the younger Ampère and Madame Récamier.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

ERRATUM.—A printer's error in a note in the last number on Claude Lorrain happens to have changed the sense in the most important part. The printer made us say that if it were written in full the name would be Claude de Lorrain; which is absurd, since if the *de* had been used the artist would have been Claude de Lorraine. What we wrote was, that if the French name were written in full it would be Claude le Lorrain, or, in English, Claude the Lorrainer.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXI.—Antonio Canal. (1697–1768.)

View in Venice, the Scuola della Carità.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

ANTONIO CANAL, better known in the diminutive form of his name, CANALETTO, was a Venetian, born in the city that has immortalized him in the year 1697. His father, Bernardo Canal, was a scene-painter, and Canaletto the son was brought up to the same occupation; but abandoned it while still young, in 1719, and went early to Rome, where the ancient ruins exerted such fascination upon him as to make him turn his whole mind to architectural painting.

Bernardo Bellotto, a nephew and a pupil, accompanied him on his Roman tour, and devoted himself to the same studies, adopting the same style and method as well as subjects: their works are now constantly confounded.

Canaletto returned to Venice, and executed a vast series of Venetian topography with the utmost skill and accuracy in the buildings, but with less success in his treatment of water, and in the figures; which however, in many instances, are executed by other masters; especially on important occasions by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, as in the grand picture of the *Scuola di San Rocco*, in the Wynn Ellis Collection, in which is the crowded procession of Easter week, on *Giovedì Santo* or Maundy-Thursday, when the Doge and Council walk in state from the Church of San Rocco to the Church of St. Mark to worship the miraculous blood, is the work of Tiepolo.

Canaletto's architecture is superb, and the accuracy of his details is ascribed to the fact of his having used the *Camera lucida*, which gave him his perfect linear perspective in his best works; but, as a rule, all parts are excellent—his colouring is sufficiently individual and his light and shade effective. He died in Venice on the 20th of April, 1768, in the 71st year of his age.

Michele Marreschi and Francesco Guardi painted similar subjects to Canaletto—the latter was a brilliant colourist; but they do not approach the perfection of Canaletto's best works. His nephew Bellotto, known as Count Bellotto, is in many respects superior to the uncle: there is a grand series of Saxon or Dresden views by him in the Dresden Gallery, forming, with some pictures by Alexander Thiele, a collection by itself.* He died at Warsaw in 1780.

Many of the uncle's works have been engraved, more especially his views in Venice, of which there are three sets: one by himself, another by Vicentino, and a third by Fletcher and Boitard.

Canaletto was in this country in 1746, and remained here about two years, many interesting spots or objects of old London having been preserved in his pictures, while their places know them no more. Zanetti ('Pittura Veneziana') says he was twice in London, where he acquired not only glory but money too.

* Matthäy, 'Beschreibung der Sammlung Vaterländischer Prospecte,' von Alexander Thiele und Canaletto. Dresden. 1834.

No. 127. *A View in Venice.*—In the foreground are the sheds and yard of a stone-mason, situated near the Grand Canal, seen in the middle distance, with gondolas floating past. On the other side of the canal is a tall campanile, and a series of buildings known as the Scuola della Carità, erected in 1349; now much altered, and used as the Academy of the Fine Arts, or Accademia delle Belle Arti. The quiet repose of the Queen of the Adriatic is here now disturbed by the railway whistle.

This picture was presented to the nation in 1826 by Sir George Beaumont, Bart. On canvas, 4 feet high by 5 feet 4 inches wide. There is a large print of it by H. Le Keux, published for the *Associated Engravers.*

R. N. WORNUM.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 96.)

IT is probable, however, that female influence of an elevating kind is of far greater value to a writer than it could ever be to a painter. The benefit of it is to stimulate the faculties by a constant interchange of thought, and so to refine a man's thinking on the subjects which occupy his mind before he attempts to give them a direct literary expression; so that, when he comes to write, his ideas have already had the benefit of friendly discussion with an intellect equal in rank, perhaps, to his own, but having different perceptions, being of another sex. One of the best-known instances of this benefit to a writer is the case of John Stuart Mill, who so warmly and candidly acknowledged it. But now let us try to imagine how a similar feminine influence could operate upon the producing faculties of a painter. Clearly as we see how Shelley or Mill may have gained by it, we can only obscurely perceive any possible benefit to the work of a painter like Turner from previous friendly discussion with any lady, however cultivated. A painter's intentions cannot be discussed until they are already in great part realized,—we can criticise the finished picture, we cannot criticise the intended picture, because we cannot foresee the relative importance which its parts will have when the whole work is finished. The criticism of unfinished works is often so little applicable, that instead of helping the artist it only irritates him. The colouring of a picture in its early stages is often not merely different from what it is intended to be ultimately, but just the opposite, because a colour is prevented from looking crude when painted upon its complementary. The only real help which a painter gains whilst a work is in progress is from his brother-artists, and even they are very likely to misunderstand his purposes. An eminent contemporary, who greatly enjoyed and valued the society of ladies, and lived in it willingly during his hours of leisure, absolutely excluded them from his painting-room, even those of his own household. The only use of feminine influence to a painter is a general effect upon his mind—a refining effect, if the lady is more refined than the artist with whom she lives. But who in the world, masculine or feminine, had ever more refined perception of landscape beauty than Turner had? Could any refinement of feminine perception have added to *his* refinement? No; the gain which he might have derived from marriage might have been an infinite gain to himself in many ways, but it is not likely that it would have been a gain to his art. It is highly improbable that he would have painted better if married, and it is possible that the cares of a family might have prevented him from executing those important works which the public did not encourage, but which are now the very corner-stones of the great edifice of his fame.

It is possible even, that if Turner had been pressed hard by the necessities of providing for a family he might have remained a drawing-master, for he had some success

in that capacity in early life, and was fairly well paid for his lessons to amateurs and in schools. Little is known of his methods of instruction, but we may presume that at the early age of twenty-one he would teach more explicitly, and more graciously, than on the few occasions in mature life when he conveyed any practical instruction to others. It is evident that the kind of art he practised in early life was much more traditional and communicable than the extraordinary and unprecedented manner which expressed the fulness of his genius. When a young man, he did little more than repeat what had been done before by other topographical draughtsmen, applying a traditional method to new subjects; and as the method had been taught to him, so it might be to others after him. But he was not one of those artists who are fitted by nature to make teaching the business of their whole lives. Although, at a later period, he became Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy, and took great pains to fulfil the duties of his office, he was not gifted for a professor's work. Art is always difficult to explain, and Turner had not the kind of intellect which analyses things in such a way as to be favourable to clear expressions in words; nor had he, at any time, that command of language which is necessary to lucid exposition. Besides this difficulty, which was a part of his very peculiar idiosyncrasy, it happened with Turner, as it has happened with many other artists, that as soon as he began to feel his own power his art became nothing but a series of experiments, often very audacious, which it would have been injudicious to communicate to pupils, even if it had been possible. Hence, although he began his career as a teacher, and seems, from the increase of his charges, to have succeeded well in that profession in early life, we learn without surprise that he did not retain his hold upon it, and that more communicative teachers were preferred by the ladies and gentlemen of his time. The absorption in his own art unfitted him more and more for the business of the drawing-master.

After his first attachment, and the bitterness of disappointment which succeeded to it, Turner became two men in one. There is nothing very unusual in a duality of this kind, for many men find it a convenience to separate themselves from themselves, and be at one time the man of business, or the official, and at another the private gentleman untrammelled by business or officialism. What is striking, however, in the case of Turner, is the very strong contrast between the two natures which dwelt together in him, and which were alike just as much his own as two houses belonging to the same proprietor, and used for alternate habitation. We have plain proof in his works that his artist-nature was one of ineffably exquisite refinement. It has been said of him that his mind was as nearly as possible like those of Keats and Dante intermingled: in such a comparison one might feel inclined to substitute Shelley for Keats, but it may be quite safely asserted, that only amongst the most ethereal poets can we find a spirit of such delicacy as his. At the same time he had another nature, which was something between those of a common sailor and a costermonger: by which I mean, that he was externally coarse, and had an appetite for low pleasures, with a passion for small gains. The poet's nature did not raise or refine the other, nor did the other perceptibly degrade that of the poet. The combination was not a mixture, and the central self of personality, the conscious *Ego*, whatever that may be, passed from one to the other quite easily down to the very close of life; as a pedestrian may take the road or the footpath at will when both run parallel along the whole course of his journey. The mystery of this is beyond all possible explanation; our nature is not sufficiently understood by us for such things to be clear except as simple facts. A character like Turner's would be rejected at once, in fiction, as untrue, but as a real existence it is undeniable. We shall have to recur to this subject towards the close of our biography, for the present we leave it and continue the story of the Life.

In 1796, when Turner was twenty-one years old, he went to live in rooms of his own in the lane at the end of Hand Court, for quietness. He exhibited much this year, including subjects from Salisbury, Westminster, Staffordshire, Wales, the Isle of Wight, and the sea. From this time it becomes more difficult to know with certainty from his exhibited works where he had

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been the year previous, because he has already begun to accumulate memoranda, and makes use of his earliest stores. Thus, in 1796 he exhibits drawings of Salisbury and Ely Cathedrals, and of fishermen at sea; and the next year he exhibits other drawings of the same cathedrals, and another drawing of fishermen. This may have been merely a recurrence to material already accumulated, but on the other hand, when we meet with some place in his drawings which he has not previously illustrated, we may conclude that in all probability he had visited it the year before. Up to the exhibition of 1798 he shows nothing from Yorkshire, but in that year he has several Yorkshire subjects; therefore we may conclude that he first visited that county, afterwards so great a favourite of his, in the year 1797. In that year he exhibited the little picture called *Moonlight, a study at Millbank*, which is now in the National Gallery, and is interesting as being the first of his works in oil which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. The picture is dull and heavy, and shows not the least trace of genius, yet it has always been rather a favourite with the writer of this biography for its truth to nature in one thing. All the ordinary manufacturers of moonlights—and moonlights have been manufactured in deplorably large quantities for the market—represent the light of our satellite as a blue and cold light, whereas in nature, especially in the southern summer, it is often pleasantly rich and warm. Turner did not follow the usual receipt, but had the courage to make his moonlight warm, though he had not as yet the skill to express the ineffably mellow softness of the real warm moonlights in nature.

The year 1797 must have been one of the happiest of Turner's early life. For the first time he got fairly into the north of England, and became acquainted with a kind of scenery which he loved for ever after. The catholicity of his taste in the choice of subject was already one of the marked characteristics of his mind; yet although he could find something to interest him anywhere, he found in Yorkshire, in the closest proximity to each other, those elements of interest which are often so widely apart that even the audacity of an artist cannot venture to bring them together. In the Highlands of Scotland we have mountains but no architecture; in Lincolnshire, architecture but no mountains; whilst through all the lovely reaches of the Thames you may seek in vain amongst its richest meadows for monastic remains like those of Fountains, Rievaulx, Kirkstall, or Bolton. There are castles on the southern coast, but where on the chalk cliffs will you find another Whitby? There are hills in Surrey, but what are the little southern heaths in comparison with the bleak vastness of a Yorkshire moor, where no sound is to be heard but the whistling of the wind and the whirr of the heath-cock's wings? In the close proximity of quite different material, the hilly parts of Yorkshire are a paradise to an artist of such various taste as Turner's. In an hour's walk he may pass there from the fertility of Arabia Felix to the stony desolation of Arabia Petræa; the hills are lofty enough to give him some foretaste of Highland sublimities, and the vales are rich enough to remind him of the old pastorals, if his feelings are still attached to them by the ties of artistic tradition.

But not only did Turner visit Yorkshire in 1797. The taste for travel was already too strong in him to be satisfied without seeing everything within his reach; so as he thought that the English lakes and the extreme north of England were not very far out of his way, he determined to see these also, and penetrated into Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland. The results of this excursion are partly visible in the next Academy Exhibition, to which the young artist sends monastic ruins and valleys of Yorkshire, mountains and lakes from Cumberland and Westmoreland, and baronial castles from Northumberland, still standing by sea or river. In the same year, as if to show that his interest in quiet southern scenes had not been diminished by any new-born enthusiasm for the sublimities of the north, he sends to the Academy *A Study in September of the Fern-House, Mr. Lock's Park, Mickleham, Surrey.* Castles and abbeys he has seen in all their grandeur, yet still thinks that the fern-house in Mr. Lock's park is worth drawing and exhibiting also. This is most characteristic of Turner, and we shall find him throughout his career always ready to turn from great

things to little things, his power of taking an interest in what he saw being always active, and neither deadened by too much stimulus nor atrophied by the insufficiency of it.

The year 1798 is not so rich in engravings from Turner's works as others before and after it. In that year the plates of Sheffield and Wakefield appeared in the 'Itinerant,' two towns which were less unpicturesque then than now. Both of them have good scenery very near at hand, but they have been spoiled for the painter by their very prosperity during the last seventy-five years. It was part of Turner's professional business at that time to illustrate towns, and he had done a good deal in that line, no doubt very conscientiously, but his tastes were already too exclusive for him to settle down to a regular trade of that kind. In 1799 the list of his exhibited works includes subjects from Wales and Northumberland, as well as two from Salisbury, which he often recurred to in early life; but this year he is ambitious, and paints a marine picture of the Battle of the Nile, mentioned in the catalogue with a quotation from 'Paradise Lost,' that well-known passage where the angels turn artillerymen, which is usually considered one of the blemishes of the poem. Turner seems to have been reading Milton at that time, for he quotes him again, *àpropos* of Harlech Castle, an evening drawing of which is one of his contributions to the Academy. The year before he quoted chiefly from Thomson's 'Seasons;' this year he quotes them once, *àpropos* of Warkworth Castle, Northumberland. It may be observed in this place that Turner's fancy for quoting poetry varied greatly in different years. One year he would quote rather extensively, and another not all. For example, in 1799 he enriches the Academy Catalogue with no less than thirty-seven lines of poetry from various authors, but in 1801 he does not quote a syllable. At a later period he makes the fatal discovery that a painter may compose his own bits of poetry and quote himself, but of this peculiar development of the Turnerian genius we shall have more to say in due time.

In 1799 Turner began the series of nine annual illustrations to the 'Oxford Almanac,' and it is probably in this year that he made the acquaintance of Dr. Whitaker, author of the 'History of Whalley.' Although Dr. Whitaker's name is perfectly well known in the north of England, and to readers in other parts of the island who take an interest in the history and antiquities of Lancashire and Yorkshire, we may explain for others who have not been led to any special study of those counties that the learned Doctor had a strong interest in the localities which he knew best, which, happily for posterity, led him to write three of the best local histories which have ever proceeded from the affectionate industry of an archæologist. These three histories had for their subjects the parish of Whalley, the district of Craven, and a part of Yorkshire about Richmond, known to local antiquaries as Richmondshire. Dr. Whitaker was Vicar of Whalley at the time that he wrote the history of that remarkably extensive and interesting parish, and it so happens that his son, who is now about to publish a new edition of the work, is also Vicar of Whalley, and to him I am indebted for a few details about Turner. He believes, but is not certain, that the young painter's first introduction to Dr. Whitaker was through Mr. Edwards, the Halifax publisher, when the Doctor was approaching the close of his labours as the historian of Whalley. Turner's new patron employed him to make designs for several of the plates which were to illustrate his work; and the young artist executed his task conscientiously, but with so little talent of any obviously visible kind, that Dr. Whitaker's fidelity to him, in subsequently commissioning the drawings for the 'History of Richmondshire,' has always seemed to me remarkable as an evidence of his perspicacity. Few who had known Turner from such illustrations as his *Whalley Abbey*, *Clitheroe*, and *Browsholme*, would have entertained the slightest hope that he could ever produce such designs as those in the 'History of Richmondshire;' but it is possible that Dr. Whitaker may have watched Turner's development in other publications. Between the 'Whalley' and 'Richmondshire' appeared Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Craven,' and to this Turner contributed an architectural subject. His connexion with these historical works was of use to him, by making him more intimately acquainted with places and people in a very interesting part of the north of England. The old mansion of the Whitakers, the Holme (familiar to the present biographer from his infancy), is situated in

one of the most beautiful scenes of Lancashire which still remain unspoiled by the manufactures. Near Burnley the vale is broad, and is occupied by the noble demesne of Towneley, which sweeps up the great waves of land before and behind the Hall, and fills all the hollow between them with rich meadows and a park full of sylvan beauty; but as you go from Towneley to the Holme the valley rapidly narrows, till at last it becomes a gorge or defile, with bold steep slopes which end in rugged cliffs of perpendicular rock, as high as the sea-cliffs on the wild Yorkshire coast. On each side of the glen there are gullies or ravines formed by the watercourses, and at the foot of one of these ravines stands the old house yet, much altered and enriched, but still preserving its main features. It is just one of those regions which Turner would have illustrated nobly in his maturity.

With his usual wonderful good luck, our hero was elected Associate of the Royal Academy at the early age of twenty-four. A landscape-painter in the present day, aged twenty-four, and able to do just what Turner could do then—that is, to paint his diploma picture of *Dolbadern Castle, North Wales*—might possibly, no doubt, be elected Associate; but the chances are so much against him that he would be just as likely to be made a Knight of the Garter. The competitors of Turner were much weaker, no doubt, than the competitors of a young aspirant in the present day, so that victory was easier for him; but the best part of his luck consisted in this, that in 1800 the Academy had not yet become an exclusive club of figure-painters, so that landscape had a fair chance of recognition. In the present day almost all the Academicians and Associates are figure-painters, and their almost invariable custom is to elect men who follow their own branch of the profession. There is no written rule against the election of a landscape-painter, and at exceedingly rare, and ever rarer intervals, a landscape-painter of extraordinary merit, in his full maturity, is made an Associate, in order to prove that the Academy is not absolutely intolerant of such artists. But in our day a landscape-painter has not the faintest chance of being elected an A.R.A. to encourage him and help him whilst the difficulties of his career loom still like mountainous steeps before him. It was in this that Turner was so fortunate. The right to a good and secure place on the Academy walls was given to him when he was striving hard with all the energy of youth; the Associateship came like a fair wind to a little boat that is fighting against the tide, and not like a breeze to a ship in port.

The subject of Turner's diploma picture was Dolbadern Castle, in North Wales. The castle is a simple round tower by the shore of the smaller of the two lakes of Llanberis, and within a short walk of Llanberis itself, at the foot of Snowdon. Very likely many readers of these pages may have seen the little castle, and sketched it, for it is rather a popular subject for a sketch. Those who know the place will remember its marked and peculiar geological character (blue slate), which no landscape-painter before our generation would have recognised. One of the most curious things in the history of landscape-painting is the persistence with which the artists, and the public who admired them, remained blind to the facts of the earth's structure, even to the visible, obvious, most striking and external facts, until there was a definite science of geology, with a scientific nomenclature. Turner's *Dolbadern* is merely a brown picture of the Wilson class, with some feeling for the sublimity of an isolated tower amidst mountain scenery, but no delight in, nor observation of, the especial character of landscape round Llanberis. It would indeed, in the last years of the eighteenth century, have been a proof of almost unimaginable audacity in a young artist to venture to paint blue slate. Wilson, whose name so naturally suggests itself to us in connexion with Llanberis, which is near the little estate that saved him from utter indigence at last, never ventured to paint the real scenery of Wales, though he loved it, and drew some consolation from the solemnity of it at the close of life. It might almost be supposed that the painters of those days foresaw the artistic difficulties and dangers which were likely to be, and which in fact have been, opened like pitfalls to imprudent artists by the free access to the whole of nature which is claimed by the modern spirit. Turner, at Dolbadern, was still in the spirit of the elder artists, to whom art

seemed much more distinct from nature than it seems now to their successors. They looked upon the painted world on canvas as a world in itself, and they were cautious about introducing into the painted world the material of the dangerously various reality. It may have been a result of this early caution in accepting nature as good material for art, that Turner, to the end of his days, considered art and nature as two entirely distinct things, or categories of things, in which he differed from the modern English realists who succeeded him, and whose main purpose was, in the most literal sense, to hold the mirror up to nature.

About this time Turner's name becomes associated with that of the famous author of 'Vathek;' for he went to Fonthill in 1799, and made several sketches of the *Gothic Abbey* there, which Mr. Beckford was then building, and in which (as Scott did afterwards at Abbotsford) he made the perilous experiment of a romance in stone and lime. Beckford's stone romance included the wonderful tower, of which the impossible ideal, with eleven thousand stairs, existed already in his story of 'Vathek;' but the tower fell down long ago, and the Fonthill collections are dispersed, and the fame of Beckford's heap of gold has faded before the lustre of bigger heaps which have been accumulated since his time. So passes the glory of the world! But when 'England's wealthiest son' was building his tower by sunlight and by torchlight, gangs of workmen succeeding each other without intermission—for there were no genii to add nightly cubits to this edifice in the region of reality—the young artist who quietly looked on was himself laying the foundations of a more durable monument.

The year after his visit to Fonthill, Turner studied Gothic of a more authentic character at York, a better place for an artist at the beginning of this century than (thanks to the improvements of Philistine corporations) it has since become. There he sketched the noble Minster, which Etty afterwards loved more passionately than ever building was loved before; and before leaving Yorkshire he sketched both Kirkstall and Bolton, which he made good use of afterwards when his powers as an artist were much more fully developed. Kirkstall is in these days better in a drawing than in the reality, for the modern industrial life of Leeds has come so very near it that the visitor cannot exclude it and get back to the tranquil old monastic life without an effort of the imagination of which few visitors are capable. Even in Turner's day the modern world could not be entirely excluded from the scene, though he acknowledged its presence only by a single building on the other side of the weir, carefully screened by massive trunks of trees. Bolton Abbey is still so preserved from the too immediate contact of manufacturing modernism that it is yet possible to dream there of the past, though even Bolton itself is now dangerously near to the factories, and you may reach them from the inn there in a disquietingly short time on horseback. Turner had ever afterwards the most intense affection for Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood, and for the river Wharfe, which flows through the sweet meadows in the vale and makes a beautiful curve round the site of the Abbey itself. Who that has once followed the Wharfe from the narrow glen below Barden Tower, past the Strid, the Abbey, and the bridge, and down for a few miles till it becomes broad and sleepy above the weir at Burley, can wonder that an artist like Turner should have loved it? In later life all that land became consecrated for him by one of the most affectionate friendships that ever cheered the solitude of a bachelor's existence. Farnley Hall is near the Wharfe, and Mr. Fawkes of Farnley made Turner so happy there that the place was dearer than home to him. He was a hard worker, and, like all hard workers, capable of thoroughly forgetting work and heartily amusing himself. His favourite recreation was fishing. The Wharfe is a very good stream for the angler between Bolton Abbey and Farnley Hall; so that Turner may have had an angler's attachment for it as well as a painter's. Besides the Wharfe, and the sweet vale in which Bolton Priory lies nestling, there was a strong attraction for a Londoner in the hills whence the young stream flows. There are many bold hills in Yorkshire, but few strike the eye and awaken the imagination more than the heights about Barden Tower, because their wildness is such a contrast after the rich peace of the sacred vale. All Turner's drawings of that land show how strongly its hill-forms affected him. See the *Bolton Abbey* in Rogers, for example, and the other illustration to 'The Boy of Egre-

mond,' the *Strid*, in which the steepness of the hills is well remembered, whilst the true character of the stream at that place is neglected or forgotten.

We may take note at this time of one or two changes of London residence. The reader may remember that in 1796, when Turner was twenty-one years old, he went to live in rooms of his own at the end of Hand Court, Maiden Lane. In 1800 he went to live in Harley Street, and either in that year or the next, for there are different accounts of this removal, he removed to 75 Norton Street, Fitzroy Square. His removals appear to have been the consequences of professional promotion. At every decided step in advance he took a different habitation. This is rather curious, indicating, as it does, how entirely he lived in his professional life.

It is not very easy for us, at this distance of time, to realise to ourselves quite accurately the professional position of Turner in 1800, for either we are likely to overrate it (from the power of his name upon us now), or else we may even under-estimate it from the contrast between the sort of work that he did then and the wonderful performance of his full maturity. Another difficulty is that there is not a single artist now living in England, or in Europe, who occupies exactly the position which Turner occupied at the very beginning of this century. He was not yet considered a great artist, and did not deserve to be so considered; but on the other hand, he was looked upon as the best man for a certain class of illustrative work which was in demand, and in much greater demand than it is now. The English form of the spirit of the classical Renaissance was just giving way to that first interest in the work of the middle ages which found its literary expression, later, in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and so strongly coloured what is distinctively the literature of the nineteenth century, that it is scarcely possible to find an English author living in it, from Byron downwards, whose works are not tinged, at least in parts, with the light of the mediæval renaissance. Turner was not naturally a mediævalist; his modes of thought, and his early training, led him rather to the kind of classicism which has prevailed in the education of modern painters. These artists have been much withdrawn from mediæval influence by a very simple and intelligible cause. The mediæval artists could invent noble architecture and beautiful decoration, but they could not draw the figure. Painters went necessarily and inevitably to those predecessors who understood the human form. The Greeks understood it; even the Romans understood it also; the whole of what we call the classical world understood it, and the whole of what we call the mediæval world remained in ignorance of it. For this reason the culture and tradition of modern art are a classical culture and tradition. It may still be doubted whether Turner, had he been left to follow his own instincts without reference to the demands of publishers or purchasers, would ever have painted Gothic architecture at all. Amongst the pictures which he consciously intended to be his great masterpieces, and which he undertook without reference to the immediate demand, Gothic architecture does not occur, whilst classical architecture is of frequent occurrence. But although Turner's tastes or instincts did not lead him directly to Gothic architecture, he was brought to it indirectly by his love of English landscape, and his generally comprehensive interest in human work of all kinds. When he sat down to sketch a scene with an ordinary house in it, he would not omit the house; he never omitted anything that had human interest; much less, then, would he omit an object so full of human interest as a Gothic castle or abbey. He drew such mediæval remains in a painstaking and prosaic way at the beginning (as at Whalley, for example), but as he improved in the knowledge and treatment of landscape he perceived more clearly how much might be done with Gothic architecture as picturesque material, and he drew it better, in combination with the surrounding landscape, than any other artist of his time. In this way he came to have a safe little professional specialty. Whenever a publisher wanted a good drawing of an English abbey, or castle, or cathedral, he knew that young Mr. Turner would do it for him in a satisfactory way, with all its landscape or street surroundings. But whilst Turner could draw mediæval architecture, he was not a mediævalist. He would study

a 'gentleman's seat' with as much complacency, and as faithful care, as Salisbury Cathedral or Fountains Abbey. He had none of those intense repugnances which prevent many young artists from earning their living, but would draw anything that came in his way. This comprehensiveness, or tolerance, gave him a safe position in the pecuniary sense, though his earnings were not great; and we have seen that on the artistic side his qualities, though far from brilliant as yet, were sufficiently visible to procure him regular admission to the Academy exhibition, and to get him elected Associate at a remarkably early age. We have not in these days any young artist in Turner's position, because his trade of drawing mediæval buildings has been almost annihilated by photography. Yet it was the engravings from these drawings which first made Turner known, and which kept him safe from want at a time when his pictures were not saleable. In 1800 his name was already strong enough for a publisher to venture upon *separate* engravings from his works. The first were the *Mausoleum at Brocklesby*, and *Dunster Castle* from the south-west. From that date single plates appeared at intervals till his death, and after it. In the present day the print-publisher would not invest capital in laboured engravings from the works of a landscape-painter such as Turner was in his early manhood. The pictures which the print-sellers of these days cause to be engraved are almost exclusively incident pictures, or pictures which appeal to deep-seated national sentiments of loyalty or religion.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

TECHNICAL NOTES.

WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.—In Mr. Gilchrist's 'Life of Etty' there are a good many scattered notes about his technical practice at different times of his life which have supplied the materials for what follows. An artist's practice is constantly undergoing modification from his advancing experience; indeed, few artists adhere strictly to the same technical methods for more than a few months at a time. Sometimes they return to their own earlier systems, to abandon them again after a little while; more frequently they try new experiments, or experiments which at least are new for them, although they may have been often tried by others.

Etty was always a believer in the advantage of using few colours, and especially few colours at the same time. When about twenty-nine years old he thought it best to paint flesh with one colour at a time, or at the most with two, letting each layer of colour be seen through. At that time he had an especial dislike to yellow in the early stages of work, at least in the head and extremities, for which he reserved it till the last. In the preparatory sketching he thought it slovenly to use many lines in seeking for an outline, and preferred the system of marking distances by dots, and then drawing a firm and true line through them, or by their guidance. He greatly valued a pure true outline at that time. Had he painted landscape he would probably have attached less importance to outline; indeed, a more mature figure-painter than Etty was in 1816 would care less for *finish* of outline, even in the figure, at an early stage of the work.

When Etty had got his outline to his satisfaction he fixed it with a little yellow ochre and lake, or with some darker colour, and did no more for that sitting. For the second sitting he put black and white on his palette and a little red; he seems to have given Indian red a preference, but not to the absolute exclusion of others. He laid in the shadows with a mixture of black and red, excluding white at this stage altogether from the shadows. He painted these redder than he saw them, that they might bear scumbling afterwards. As the modelling of the form brought it into light he introduced white, using red and white simply towards the high lights. He painted, at this time, all his half-tints smooth, but the lights were painted thickly. Shadows and half-tints were laid in 'square and decided, yet tenderly melting at the edge.' He attached an immense importance to soundness of work in this dead-colouring, on which he

thought that everything depended, and yet up to the age of twenty-nine it was his practice to hide it in a great measure afterwards by repaintings. At that time of life, however, he became anxious to preserve the first colouring, or, at least, to keep it so far visible under the others that the effect of it might not be lost. When a flesh-tint, such as Indian red and white, was painted directly on a milled board, Etty perceived that it had a lustre, from the light of the white ground behind it, which it would be very desirable to preserve. There was nothing new in this idea, for it was the very basis of the old Flemish system of painting. However, it led Etty into his second kind of practice, which was to paint in the figure with black and white and Indian red to begin with. This first painting having dried, he varnished it with copal; he glazed* it, or, in other words, brought it to the tint he wanted with transparent colours, which seem to have been applied all over the work in the first place. When the glazing was dry, Etty would scumble on the bloom—that is, paint lightly with opaque colours so thin as to be semitransparent. When the scumbling in its turn was dry, Etty glazed in the shadows and touched on the lights carefully, which brought the study to its completion. After adopting this system, Etty much regretted that he had so long followed what now seemed to him the erroneous method of hiding work already done under subsequent paintings; but we need not attach very much importance to these regrets. The truth is, that Etty at this time was leaving the opaque method for the transparent method, and not simply leaving a bad system for a good one, as he seems to have believed. Good results have, in fact, been attained by both methods, and, of the two, it is probably safer for a young painter to seek patiently in opaque colours than to try too much at first for seductive effects of transparence by means of glazes.

Régnault, who thought the English system bad, recommended Etty to finish his studies part by part, putting the bones and muscles in their proper places as he went on. Etty resolved to try this plan, but we do not know if he found that it suited him in practice.

When copying the *Ganymede* of Titian, in 1818, the English colourist began by making an outline with ink, and then he covered the canvas with flat ground-colours to work upon. The sky was covered in this way with a flat tint of blue, the drapery with Indian red and white mixed together in a flat tint; all the rest of the canvas Etty covered with raw umber; and we learn incidentally from his note on the subject of this copy that he used raw umber in the same way to prepare his Academy figures.

We learn something now and then of the artist's later practice by accident. When occupied in laying in the light and shadow of the *Sirens* he used tempera, and in some of the dark parts the gluten or size was stronger than it ought to have been, so that when the picture was removed portions of it dropped and peeled off, though not in the most important parts of the work. There is no real necessity whatever for the use of size in oil-painting, for a picture in its earlier stages may be prepared as well with oil, and no one thinks of using size in the later stages of oil-painting. At all events, it is very dangerous to use thick size, of which we have here a convincing proof.

Mr. Frost says that Etty's mature practice was to paint solidly at first, then glaze, then scumble when the glaze was dry, and finally glaze here and there upon the scumble. This would not be far from the Venetian method of painting.†

From an expression used by Mr. Charles Collins there is reason to suppose that Etty sometimes painted into a transparent ground of raw umber whilst it was wet. Mr. Collins says, 'He would sometimes, after having outlined the figure, cover the whole with an application

* As these notes may possibly be glanced over by readers who are not very familiar with the technical practice of oil-painting, it may be useful to observe that the meaning of *glazing* is very commonly misunderstood. It is often supposed to mean the application of a thin varnish, so as to make the surface shine like glass. The real meaning of the word is the application of transparent *colour*, which shows the tint beneath it modified by its own hue. For example, a yellow glaze on a blue ground produces green.

† The student of technical matters has to be on his guard against the want of precision in continental writers on the subject of glazes and scumbles, which they seldom accurately distinguish. Even artists, on the Continent do not make the distinction always in conversation.

of dark-brown transparent colour; and then commence painting into this, a practice which I remember, in my first enthusiasm for the artist, endeavouring to imitate—not always with the happiest results.'

The fullest account of Etty's technical practice in the Life school of the Academy was given by Mr. Maclise. According to this witness Etty drew first a charcoal outline, and then went over this with common pen and ink. Next he rubbed a little asphaltum, mixed with his usual vehicle, over the whole of his milled board, touched in his shadows transparently, in masses, and began to paint in the lights, 'dragging the edges of the lights with a free hand into the shadow.' On subsequent nights he would repeat the process till the study was finished. The vehicle which he used was old raw linseed oil with a little sugar-of-lead and a few drops of spirits of turpentine. This is according to the evidence of Maclise, but Etty told Mr. Collins that he invariably made his medium of one part saturated sugar-of-lead water, one part mastic varnish, and one of linseed oil. Sometimes he added a few drops of turpentine. He had tried all kinds of vehicles, including wax.

This colourist liked to get his effects with few pigments. 'With anything approaching to a yellow, a red, and a blue and white,' said a contemporary painter, 'he could produce a sweetly-coloured picture.' Etty himself recommended a correspondent to be as simple as possible in practice, and to use few colours. The list he gave was not embarrassing from its extent:—Naples yellow—light red—Indian red—vermilion—lake—terre verte—blue—raw umber—burnt umber—black.

In his own letter the artist says 'terre verte or blue,' as an alternative, but he does not say which blue. It may be worth observing that the above list is sufficient for painting a naked figure, but that a landscape-painter would need different colours, though not more colours. A very few pigments will give a complete chromatic scale with which you may imitate all existing hues, but the above list is not chromatically complete, it is only sufficiently complete for the naked figure. The weakest point in it is the want of a really brilliant yellow—not so much for the occasional use of such a yellow in a pure state as for the necessity of it in greens and oranges. Another peculiarity which strikes one is the slight importance attached to blue. Etty seems to have regarded blue as by no means indispensable, since he is willing to supply the place of it with terre verte, and leaves it to the option of the pupil whether he will use terre verte or blue. The next question is, which blue Etty would have recommended if the pupil had preferred blue as more essential than terre verte? The construction of the sentence leads one to suppose that he intended to say terre verte or terre bleu, though in that case he used an English adjective with a French noun. Terre bleu is in English blue bice, a colour hardly ever used in these days, because blue verditer and other pigments have passed under its name and created a distrust for it. Every painter will see that with terre verte only, and no blue, a palette could never be complete chromatically.

The same letter contains Etty's receipt for a medium which must be the one used by himself late in life. 'A little sugar of lead, finely ground, about the size of a bean, rubbed up with your palette-knife, in a teaspoonful of mastic varnish. Add to this two spoonfuls of cold-drawn linseed oil. Mix them well up together. If you like, add a little spirits of turpentine, as much or as little as you please. And with a large brush rub over the canvas or picture you have to paint on!'

Some light is thrown upon Etty's practice by a single phrase of his with reference to one of his pictures, *The Storm*. 'It was painted,' he said, 'on the principle of attaining harmony of colour by neutral tints.' The same principle was acted upon by Etty very generally in his studies, and it explains why the palette which he recommended to a student was a good palette for neutral tints, though defective for the full chromatic scale.

The palette recommended by Etty to a student is the best means we have of guessing what his own palette must have been in later life. Contemporary witnesses, in these technical matters, usually supply evidence which is provokingly incomplete. Mr. Collins says, 'His

palette he brought ready set and did not hold on his thumb, but screwed it to the side of his board. He seemed to make a conscience almost of using all the colours on his palette. Unfortunately Mr. Collins forgets to tell us what those colours were. Mr. Maclise says that the palette was 'already *set*,' and that sometimes his colours would fall short on his palette, but that he had no bladders or tubes to replenish it. Mr. Maclise also omits all separate mention of the colours. The only evidence we have of colours used by Etty himself refers to his early manhood, when we know that he employed yellow ochre, which is omitted as superfluous from the list he made in 1848, but blue is not mentioned. In neutral tints black may be made, by opposition, to do a great deal of the work of blue. When he copied Titian's *Ganymede*, in 1818, Etty really did use blue, and blue is certainly used in many of his own pictures, though it is not easy to say which pigment, because, like all colourists, the artist who occupies us could deceive the eye so completely by his oppositions.

Etty's canvases were prepared for him with a rough absorbent ground, and he often began his pictures in water-colour. His draperies and armour were usually begun in water-colours, which he fixed to the canvas by glazing before proceeding to the regular work of oil-painting. He thought that this preparation gave brilliance to the subsequent work. Many other modern painters have employed it. He was very particular about his brushes, and preferred those made by Dagneaux, of Paris, to any others. He did not, however, paint exclusively with brushes, but used his fingers (as Titian did), or a handkerchief, or the palette-knife, or whatever seemed most convenient for the immediate purpose.

A BOY LOOKING AT A DEAD BIRD.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE F. WALKER, A.R.A.

THIS is one of the simplest of Walker's designs, and the least elaborate of his works in water-colour. It is, in fact, little more than a study; but in spite of the slender motive and the slightness of its execution, the presence of a fine and delicate artistic insight is unmistakable. We feel even of the single figure that the incidents of form as well as the particular mood of feeling have been sought with keener observation than most painters can command. There are but few modern artists who could afford so much delicate sympathy for so insignificant a theme, but it was precisely by the possession of this extraordinary sympathy that Walker was able to find out those subtle beauties which common nature offers only to her most intimate worshippers. Those who can appreciate the merits of a little sketch like this already possess the secret of Walker's art. *A Boy looking at a Dead Bird* has no attractions but such as are purely artistic. It commands attention solely by the refinement of its interpretation—by the completeness with which a simple fact is rendered. The attraction of even the most ambitious of Walker's designs depends also upon this same quality, but in some of them the merit may be the more easily recognised by reason of the greater interest of the motive and the more elaborate grace of the composition. For the opportunity of presenting this exquisite little study to the readers of the PORTFOLIO, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. G. Marks, whose name will be remembered in association with the exhibition of Walker's Works.

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. ALBAN'S.

THE evidence of an important development of the art of painting at St. Alban's does not depend upon the manuscripts alone. In the church itself the traces of pictorial decoration are numerous, and it is impossible to enter the building without being at once impressed by the prominence of coloured designs, both upon the roof and upon the walls. None of these

designs, it must be admitted, exhibit a very high order of pictorial invention, although everywhere there is abundant evidence of artistic taste. The purely ornamental work, as we might expect, is superior in its kind to such fragments of more ambitious composition as remain; but in the present ruined state of the frescoes in the nave it would be unfair to attempt to estimate the gifts or the capabilities of the artists by whom they were produced. What is very clear, however, is that for several centuries the tradition of pictorial art was maintained. Enough is left in different parts of the church to prove this, and to show that the influence of the earlier school was so far felt and respected that although the practice of the art was steadily pursued through successive ages the earlier examples were carefully preserved. It is probable, indeed, that the Norman piers upon the north side of the nave were saved from destruction in the general rebuilding of the church out of regard to the paintings upon them. Mr. Waller, whose opinion is quoted by the late Dr. Nicholson in his learned little guide to the Abbey, conjectures that these works vary in date from the beginning of the thirteenth to the middle of the fourteenth century. According to this view the earliest of them would be nearly coincident in point of time with the reconstruction of the church begun by John de Cella, and completed by his successor; but as it was then that these Norman piers were preserved, we may conclude that they were already decorated with some kind of painting of a still earlier date. This conclusion is borne out by the evidence of the paintings themselves. It would seem clear that the artist of the thirteenth century was in some degree bound by existing designs, and that in some parts of his work, at least, he was kept to a fixed and conventional mode of treatment. I say in some parts of his work, because there are obvious inequalities of design even in those specimens to which Mr. Waller has assigned a common date, and accepting that date as correct these inequalities would seem to prove that the artist was not entirely free to exercise his own invention. For instance, we find that the subject of the Crucifixion is repeated on each of the five piers, and that underneath the crucifixion different passages in the life of the Virgin have been chosen for illustration. Upon comparing the upper and the lower designs a marked difference of style is in nearly every case discernible. The stronger convention of the one and the greater freedom of the other is clearly expressed, going far to prove that in the first instance the artist was rather employed to restore an existing invention, while in the second he was left to his own resources. The character of the Crucifixion on the first pier, for example, is decidedly more archaic than that of the Virgin and Child beneath it, and the same criticism would apply more strongly to the two designs on the third pier. Still more modern in their appearance, as compared with the series of the Crucifixion, are the large figures on the south sides of the piers. These were probably entirely the work of the artists by whom they were produced, in design as well as in execution; and although their present ruined state renders all detailed criticism impossible, enough remains to testify to the importance of the work. After these paintings in the nave the most interesting works remaining are the wooden panels in the roof of the baptistery, a scheme of decoration repeated with enfeebled resource and poorer colour in the roof of the nave and of the transepts. The fragments of the shrine of St. Alban's also bear testimony to the use of colour in the decoration of the church, and the fresco of St. Thomas on the wall of the north transept survives as an example of a later phase of pictorial art.

After all, however, the surviving paintings in the church deserve consideration, rather as a suggestion of what was done than by right of their intrinsic worth. They prove that the art of mural decoration was more diligently pursued in St. Alban's than in most of the other English churches, and they help us to understand and to realize the enthusiastic descriptions given by the historians of the skill of individual painters and of the magnitude of the works undertaken by them. It is only astonishing that with such an energetic research of perfection in this kind the art should not have survived the destruction of the religious houses. It is true, no doubt, that at St. Alban's, as elsewhere in England, the later developments of painting were much inferior to the earlier, but the fact in itself presents a problem difficult of solution.

It is hard to say precisely why an art so well fitted to survive the destruction of the monastic system, and which, in other countries of Europe did freely reflect the general life of the nation, should in England have been left almost to perish, or at least to await a foreign influence before its revival. Upon the difficulties of this problem the fragments of painting at St. Alban's can throw but little light. They do not even completely present the art as it was in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and they supply no hint of the causes which rendered the further development of the art from the fourteenth century a decadence rather than an improvement.

With this glance at the practice of English painting, as illustrated by the monks of St. Alban's, we take our leave of the Abbey Church and its history. In the little that has been said there is still ample evidence to justify the assertion with which we set out on our inquiry, that few other existing architectural monuments can claim richer associations with the progressive national life, or with the history of the particular arts they are designed to express. The development of architecture, the strength and decadence of the monastic system, and the gradual ascendancy of the people, are each in turn illustrated by events that are bound up in the story of St. Alban's and its monastery. Long before the conflict between the people and

SOPWELL PRIORY.

the religious houses had reached its climax, there had encamped under the walls of the monastery an army of peasant-folk, who came to demand a reform of the abuses by which, as tenants of the Abbot, they were oppressed. In every age St. Alban's was typical of the dominant movements, either of the secular or the religious life of England. We have found the type of true religious devotion in the person of John de Cella, and the embodiment of courtly and polished priesthood in Abbot John of Wheathamstead; and as in the earlier times of the Abbey we have a picture of the purity of the monastic life, so in its latter days St. Alban's was distinguished above other houses for its profligacy and corruption. It would be hard to discover a darker record of moral deformity than that which is contained in the monition of the Archbishop addressed to the Abbot in the year 1490. Nor was this terrible denunciation addressed only to the inmates of the Abbey. It has been remarked how entirely isolated and companionless seems the great church, with its magnificent Norman tower in the midst of the modern town, but just beyond the outskirts of the town there stand some ruined fragments of an establishment that was associated with the Abbey during a great part of its history, and was a partner of its final overthrow. If we follow the course of the stream that divides St. Alban's from Verulam, we shall come to the ruins of Sopwell Priory. The uncertain lines of a wall half overthrown mark out the domain of the ancient establishment, and in the midst of what is now a flowery meadow a few remains of the Priory rise a little way from the ground.

These ruins, with the deserted garden and broken wall around it, reflect fairly enough the fate of the nunnery, but they afford no hint of how well that fate was deserved. Those who are curious in such matters may be referred to the monition of the Archbishop already mentioned, but it is enough here to say that at the time at which we are speaking the inmates of Sopwell Priory had fallen far away from the original ideal of the establishment, and were not, any

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

more than their friends, the monks at St. Alban's, living by any means in accordance with the rule of the order of St. Benedict. Walsingham gives a little picture of the founding of the Priory, which stands in pathetic contrast to the sketch of the place provided by the Archbishop in the year 1490. The chronicler tells us that in the time of Geoffrey, the sixteenth Abbot of St. Alban's, about the year 1141, two holy women constructed a habitation by wattling the boughs of trees with rods, near to a wood called Eiwood, not far from the river Ver, at which place they led a life of fasting and prayer. This was the beginning of Sopwell nunnery, of which we now see the end. The Abbot of St. Alban's, we are told, moved by the steadiness of their devotion, built a cell for them near to a well, which was used by the first women of this society, and was called Sopwell. He gave to them rents and possessions for their support, and ordained that they should be clothed after the manner of nuns and follow the rule of St. Benedict. Those good women who had built the little wattled house would have been perhaps more surprised at sight of the convent in the year 1490 than in its present ruined state. The appearance of things has almost reverted to what it must have been when they first chose the site for their dwelling, and it wants but a little while to remove all trace of the more ambitious structure that was afterwards the scene of so much depravity.

STAND FOR HOUR-GLASS.

If, leaving the ruins of Sopwell, we make once more for the river that runs at foot of the meadow, and strike up stream across the high-road and under the shadow of the Abbey Church, we shall find ourselves in the most beautiful landscape in the neighbourhood. The beauty begins so soon as we have passed the old mill that once marked the boundary of the Abbey precinct. From this point a path runs by the side of the stream, and on the other

side of the narrow channel thick shrubberies come down to the water's edge. There is some fine old timber in the meadow on the left, and here and there through the grass a tributary brooklet, grown green with cresses, makes its way to the main stream. A little further on we get a peep at a graceful lawn upon the opposite bank, and at this point the path strikes away from the river across the field to the left, where there is a gateway into the road. This is the road that leads to the church of St. Michael's, standing well away from the dull town of St. Alban's, and surrounded by a few old-fashioned houses of its own. The church of St. Michael, together with those of St. Peter and St. Stephen, was founded by Usic, the sixth Abbot. It stands in the centre of what was once the ancient city of Verulam, and, like the Abbey Church, it is in part constructed out of the antique Roman tiles. A few remnants of wall-painting give interest to an interior that is otherwise bare of incident; and the statue of Lord Bacon on the left of the chancel is a complete and, on the whole, a very interesting specimen of the portrait-sculpture of the seventeenth century. The pulpit, with a stand for the hour-glass placed on the left-hand side of the preacher, is an admirable example of carving in low relief.

J. Comyns Carr.

NEW ETCHINGS BY M. RAJON.

We have pleasure in directing attention to three plates by M. Rajon, which have been recently published in London.* The subjects of these plates are as different as possible, and the variety makes us realise the versatility of the artist. Messrs. Alma Tadema, J. W. Oakes, and A. Fabri, are the painters of the original pictures. Mr. Alma Tadema's picture, *On the Steps of the Capitol*, represents a Roman woman of classic times, making and selling wreaths to the passers-by; a very difficult subject to etch, and in some respects an unrewarding one from the quantity of light middle-tints and the large, uninteresting spaces of marble blocks in the building. Besides these difficulties, the woman's face and figure offer few opportunities to an etcher, except in expression, which M. Rajon has rendered with great delicacy. The picture has the usual originality of M. Alma Tadema's works, and carries us back to old Rome by showing us a bit of human life in a corner of it. The picture by Mr. Oakes is a scene on the English coast—*Fluke Fishing;* a cloudy sky, a watery foreground with figures and a dark boat, and small craft in the middle-distance drying their sails at low tide. This etching has the great quality of making us fancy we see the picture. The sky may not be perfect as an imitation of nature, for we quite admit that no etcher can imitate a natural sky so well as it can be done with the brush; but M. Rajon has perfectly succeeded in conveying to us all the impression which he desired to convey; so that we understand these clouds, and the play of light amongst them, as well as if they were more fully realised. This is entirely an *effect* etching, in which line is not the object, and it is curious how nearly it comes to the texture of painted work. *The Armourer*, from a picture by A. Fabri, represents a man occupied in examining the lock of a musket. He has nothing on but a pair of breeches, and a handkerchief, or light cap, upon his head; but some fine clothes, with a cocked hat, are on a massive seat in the corner. Of course a subject of this kind offers the most convenient study to a painter. A model will stand long in that attitude; the iron vice, and the oak chair with the clothes upon it, will stand still longer, whilst the background of blank wall and bellows can be studied in any blacksmith's shop. All pictures of this class, when executed by competent painters, are therefore sure to be remarkable for truth of representation, including truth of texture; and in this instance M. Rajon has had to summon to his aid all the resources of etching to contend with the subtle object and texture-painting of the Roman artist. A fine proof of this plate is an excellent example of what modern etching can achieve towards the attainment of such qualities in the hands of one of the greatest living masters.

* By Mr. Palmer, 30 Duke Street, Piccadilly.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXII.—Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. (1618–1682.)

St. John and the Lamb.

ETCHED BY L. RICHETON.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO was born at Seville, where he was baptized on the 1st of January, 1618. He assumed and added the name of Murillo, after his maternal grandmother. He received his early technical art education from Juan del Castillo, a relative; and at first painted in the ordinary forcible realistic style of the period, taking his subjects from the streets, but also supplying the South American market with heads of Saints and other Church pictures, which he exposed for sale in the *feria*, or weekly fair.

After he had thus established himself and formed a moderate purse, he was induced by the representations of Pedro de Moya, who had been with Vandyck in England, to extend the field of his ambition and travel abroad, to England and to Italy; but having fallen in with Velazquez, his fellow-townsman, in Madrid, he was persuaded to give up his notion of foreign travel for a time, and through the aid of this great friend Murillo acquired so good a position in the Spanish capital, that when that painter eventually recommended him, in 1644, to prosecute his original intention of visiting Rome, he had lost all taste for the project, and in the following year, in 1645, he settled in Seville.

In Seville, Murillo at once took a high position; his only rivals there at any time were his juniors, Francisco de Herrera the younger, and Juan de Valdes Leal; and the former quitted Seville for Madrid, leaving Murillo the undisputed *capo scuola*.

In 1648 Murillo had married Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, a lady of fortune and of a noble family, of Pilas, near Seville, and his house then became the resort of people of fashion. Yet he died poor, according to Palomino; he did not receive very large prices for his pictures, the highest recorded by Cean Bermudez is equivalent to about 160*l.*, and this was for the *Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes*, an immense picture, of the series painted for the hospital of 'La Caridad' at Seville. For other large pictures he received only half this amount.

In 1660 he established the Academy of Seville, and accepted the position of President for the first year, but he never filled that office afterwards.

His death was the result of an accident. He was employed on an altar-piece representing St. Catherine, for the church of the Capuchins at Cadiz, when he fell from the scaffolding. He was removed to Seville and died there shortly afterwards, on the 3rd of April, 1682, in his sixty-fifth year.

Two sons and a daughter survived him; but the daughter, Francisca, had taken the veil some years before her father's death. Of one son, Gabriel, nothing is known; the other, Gaspar Esteban, was a painter and an imitator of his father: he died at Seville on the 2nd of May, 1709, a canon of the cathedral there.

Murillo's chief works were painted after he was fifty years of age, from about 1670 to 1680: this was the time of the eight large compositions of La Caridad, finished in 1674, representing: 1. *Moses striking the Rock;* 2. *The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes;* 3. *The Return of the*

Prodigal Son; 4. *Abraham visited by the Angels;* 5. *The Pool of Bethesda;* 6. *The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison;* 7. *San Juan de Dios bearing a poor man on his back;* and 8. *Santa Isabel, Queen of Hungary, healing the Sick Poor:* the last two illustrating Charity; that of St. Isabel is known as *El Tiñoso*, and is now at Madrid. The rest are all dispersed, chiefly through the agency of Marshal Soult. Two, Nos. 3 and 4, are in the Duke of Sutherland's Gallery.

These works belong to the painter's chaster or more elevated manner; his early works were in the forcible style of Spagnoletto, as we see in the Munich and other galleries.

A very popular subject with Murillo in his later time was *Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception*, of which there are many repetitions, large and small.*

Of his most natural and most beautiful work is the subject of our present etching, from one of the three examples of the master in the National Collection:

No. 176. *St. John and the Lamb*, an image of the divine mission of the Baptist. St. John, a child, embraces the lamb, which is resting one foot on John's right arm, while the child's left hand is seen above the lamb, pointing to heaven, in illustration of the words of the Gospel, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' John, i. 29.

On the ground at St. John's feet is the cross, the standard of the Lamb, with, on a scroll around it, the legend proclaiming his mission, 'Ecce Agnus Dei.' The background of the picture is a dark rocky landscape.

On canvas, 5 feet 5 inches high, by 3 feet 7 inches wide.

Formerly in the collection of M. Robit, from whom it passed into that of Sir Simon Clarke; and at the sale of his pictures in 1840 it was purchased for the National Gallery for 2100*l.*

R. N. Wornum.

A NEW LUSTRED POTTERY.

THE peculiar brilliancy of polished metals is due to a very intense reflection of the incident light. This reflection constitutes the lustre known as 'metallic,' and consists of pencils of rays which are generally coloured by reason of the selective absorption exercised upon the white light by the illuminated surface. These metallic lustres are produced by other materials in addition to metals. They are seen in the brilliant plumage of humming-birds, the wing-cases of many beetles, and the nacre of certain shells. It is, perhaps, to attempts at imitating some of these natural effects of light that we owe the early examples of the peculiar and often beautiful pottery known as *lustred* ware. In such wares a film of actual metal is not always present, some compound substance, such as a metallic oxide or sulphide, being occasionally the reflecting material. The lustring is effected by one of the processes known to chemists as 'reducing,' and to potters as 'stifling.' If, when the ware has been decorated with ordinary enamel colours and fired, it be again touched with certain easily fusible and reducible metallic preparations, on heating it a second time in the kiln, and introducing a little resin or wood, the fumes of these matters will have the effect of reducing some of the metal, and so forming a thin but lustrous coating on the ware. The process requires knowledge and skill, but is not really difficult. If the traditions of this curious art, with their minute but empirical directions, had not been lost, there would have been nothing to prevent its frequent adoption in the potteries of the present day. But chemical knowledge, and many practical trials, with, we may add, many disappointing failures, can replace or recover tradition. Thus it is that we have to draw attention to a modern reproduction of the ancient lustred wares. Mr. William De

* See Cean Bermudez, 'Diccionario Historico, &c., de las bellas artes en España,' 1800; Davies's 'Life of Murillo,' 1819; and Sir William Stirling Maxwell's 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' 1848; which last contains a copious catalogue of the painter's works, genuine and ascribed; and a portrait of the painter.

Morgan, an artist of considerable power and culture, and doubtless an appreciative admirer of the ancient lustred wares of Persia, Italy, and Spain, has devoted some years of experiment to the recovery of a lost art. In Italy, indeed, such efforts have not been uncommon of late, but they have been directed mainly to a not altogether laudable end, the slavish copying of the examples of the 15th or 16th century. These copies have often been sold, after appropriate chipping and rubbing, as genuine productions of the ancient studios of Gubbio and Pesaro. Other modern attempts at lustre colours, as those of M. Brianchon of Paris, copied at Worcester, and Belleek, are rather thin in effect, and are used in too mechanical a way to be satisfactory to the eye.

At present Mr. De Morgan merely decorates the wares manufactured for him in Staffordshire, or the tiles commonly imported from Holland. He has successfully introduced three varieties of lustre, comprised in the *madreperla* of the Italians, or the *reflet métallique* of the French. In one of these kinds, the colour of the decoration, a brownish red, due to copper, reflects in certain positions a brilliant hue, often approaching, and sometimes equalling, the famous ruby lustre of M°. Giorgio. Another kind, derived from silver, is yellowish grey in colour, but shows a soft azure reflection; while a third sort, of an ochreous hue when seen in the ordinary way, fluctuates in lustre between a golden bronze and the pink of almond-blossoms. Vases, plates, and tiles, are decorated with these lustres, no ordinary enamel colours being used to enhance their effects. The plain ground, creamy or white, of the earthen plate or tile, shows itself here and there, but we confess we should like to see the lustred decoration set off by a deep puce or manganese back-ground, or bordered by a greyish black. But these and other developments of the art will follow, doubtless, in due course. We ought not to forget to commend the broad style of decoration which Mr. De Morgan has adopted. A bold border of conventional leafage, mingled with curious monsters, quaint of wing and intricate with foliated tails incalculably coiled, encloses a central medallion containing a bird, a serpent, a stag, or a ship. The designs are kept flat, and do not distract the attention from the lustre, which is, we assume, the true *raison d'être* of the larger pieces. Some of the happiest bits of brilliant reflection are to be found on the backs of the plates, for these have invariably received some strokes from an artistic pencil.

There is a delightful experiment which may be made with these lustred plates (and, indeed, with the ancient examples also). A sheet of white paper is to be fastened to the wall beside a window, and then a piece of the ware is to be so held that the sunlight, streaming in through the window, is reflected from the plate on to the paper: the distance may be varied between one and four or five feet. We now get the lustre in its purity, freed from the local colours of the decoration or the pottery itself. And very beautiful in their hues of violet, and salmon, and amber, and pistachio-green, and rose, are these luminous reflections. It is strange to see the dull earthiness of these wares give rise to such a blaze of colour: perhaps stranger still to mark what innumerable varieties of hue go to make up all this splendour. But the microscope reveals the cause of these fluctuations in colour. We examine with the lens some small speck of lustred surface, say the eye of a bird, and find that, though the general effect of the little spot is azure, yet there is within that disc, one-tenth only of an inch across though it be, a multitude of hues. Outside there is a faint line of bronze; next comes a border of apple-green; and then, in the midst, a surface coloured with turquoise, yet changing and deepening into lapis-lazuli, and mottled with pale violet.

We advise those of our readers who are interested in artistic pottery to pay a visit to 8 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and see for themselves, not only the lustred ware which we have described, but the turquoise and puce vases, and the beautiful enamelled tiles, which Mr. De Morgan turns out of his studio. The ceramic renown which distinguished Chelsea in the eighteenth century will again revive towards the close of the nineteenth.

A. H. Church.

AT PURFLEET.

BY FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN.

PURFLEET, as many of our readers may remember, is a busy place on the left bank of the Thames, about half way between London and Sheerness. Happening to be there one evening in 1870, Mr. Haden made this sketch on the copper from nature. It was really done in bright moonlight, and is intended to be read in that sense; though without these few words of explanation it might be taken for a daylight effect, because the artist did not wish to encumber his drawing with the laboured shading which would have been necessary to explain the moonlight at the first glance. Under a daylight effect, however, it is likely that the brig would have been clearer and more distinct, as she is not far from the spectator. It would have been easy to shade the plate all over so as to make the moon look brighter, but we prefer it in its present state as a sketch on the copper, leaving something to be done by the spectator's imagination.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.—Mr. Dobson's palette is composed and arranged as follows, beginning from the left:—

Black—Vandyke brown—purple lake—raw umber—raw sienna—yellow ochre—rose madder—vermilion—cobalt blue—white.

The reader will perceive at once that this is a restricted palette, and that Mr. Dobson, like Reynolds and Etty, belongs to the class of painters who use few pigments. We have here only ten pigments in all. The list given bears a very close resemblance, at least in principle, to the limited palette of Reynolds. Sir Joshua's ultramarine is here replaced by cobalt, and his lake is replaced by rose madder, which he would certainly have used if it had been discovered in his time. Three of these pigments—white, yellow ochre, and black—are identical with those used by Reynolds; he also frequently used vermilion, though not always. Sir Joshua sometimes used either umber or Vandyke brown, and asphaltum only too frequently. Mr. Dobson prudently rejects this destructive pigment altogether, replacing it by safer browns. Mr. Dobson's palette is sufficiently complete for a figure-painter, but it would not be quite complete, chromatically, for landscape, owing to the absence of a brilliant yellow. Some readers may feel surprised at the absence of the red earths, such as light red, Venetian red, Indian red, &c.; but the truth is, that yellow ochre becomes a red earth with the slightest addition of vermilion, whilst with the browns and lakes on this palette, in addition to yellow ochre, every known red earth may be imitated (and consequently replaced) with the utmost facility.

In comparing Mr. Dobson's palette with that of Etty, we find that Etty made the office of vermilion rather more exceptional, as he used two red earths, light red and Indian red. Etty omitted yellow ochre altogether from the list of pigments made out by him in 1848, replacing it by Naples yellow and raw umber. This may be because his admission of the red earths made yellow ochre (which is nearly a red earth) no longer absolutely indispensable. Raw sienna was, we believe, entirely absent at all times from the palette of Reynolds; and it is not included in Etty's list, though he may have used it for some of his works. Raw sienna is one of the most valuable of pigments outside the bright primaries, both because in combination with white it makes one of the most perfect gold colours, and also for its remarkable beauty in superposition, and its utility in many mixed tints, both of greens and golden browns.

Mr. Dobson uses for his medium a mixture of two parts copal (oil) varnish with one part raw linseed oil, mixed and kept in a bottle. When the medium is required for use, Mr. Dobson pours some of it into a gallipot and mixes with it an equal quantity of turpentine. The medium thus

prepared is a safe drier, and does not only dry the paint on the surface, but entirely through, so as to harden from the canvas to the surface with time.

Mr. Dobson, like several other careful contemporary painters, is in the habit of using a double canvas—that is, two canvasses stretched one over the other on the stretching-frame. This custom he considers very advantageous, both because it protects the picture from behind, and because the double canvas is much more agreeable to paint upon.

Mr. Dobson prefers flat hog's-hair brushes and small flat sables for details. He lays the first painting in a considerable body of colour, and in a light scale of tone, except the shadows, which from the beginning are nearly as dark as he intends them to be ultimately, and transparent. His subsequent painting is a semi-transparent colour; that is, he uses tints mixed with white, or opaque pigments, so that the light painting or first ground shows through, which makes the colours more brilliant and broken. A semi-opaque, yet open kind of painting on a ground lighter than itself, gives the effect of translucence.

Mr. Dobson never mixes rose madder with white, but only uses it transparently, and very sparingly, as a slight glaze—on part of the cheeks, for example, or other parts of the flesh, such as the lips.

Mr. Dobson considers the use of body-colour in water-colour unfortunate, and is of Turner's opinion that in water-colour painting the white paper ought never to be lost sight of, but should be a source of light behind and through the more or less transparent pigments which are used for light, and shade, and colour. On this point Mr. Dobson's opinion is very decided. The reader will perceive that although he uses opaque white in oil, he really adheres in that medium to the principle which he advocates in water-colour, since in his practice the light first painting shows through and illumines the subsequent broken tints which constitute his final colouring. The principle here is exactly that of early Flemish practice, the only difference being that in oil-painting Mr. Dobson begins with a substantial dead colour in a light key, whereas the early Flemish painters left the white ground itself to do the work of lighting from behind like the white paper in Turner's water-colours. His transparent shadows, kept transparent from the beginning, also mark a certain affiliation to Flemish traditions and principles.

H. W. B. Davis, A.R.A.—*The Construction of Pictures.*—In addition to the notes already supplied by Mr. Davis, he has kindly given us some further observations on the Construction of Pictures, which are likely to be interesting to many of our readers.

His way of proceeding is, to begin by painting a rough sketch in colour, after duly thinking out the future work, and scheming it in the mind. Often he paints several such colour-sketches, as modifications of the original scheme suggest themselves, and he does not consider any amount of time spent on these preliminary experiments as time lost; for when the arrangement of colour and composition has been satisfactorily arrived at, the picture itself may be attacked with vigour and confidence, and carried through to the end rapidly, without hesitation or misgiving.

In the case of pictures which the artist may consider of sufficient importance, he has sometimes painted a carefully-drawn study from the sketch ultimately adopted. This study is one-fourth the size of the intended picture; we mean, that it measures one-fourth its area of canvas, being half the length of the picture and half the width. In the case of animals, or other objects of the picture which require careful drawing, Mr. Davis generally makes outlines with charcoal on paper, which may be transferred to, or copied on, the canvas.

With regard to the practice of beginning a picture in monochrome, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, Mr. Davis thinks that there are cases in which it would be most useful, and others in which it might be positively injurious. When the quality of work greatly depends upon the refinement of its modelling, as in many figure-pictures, Mr. Davis quite believes in the utility of a careful monochrome, which the artist, following the example of Reynolds, might lay in before distracting himself with the colouring. But on the other hand, in pictures which derive a

great part of their beauty from very delicate colouring, as landscapes often do from the delicate colouring of a sky, Mr. Davis considers that a monochrome would present two dangers. The tint of the monochrome might lead the eye astray as to colour, from the very beginning; and, besides this, it might ultimately affect the delicate hues of the work when finished, by showing through them after a certain number of years. The same reasons might seem applicable to the painting of flesh upon a monochrome; but Mr. Davis thinks that in the figure the perfection of modelling, which is an important part of *form*, may be considered before the perfection of delicate colour: whereas in a sky the latter should have the preference. In the case of landscapes with delicate skies, Mr. Davis thinks that it may be prudent either to work directly upon the canvas from a separate sketch in colour, or else to paint a monochrome separately, for guidance. Even in landscape, however, Mr. Davis thinks that a monochrome beginning may often be a great help when the subject depends less upon colour than upon composition, light and shade, and tone. His own experience leads him to indicate a danger to which we may call attention. A picture may be laid in carefully as to effect in transparent colour, and when the true colouring is applied afterwards, over this, the result may be apparently quite satisfactory at the time; yet it may so happen that some years afterwards, or even some months, a want of solidity may be apparent, little patches of weak transparencies discovering themselves all over the work. This will not occur to the same extent when the monochrome is painted in solid colour: but even when this is so, there is still a danger of leaving some little patches more or less imperfectly gone over in colour; and these little patches, though not discoverable at the time of painting, might show themselves later, according to the well-known law that whatever is beneath has a tendency to become visible in the course of years, unless very well protected. Experienced artists who paint upon monochrome are, no doubt, well aware of this, and take their precautions against it.

Mr. Davis would object to the use of black and white alone as a preparation to be subsequently coloured, because the greys of black and white are, he thinks, not neutral. Vandyke-brown, or some warmer brown, would be better. Mr. Davis has often painted chiaroscuro studies for pictures in black, red, and white, but more frequently in black and red used transparently. He remembers preparing one picture in very warm monochrome, almost red, indeed; but he did not repeat the experiment. He now confines himself to simply laying in the drawing of a subject in transparent brown, never in black alone, without any attempt at putting it into effect beyond the mere placing of the shadows. When this is dry Mr. Davis paints his dead-colouring upon it substantially, as nearly as possible like the general colouring of the picture as he intends it to be ultimately.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.—All our readers will be already acquainted with the fact that many persons, whose sight in all other respects is perfectly good, are unable to distinguish colours. This incapacity is much more common than is generally supposed. The Editor of this periodical happened to be once in a little society of seven people, and found by experiment that three out the seven were colour-blind. This was probably an exceptionally high proportion, but the infirmity is extremely common in minor degrees, and often remains undiscovered. We were walking in the country lately with a friend, and drew his attention to a splendid crimson sunset with a rosy reflection on magnificent cumuli in the east. He seemed indifferent, and we found that he could not distinguish red or rose-colour from grey. In certain trades, such as the drapery and paper trades, this defect may be a serious practical inconvenience, and often lead to error. We know an instance of an author who, being dissatisfied with the paper on which his book was being printed, commissioned his printer to procure another paper of the same tint, but of better quality. The printer purchased a paper of quite a different colour, and the error was not dis-

covered till the remainder of the sheets had been entirely worked off. A certain degree of colour-blindness seems to have influenced the formation of language. No one can tell what tint an ordinary Frenchman means when he says anything is 'gris.' He will call the paper of the cover of the PORTFOLIO 'gris,' and that of a brown-paper parcel 'gris' also. To ascertain what he means you have to ask whether it is gris-brun, gris-perle, gris-rouge, &c.

EFFECT OF CONTRAST AND HABIT UPON THE EYE.—In 1783 Sir Joshua Reynolds made a journey to Flanders to buy pictures, and seeing there the works of Rubens for a second time, observed that they appeared to him much colder in tone than when he had seen them first, and wondered what could be the reason. Sir Joshua afterwards recollected, that when he first saw them he had his note-book in hand, and inferred that as the eye passed from the paper to the pictures the colours must have looked warmer and richer than they did afterwards when he had not a note-book. Northcote thought, and so did Beechey after him, that the real reason was not the presence or absence of the note-book, but an improvement in Sir Joshua's practice, which had taken place in the meanwhile, and which made him consider the colouring of Rubens less unapproachable than formerly. We know an instance of an English artist who, when he first visited the Louvre as a young man, was so much struck by what seemed to him the poverty, technical and intellectual, of Lesueur's paintings there, especially the series illustrative of the *Life of St. Bruno*, that he wondered how the French Government could tolerate them. Many years later, on revisiting Paris, he saw these pictures again, and was surprised to find that they no longer appeared so poor. The reason in this case was, that when the English artist was a young man he worked elaborately as to detail, whilst in his maturity he simplified his material more. This brought him nearer to Lesueur, who simplified to excess.

INCAPACITY TO READ GRAPHIC ART.—In Beechey's 'Life of Reynolds' the author affirms of Dr. Johnson that he once said to Sir John Hawkins, that in his whole life he was never capable of discerning the least resemblance of any kind between a picture and the object it was meant to represent. This must have been, in some degree at least, an exaggeration; for Johnson knew the difference between portrait and historical painting; but it is evident that Dr. Johnson was so constituted, mentally, as to be quite incapable of appreciating the qualities of graphic art. Is this absolute incapacity very common? It is certainly very common, indeed, amongst the uneducated. If you foreshorten an arm, a peasant will ask you why you make it shorter than the other; and if you make a distant cow smaller than a near one, he will ask why you do so. One of the most celebrated figure-painters in London affirms that the absolute incapacity to read graphic art is a common one in our middle and upper classes. The truth seems to be, that there are all imaginable shades of capacity to understand drawing and painting, but that most people have some degree of such capacity. The power of enjoying the different harmonies of form, colour, and chiaroscuro, each of which is an independent music, is certainly not very common.

IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

ETCHED BY C. BEYER.

WE have had much French etching in the PORTFOLIO, and a good deal of English, but hardly any German; so that perhaps many of our subscribers may like to have a piece of characteristic German work as a variety. Although the subject of this plate was found in that well-known haunt of French artists, the forest of Fontainebleau, it is quite German, both in the original nationality of the artist and in his reading of nature. Nothing can be more opposed both to the qualities and the faults of French artists than this minutely painstaking interpretation, or rather imitation, of nature; and readers who happen to possess 'Etching and Etchers' are already well aware that the Editor of the PORTFOLIO has little

sympathy with the German spirit in this art. The plate now published is, however, a good example of the kind of work which many German etchers have perseveringly endeavoured to produce—not always so successfully as in the present instance. We do not admire the school, or the principles upon which it is founded; but in justice both to the artist and our readers we have, of course, taken care that, so far as the German school is represented here, it shall be favourably represented. It is unnecessary to say anything of the minute observation, and the manual precision, which the German etchers delight in, and which are both obvious in the work before us.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 105.)

In the year 1800 Turner seems to have thought it necessary, as an Associate of the Academy, to send something of a higher character than usual to its exhibition, so he exhibited *The Fifth Plague of Egypt*, a tiresome brown picture of a class which would soon become intolerable if we were compelled to see many of them. The other works exhibited by him that year were all from Fonthill, except a view of Caernarvon Castle. About this time in his life Turner seems to have thought it necessary to send one ambitious Biblical picture to each exhibition, for in 1801 he attempts no less a subject than *The Army of the Medes destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind* (from Jeremiah), and in 1802 he paints *The Tenth Plague of Egypt*. It is probably in the year 1801, Turner being then twenty-six years old, that he went to Scotland for the first time in his life; saw Edinburgh, the Falls of Clyde, and Loch Lomond, and penetrated into the Western Highlands, where he made a study of Kilchurn Castle and the mountains at the head of Loch Awe. The picture of *Kilchurn* was exhibited in 1802, and enhanced the artist's reputation; its chief interest for us just at present is, that it marks more definitively than any other work of that time his complete deliverance from topography and his artistic independence of the fact. *Dolbadern* is inaccurate also, but it is so in quite a different way. In the *Dolbadern* the artist works traditionally, and has the elder landscape-painters in his mind all the time that he is painting, but in the *Kilchurn* he is absolutely delivered from tradition. He is delivered at the same time, and quite as absolutely, from the topographic slavery of his youth. The *Kilchurn* is neither an imitation of Wilson nor a copy of the actual scene in nature. It is a Turner, and nothing but a Turner.

There is no scene in Europe more familiar to me than the head of Loch Awe, where Kilchurn Castle is situated. I have lived there for years, and know the topography of the place quite thoroughly, with that minuteness which is only possible to a resident who takes the keenest interest in the neighbourhood where he lives, and makes landscape-painting his main occupation, and walking and boating his amusements. This close intimacy with the place permits me to appreciate the exact degree in which Turner's topography is a deviation from the topography of the actual world; and the reader will perhaps think it not too great a demand upon his patience if I make the difference as clear as I can in this instance, for it is of the very utmost importance to our understanding of Turner's mature work, occurring as it does quite early in his manhood, and fixing the date of his emancipation from reality. Turner's view of Kilchurn is taken from the shore of the river Orchay, at a little distance above the castle, and it includes as material, 1st, the river, with its right and left banks; 2nd, Kilchurn Castle; 3rd, a glimpse of the lake; 4th, a great mass of mountain, which Turner calls the Cruachan Ben Mountains; 5th, a mountainous distance. We will examine these parts of the composition one after another.

1st. *The River.* The Orchay flows past Dalmally till it comes to within a short distance of Kilchurn; but it does not go directly to the castle, it leaves Kilchurn on the left and falls into Loch Awe above it. The Orchay, when it gets into the neighbourhood of Kilchurn, finds itself in a genuine alluvial plain, not of great extent, yet having all the characteristics of such a plain. The reader who understands the action of rivers guesses at once that in such a place the level of the water will be two or three yards lower than that of the land, and that

on one side at least the bank will be perpendicular, and more or less undermined by the water. In the Orchay it so happens that the steep cutting is on the Kilchurn side, where the river comes within sight of the castle. This expression, 'within sight,' is somewhat inaccurate; for when you are in a boat on the river you cannot see the castle at all, at the spot from which (according to the perspective of the walls) Turner's view must necessarily be taken. He therefore entirely altered the character of the river and foreground. He ignored the existence of the flat plain through which the river cuts its way, and gave wavy land instead of it, without any steeply-cut banks at all. By this sacrifice (a sacrifice, please observe, not of some unimportant fact, but of essential local character) he made the river artistically *manageable*, which in nature it is not, and he contrived so that it should lead the eye to the castle. Before quitting the river, I may observe that Turner introduced three boats, that the boats are managed by Highlanders in kilts, and that two out of the three have sails. Now, of course I cannot prove that no sails were used on Loch Awe in Turner's day, but I do not believe that he ever saw one there. When I lived there, nothing astonished me so much as the entire absence of any nautical instinct or knowledge in the inhabitants. The oldest men told me that no one ever used a sail on Loch Awe, because of the violent gusts of wind, and I believe that this extreme caution had come down to the people from their ancestors. The simple explanation of the sails in Turner's picture is, that he wanted them to cut the base-line of his mountain and throw the mountain farther back.

STRUCTURE OF KILCHURN CASTLE, ACCORDING TO TURNER.

2. *The Castle.*—Turner's alterations in the castle seem more difficult to explain than those in the structure of the earth. Turner's Kilchurn is not the real Kilchurn at all; and the difference between them seems much more due to simple carelessness than to any artistic

STRUCTURE OF KILCHURN CASTLE, THE REALITY

craft. The castle in the picture is certainly a much clumsier and less interesting object than it is in the reality. Few of the Highland castles have any architectural interest; but Kilchurn is

one of the best of them, owing to the happy disposition of its principal and minor masses. There is a square keep, to begin with, at the east angle (the angle nearest to the spectator in Turner's picture), with round corner turrets, resting on well-moulded corbels. Turner simply ignores the separate existence of this keep, and merges it in the general mass of the castle. As to the corbel-turrets, he omits them altogether, though he must have been aware of their importance to architectural character. At the northern angle of the real castle there is a small round tower, or turret, like the *tourelles* so common in French châteaux. This was never as high as the keep, nor even as the chimneys. Turner omits it altogether, or supposes it, like the keep, merged in the common mass, and as high as the keep itself. A very important characteristic of the Scottish castle and French château is the relative importance of their chimneys. At Kilchurn there are several chimneys still in good preservation, four of them being very conspicuous, and three out of the four are striking objects from the point of view chosen by Turner; yet he gives nothing recognisable as a chimney in all his buildings. To the left hand the artist draws a lower or minor mass of building, and inserts a semicircular projection in the middle of it, like the semicircular towers in Roman city walls. There is nothing of this kind in the reality. A very important picturesque characteristic of Kilchurn Castle is the magnificent abundance of ivy on the side of the ruins towards the lake. A great mass of this is visible from the place where Turner sketched, on the left-hand corner of the building. There is no ivy whatever on Turner's Kilchurn. It may be objected that the ivy has grown since then, but the thickness of its trunks, which are colossal, is evidence of its great age. The reader will please to observe, that in these deviations from the truth the artist has in every instance sacrificed not only fact but character. Not only does his castle fail to recall such details as the placing of the windows—though even this affects character, for the *regularity* of the windows in Kilchurn, which Turner has neglected, is an important architectural characteristic—not only does the artist omit little details, but he *utterly despises the most important features of the building*, its great keep, its minor towers, its turrets, and its chimneys. He is supposed, indeed, to have drawn a certain building, but he draws it in such a manner as to mark his complete indifference to everything in it that is interesting, either from the picturesque point of view or the architectural.

3. *The Mountain.*—It is not so easy to fix upon points of comparison between a mountain drawing and the reality, as it is to criticise a drawing of architecture; but there are certain features which can be fixed upon even in a mountain. I may begin by saying quite plainly, that from the point of view chosen by Turner, a point of view definitively fixed for us by the perspective of the castle walls (it is lucky that we have this *pour nous orienter*), there is no mountain to be seen bearing the most distant resemblance to that which he gives us. That side of Loch Awe is separated from Loch Etive by a chain of mountains terminating in Ben Cruachan. You have Ben Cruachan, with its base in the Pass of Brandir, then Ben Vorich, then Ben Anea, and after that the mountains of Glen Strae.* With these last we have nothing to do now because Turner has his back to them. A man drawing Kilchurn from Turner's place can see Ben Anea easily by turning his head to the right. The mountain before him, on the other side Kilchurn Castle, is not Ben Cruachan but Ben Vorich. As for Cruachan, he is completely hidden behind Vorich, and as much invisible as if he were in Greenland. The latter, then, is the mountain (in nature) that we have to deal with now.

Ben Vorich, as seen behind Kilchurn, slopes towards the lake at an angle of thirty degrees near the water, and of twenty degrees higher up the slope. It has no peak. It is richly wooded up to a height of about 1000 feet.

Turner's mountain slopes towards the lake at an angle of seventy degrees near the water, and at an average angle of thirty degrees higher up. It has a peak. It is not wooded at all.

Ben Vorich does not, from that point, present a very broken outline. It has some variety in it, but it is not much broken.

* With regard to this bit of geography the reader is respectfully requested not to go by the maps, unless he has the Ordnance Survey. The other maps generally give the right situations of Scottish towns and villages, but are utterly untrustworthy as to the physical geography of the country. I have never seen a map of Scotland which put the mountains in their right places, or which gave an accurate shore-line of the lakes. Ben Vorich is not to be confounded with Ben Voirlich.

The outline of Turner's mountain is wild and rugged in the extreme, from the peak down to the precipice.

The conclusion to which this comparison forces us is that Turner substituted some other mountain for that which is really visible behind Kilchurn. If he drew anything in nature, we may have to go some distance to seek it.

There are only two mountains near Loch Awe which could have offered even a distant suggestion of the Turner mountain. One is Ben Anea, which from a certain place on the Orchay appears by an effect of perspective to have a sort of pretension to a peak; but Ben Anea is hemmed in by other mountains, and does not descend precipitously to the lake. Turner's mountain is precipitous, and clear of others on the left-hand side. Ben Cruachan has a real peak, and is isolated just on that side. I conclude, therefore, that the mountain in Turner's picture is suggested by Ben Cruachan.

Now, the nearest place from which the peak of Ben Cruachan ceases to be eclipsed by the head of Ben Vorich is nearly three miles from Kilchurn by water, and a good deal further by land. Turner must, therefore, have combined sketches taken at a distance of three miles from each other in one picture.

When we arrive at the place where the peak is about as much disengaged as it is in Turner's picture we get a view of Ben Cruachan, which has indeed some very slight and distant resemblance to Turner's mountain; but we observe that the artist has no more cared

SKETCH OF BEN CRUACHAN AFTER TURNER

to preserve even the character of the mountain than he did that of the castle. The real Ben Cruachan is not very rugged, except just about the summit, and even there the ruggedness of it is much reduced by distance. There are a few humps, or bosses, on its side, it is

BEN CRUACHAN; FROM A TOPOGRAPHIC DRAWING

true, but by far the most characteristic feature is the vast curving slope from the shoulder down to the loch. The average inclination of this is not so great as might be imagined, for it does not exceed twenty degrees. It was neither striking enough nor entertaining enough to suit Turner, who broke it up into ruggedness above, and finished it with a sheer

precipice below. In the reality you cannot see Ben Cruachan from this point without seeing Ben Vorich also, and the latter interferes considerably with his greater neighbour. Turner ignores Ben Vorich altogether, giving him no separate individuality, though some of the mountainous masses to the right may be supposed, by our charity, to belong to him. The reader will see from my topographical drawing, that the mass of Ben Vorich makes the peak of Cruachan look insignificant.

We may observe, lastly, that although the real Cruachan is wooded up to a certain height, say from 300 to 1000 feet, Turner's mountain is not wooded at all.

4th. *The Remote Distance.*—It is difficult, of course, with an artist who takes his materials wherever he likes, to fix upon mountain outlines in nature and say that he meant to draw those more than any others; but if Cruachan affords any indication, these distant hills must be the moorland on and about Craiganunie. I need hardly observe that they are pure invention. Craiganunie does not, from any point of view, take those outlines, nor outlines of that character.

In order to make this distance visible from his point of view near Kilchurn, Turner has entirely removed some wooded land which would have hidden it. Nevertheless, that wooded land is very good for artists, with its grand old Scotch firs and its rocky foregrounds, and it is one of the most characteristic parts of the immediate neighbourhood of Kilchurn.

If the reader has had the patience to follow me attentively through this analysis he will at least be quite convinced of one thing, that so early as 1802, when Turner was only twenty-seven years old, he had already absolutely abandoned everything of the nature of topographic fidelity. The difference between his treatment of landscape and faithful portraiture is not the difference between one kind of topography and another; it is the difference between a certain kind of truthfulness and the total abandonment of that particular kind of truthfulness. It is as if a writer of travels were to say to himself, 'Hitherto I have endeavoured to tell the truth about the places which I have seen, but from this day forwards, although remaining an honourable person in the ordinary intercourse of life, I shall consider myself, whenever I sit down to write my travels, at perfect liberty to say what is not true, and to omit what is true, just as it may suit my convenience and seem to me likely to astonish, or amuse, or in any way charm or delight, my readers.' Had there been any endeavour, in Turner's case, to preserve some particular kind of local truth—to preserve, for example, the truth of local character merely, whilst abandoning particular facts—the case would have been a change of principle as to truth, but not an abandonment of principle. What Turner really did, however, was not to emancipate himself partially; he emancipated himself entirely; and after having been in his youth a describer of what he had seen, he became henceforth just as much an author of fiction as a poet in words or a novelist.

The distinction between Turner's treatment of natural material and that of the majority of landscape-painters will better be understood by an example. As we have been talking about Kilchurn, it will be a saving of trouble to the reader if I describe another view of the same place. In the Royal Collection at Osborne there is a picture of it in water-colour by Mr. G. H. Fripp, which was engraved by Mr. Wallis for the 'Art Journal.' It appeared in that periodical for February, 1868. The view here is in a different direction, but the treatment of the two artists may be very closely compared. Mr. Fripp's picture includes the castle, the alluvial plain of the Orchay, Ben Anea, and the mountains of Glen Strae. It is not by any means a strictly accurate piece of topography, Mr. Fripp having used his liberty as an artist in various ways, which we will indicate very shortly; but he has been extremely careful to preserve what seemed to him all the most important truths of local character, so that any one who loved the place might find in the picture at least all those features which he would be likely to remember and to recognise. The feelings of attachment to locality, which are often so inextricably mingled with our admiration for natural beauty, are hurt and wounded by Turner's indifference to everything that we know and love; but in Mr. Fripp's work they find a succession of satisfactions. The castle is not minutely accurate; the nearest corbel-turret is omitted, perhaps by the fault of the engraver, but we find all the principal features —the keep, the gables, the chimneys, the staircase turret, the heavy masses of ivy, the rock on which the castle stands. This is not simply a castle *quelconque;* it is Kilchurn Castle, and no other. In the landscape we have the same degree of fidelity to all the leading features. There is the alluvial plain, with its stunted trees, scattered near the Orchay, but

gathering into a little wood behind Kilchurn itself. There is the bay of Kilchurn between us and the castle; and across the lake, to the left, the Goose's Rock, which projects into the water, with the trees about it. Mr. Fripp has not omitted the solitary farm-house near the Goose's Rock (see 'Painter's Camp,' p. 105, cheap edition), nor has he forgotten the picturesque rocks and trees on his own side of the lake, but has used them in his foreground. As I wander into Mr. Fripp's distance, up Glen Strae, I remember many a real wandering in that region, and feel grateful to the artist for enabling me to live past days over again.

With so much local fidelity, what, then, is the artistic liberty used by Mr. Fripp, of which we spoke a little time since? In what does his manner of treatment differ from the strict topographic truth?

It differs, first, in being more concentrated than the natural scene. Interesting material, on the right hand and on the left, is brought nearer together, so as to get it into the picture. For example, the Goose's Rock, which is interesting, is outside the picture to the left, but it is brought in to add interest. Another alteration is that all the mountains are made higher, and their lines steeper, than in nature: the difference of steepness between a line in the picture and the same line in nature is from fifteen to twenty degrees. In all probability Mr. Fripp exaggerated height and steepness unconsciously, for artists do so almost invariably in consequence of the vivacity of their own impressions. The truth is, that although the mountains at the head of Loch Awe strike the imagination very powerfully, they are not precipitously steep. The angle of their outline in nature seldom exceeds thirty degrees. In Mr. Fripp's picture it reaches about fifty degrees. Another very decided difference between Mr. Fripp's work and nature is, that he remarkably exaggerates ruggedness. The slopes of Ben Anea are not, in nature, very rugged; on the contrary, that mountain is somewhat remarkable for the fine rounding of its principal parts. Mr. Fripp prefers ruggedness to roundness (thinking it more picturesque), and hews the surface of the mountain into steps and precipices; for which, indeed, there is an excuse in nature, for the rock is often visible, but no more. The other mountains are treated on the same principle. The foreground is true to local character, but is simply used as material, the rocks and trees being put where they suit the artist's convenience.

Such is the exact degree in which Mr. Fripp will deviate from nature in his drawing, and in this degree of deviation he resembles the majority of our more conscientious artists. They alter nature in order to make their work look more pictorial, but they do not, as a general rule, abandon the endeavour to render local character to the best of their ability. There are great differences in their success, and differences in the license they allow themselves; but the general feeling amongst artists is, that when a picture is called by the name of a place, it ought to bear some resemblance to that place.

One or two of the most earnest young English artists have gone further than this, and attempted genuine portraiture, trying to draw things really and truly as they are. They met with an unforeseen difficulty in the constitution of the human mind. All men when they are struck by anything in nature exaggerate it. I mean, that they see the real thing in nature bigger and more important than it really is. The consequence of this is, that a representation of the thing which only gives the true importance of it relatively to other objects, is at once rejected as inadequate. There is a wide distinction between the really apparent size of objects and the size which we imagine them to appear. The first can be measured scientifically at any time with the utmost accuracy, and precisely stated in terms of degrees and minutes, just as we can measure the exact inclination of a mountain slope; the second is purely a mental impression.* We admit then, and consider it a settled question, that pure topography is not to be expected from an artist, and we will even admit that such deviations as those of Mr. Fripp are lawful; because, though he may not care for truth of minute detail, he does evidently care for truth of character, and try to preserve it. But what are we to say of Turner? Is his system, or his absence of system, compatible with the degree of veracity we have a right to expect from an artist?

There is certainly a moral question here which deserves a little consideration. An artist

* The reader is referred to an article on this subject in the PORTFOLIO for 1875, page 76. The reasons for the inadequacy of pure topography have also been explained in my 'Thoughts about Art,' in the chapters on 'Painting from Nature,' 'The Place of Landscape-painting amongst the Fine Arts,' and 'The Observation of Nature.'

sells a picture as being representative of a certain place, and on examination it turns out that the picture does not resemble the place, and that it is merely a fancy of the painter's. If it were perfectly understood that no resemblance was attempted there would be no deception. If you order a picture of Adam and Eve in Paradise you know, without being told, that the figures are not portraits of Adam and Eve, but that they are either pure inventions or studies from Academy models; but if the subject of the picture were Prince Albert and Queen Victoria you would expect some degree of likeness, and consider yourself unfairly treated if they were not recognisable. There is a moral question, also, about the naming of pictures after places. It is done to profit by the interest which people take in places that they have heard of or read about, and it is not strictly honest to sell to them as portraits of places designs which are all but imaginary. Turner was an excellent man of business in his own way, and he knew that people liked to fancy that they were looking at the portrait of some definite place, and not at a mere 'composition.' The temper of the public on this subject is well understood by experienced artists. One successful old painter said to me, 'If I paint a landscape and call it a composition, people are not satisfied and think it too artificial, because they are aware that it is composed; but if I call the same picture by the name of some place that they can find on the map, they are satisfied and look upon it with perfect faith, as a true representation of nature.'

There is, however, a certain remote relation between such a work as Turner's *Kilchurn* and the place it professes to represent. It bears about the same relation to reality that our dreams do when we dream of some place that we have visited. We then see places oddly jumbled together, and our memory, retentive enough of certain things, entirely omits others of equal or still greater importance. You may dream, for example, if you have been reading about Mont Blanc and St. Paul's Cathedral, that you see St. Paul's in the valley of Chamouni with Mont Blanc for a background, but that the Cathedral has neither dome nor belfry, just as Turner's *Kilchurn* had neither chimney nor turret; and you may perhaps see in your dream, without surprise, the waters of Lake Leman within a mile of the Mer de Glace. If Turner had simply visited Kilchurn without making a sketch, and afterwards made this picture of it from memory, intending it to be accurate, we should say that his memory was singularly defective. The experiments of M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran in the 'Éducation de la Mémoire pittoresque' have produced results with which no effort of Turner's memory, of which we have any evidence, will bear the slightest comparison.* This work of Turner's is not remembering, it is *dreaming*, and drawing or painting the dream.

At length, then, after examining Turner's work and comparing it with nature and with the work of another artist, we have arrived at this conclusion, that in the year 1802 he had begun to paint his dreams. This is worth all the trouble we have taken about it, because the general belief is that Turner did not become a dreamer till a much later period.

And now let us ask, What are the nature and qualities of the dream? Is it mere confusion, or is it orderly with an order of its own, which is not the order of reality? The answer is, that the dream has great order and unity. Even the treachery of the artist's memory has helped the unity of the impression. A believer in the infinite perfection of Turner's mental faculties might affirm that he remembered everything, but purposely rejected what he did not consider necessary to his artistic intention. This would be a simple assertion which can be made of any one, and which, in the case of Turner, is without the slightest evidence in its support. It is a theory which may be eagerly accepted by those who have a blind faith in the genius of the artist, but when you come to examine his genius according to the methods of scientific criticism you will not accept such a theory so easily; certainly not until you are convinced

* M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran was teacher of drawing at the École Impériale de Dessin in Paris in the time of Louis Napoleon, and he made a remarkable series of experiments upon his pupils to ascertain how far the artistic memory may be cultivated. His account of these experiments was published in a pamphlet (Bauce, 13 Rue Bonaparte, 1862). They astonished the most experienced artists, who saw them subjected to the most rigorous proof, in which invention was allowed to take no liberties. In Turner's work you never can disentangle memory and invention. The inaccuracy of his memory may be attributed to the activity of his invention, but we certainly know that his representations of ascertainable things are inaccurate, and may fairly suppose that when we cannot ascertain the truth his memory is inaccurate also. If his mountains and castles are not well remembered, his clouds are not likely to be remembered better. In the cases of Landseer and Horace Vernet we have evidence of really strict and accurate memory, but it is not so in Turner's case.

that there is strong evidence in its favour. The real operation of Turner's intellect upon his materials appears to have been a selection, both by the fidelities of his memory and by what I have just called its treacheries. I may illustrate this by a piece of advice which was given to me by a distinguished critic of literature. 'Take as many notes as you like,' he said, 'but never refer to them, except by the memory, when you are actually writing. Your memory will select for you those which you ought to use, and reject for you, without any conscious trouble on your part, those which would only be an encumbrance to your work.' Without stopping to consider whether this was good or bad advice (it would not be good in all cases), I may say that it describes very accurately the operation of the imaginative intellect in art. The imaginative memory retains what is necessary to its work, and drops what is unnecessary. In the case of the picture before us we must not allow ourselves to be misled by the mere title. The artist calls his work *Kilchurn Castle* to catch the public; it is the tradesman, and not the poet, who names the picture. Kilchurn had not yet become so famous as Wordsworth and Scott made it afterwards, but it had already a romantic interest from the story of the 'Bridal,' and an interest of locality from its fine situation in the Highlands, which a few English tourists had already begun to explore. The real motive of the picture was not Kilchurn, but the play of clouds about the crest of a Highland mountain, *which* mountain signified little. The mountain is any mountain you please; it resembles Ben Lomond nearly as much as Ben Cruachan: the castle is any castle you please; it resembles Ardhonnel *more* closely than Kilchurn, though Turner probably never saw Ardhonnel. The clouds play about the granite peak, a shower falling here from their trailing fringes, a sunbeam flashing there on the toppling silvery billows which are their everchanging summits, a level wreath of white vapour clinging in the shelter of the peak itself, great volumes rolling and surging in the abyss of the deep corrie, and on the steep stony sides of the mountains the purple shadows fall, vast and swift, veiling each of them its hundred acres of desolation. What has all this to do with the presence, or the absence, of tower or turret in the dismantled ruin below? Who thinks of man's work when he witnesses the majesty of the storms on the everlasting mountains? The clouds played so for unnumbered centuries before the little feudal fortress was built, and they will play just as merrily when every vestige of it shall have utterly disappeared.

Let us think then of Turner henceforth simply as a poet who is not to be bound down by topographic facts of any kind. We shall find evidence, as we proceed, that he did not pay deference, either, to the higher scientific conditions of pictorial truth: but this is a part of our inquiry which it is better to reserve until we are brought to it by the story of his life.

He paid as much attention to truth of all kinds as poets generally do. He lived in a world of dreams, and the use of the world of reality, in his case, seems to have been only to supply suggestions and materials for the dreams.

Had he lived till these days and been acquainted with our contemporary literature he might fairly have said, 'Why do literary men find fault with me for my free use of the poetic license? They take just as great liberties themselves. Talk of my *Kilchurn*, indeed! what do you say to Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Church of Brou?* Mr. Arnold tells us over and over again that the Church of Brou is in the mountains, close to the pine-forests.'

'Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
Her old architect beside,
There they found her in the mountains,
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watched the builders
Till the church was roofed and done;
Last of all, the builders reared her
In the nave a tomb of stone.

* * * *

Upon the glistening leaden roof
Of the new pile, the sunlight shines,
The stream goes leaping by.
The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof.
'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
Stands the church on high.

What church is this, from men aloof?
'Tis the Church of Brou.

* * * *

On Sundays, at the matin chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray;
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chambery,
Dight with mantles gay.
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

* * * *

So rest, for ever rest, O princely pair,
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain air.'

The poem from which these extracts are made is very beautiful, and I would not have it otherwise than as it is; yet what amazing topography, especially amazing in dealing with a subject which is strictly historical and strictly local! The church of Brou is not in the mountains at all, but in the low country, six miles from the first rise of the Jura hills, and the scenery about it is that of the great plain of La Bresse. I know the church well. There is no leaping stream near it, nor are there any sun-proof pines. There is no climbing up to it, the road is good and nearly level. The church does not stand on high. The tomb of the Duchess Marguerite is not 'in the nave' at all, it is on the right-hand side of the choir. So far from being aloof from men, the church is within half-a-mile of an ancient town (Bourg en Bresse), which has now 11,000 inhabitants, with an old church of its own; and it so happens, that while that of Brou was building there was a bishop at Bourg, and the old church there was a cathedral. It is not probable that the burghers and dames came from Chambery to service at Brou, seeing that Chambery is more than a hundred kilometres from Brou—too much for a Sunday morning's ride.

This is but one instance of topographic inaccuracy in poetry; any habitual reader of the poets could find many others. Why, then, do we exonerate the poet and blame the landscape-painter? The reason is, that we have not yet fully conceived how identical the two artists are.

So soon as Turner reaches perfect manhood he becomes the poet, as much as the necessity for earning a living will allow him. He is not always quite so careless of local truth as he was at Kilchurn; he knows his public and his employers, knows that they will expect the Tower of London to be different from the dome of St. Paul's, and makes his subjects just topographic enough to pass for likenesses when the places are too well known. But he hated being 'mappy,' as he called it in his rough, unliterary way, and left that industry to others. It is certain that he would have abominated the work of our severely literal school, if he had lived to see it.

Most landscape-painters, as they advance in life, become more and more careless about portraiture of places; but what is surprising in Turner is, that he should have made the choice between art and nature at so early a period of his career. It is wonderful, too, that a man should love Nature as he did, be continually observing her, really know more about natural phenomena than any of his predecessors, and yet coolly and deliberately prefer his own dreams to the beautiful and interesting places which he travelled so far to see! It seems as if he travelled because he could not do without the suggestion, the stimulus, of fresh scenes and places; but also as if his mind, when once fecundated by the sight of nature, must produce fruit of its own kind, and in its own way. It is said that each mind lives in its own world; how true this is of Turner! how true it is that every one of his pictures or designs is chiefly interesting for us as a new glimpse of that enchanted land which belonged to him and to him only, into which we can only enter by his permission, and with his guidance, out of which he himself could never escape!

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXIII.—Angelo Bronzino (1502–1572).

Portrait of a Lady.

ETCHED BY A. LALAUZE.

ANGELO BRONZINO, one of the leaders of Florentine art in the sixteenth century, was born at Monticelli, near Florence, in 1502–3. He was a scholar of Jacopo da Pontormo, and, like his master, became an admirable portrait-painter. He completed some of Pontormo's unfinished works. Bronzino was also an enthusiastic admirer of Michelangelo, and became one of the leaders of the Anatomical School, but did not carry their mannerism so far as some of his younger contemporaries; as, for example, his nephew Allori. Still, his most famous picture, his *Limbo*, or the *Descent of Christ into Hell*, now in the Uffizj Gallery at Florence, is open to the general objections of the anatomical mannerism, the characteristic defect of the school. There is a print of it by J. B. Cechi. Like his friend Vasari, Bronzino was also a *machinist*, and executed many works in fresco and in oil in the public buildings of Florence and its neighbourhood.

Bronzino's portraits are, happily, free from the defects of his so-called historical works; he was much patronised by the Grand Duke Cosmo I., and many of his portraits of the Medici family are still preserved at Florence. The National Gallery has a small portrait of this prince by him, which is in the Prince Consort's Collection, presented to the Gallery by Her Majesty the Queen.

A noble example of his portraiture is the fine full-length of a *Knight of St. Stephen*, presented to the National Gallery by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

The Gallery is fortunate in also possessing one of Bronzino's most capital figure-pieces, called *Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time*, which seems to be an allegory of sensual Love. This work is not only superb in its drawing, but it is also excellent in its execution; it is truly a work of 'singular beauty,' as Vasari terms it in his notice of the painter—*quadro di singolare bellezza.** It was originally painted for Francis I. of France, says Vasari.

Bronzino was poet as well as painter. Borghini, in his 'Riposo' (vol. iii. p. 79), mentions that some of his burlesque pieces were published with the works of Berni in 1723, at Naples, yet with Florence on the title-page. He was a member of the Florentine Academy, and is noticed by Vasari among the Academicians. He died on the 23rd of November, 1572, in his seventieth year.

No. 650, *Portrait of a Lady*, in the rich costume of the sixteenth century, holding up her hand before her. She is dressed in a gold-quilted white satin bodice, and blue velvet gown embroidered with gold. She wears a pearl necklace supporting a cross.

On canvas, 3 feet 8 inches high, by 2 feet 7 inches wide.

Purchased, with the collection of M. Edmond Beaucousin, at Paris, in 1860.

R. N. Wornum.

* Vasari, 'Vite,' &c., ed. Le Monnier, vol. xiii. p. 164.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

EXPERIMENTS ON A RESTRICTED PALETTE.—The doctrine that the use of few pigments is a great help to an artist in the attainment of good colouring—a doctrine which has been professed by Reynolds, Etty, and many other distinguished painters — led the Editor of the PORTFOLIO to institute, some years ago, a series of experiments having for their special object to ascertain which pigments were best worth retaining if a very few were to be used. He now proposes to give the results of these experiments.

It may be well to say a few words, by way of introduction, upon the controversy between artists on this subject. The opponents of a principle seldom state it fairly, they seldom even understand it. This is certainly not one of those subjects which awaken the passions of mankind, it is not like the eternal controversies of politics and religion; still it is a subject on which there are different opinions, and opinions which are not only different but diametrically opposed to each other. It is therefore impossible to take a side on this question without implying that artists who take the other side are mistaken; or, if you are tolerant enough to admit that their methods may be right also, you still refuse to admit that they are right in condemning yours. This is quite enough to arouse, in a mild way, the spirit of unfairness which belongs to controversy. In order, therefore, to put the reader well on his guard against the unfairness of both parties in this dispute, we will at once put him in possession of the usual arguments.

We have already, in the notes on the practice of Reynolds, replied to his objection to the use of many pigments; but the objection is traditional, and will often be revived. It is said that many pigments are objectionable, because the more pigments are mixed together the duller they become; and it is implied that, when an artist has many of them in his colour-box, he mixes them all together. The truth is exactly the opposite of this. The truth is, that artists generally have recourse to many pigments, because they dislike mixture. The polychromatist mixes two pigments together habitually, and often uses a single one in a state of perfect purity. When he mixes three it is against his will, and he tells you that 'three make mud.' This is the rule: there are certainly exceptions. There are some polychromatists, especially amongst painters in water-colour, who mix very indiscriminately; yet even these men mix less than they would if they had fewer pigments.

It is, however, against the other party, the advocates of few pigments (might we not call them *oligochromatists?*), that the unkindest things are said. 'It is, I think,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'a piece of affectation to try to work with few colours.' Why a piece of affectation? Men are generally affected only in actions which are performed in public. A picture is publicly exhibited, but it is made in privacy, and when it comes before the public nobody can tell whether it has been painted with many pigments or with few. Again, Mr. Ruskin says that 'it saves time to have enough tints prepared without mixing,' and polychromatists generally ask why you give yourself the unnecessary trouble entailed by the use of few pigments; the trouble, that is, of having to think about compounding so many different tints, and also of actually mixing them. The object in using few colours is not to increase difficulty but to diminish it, not to make painting more elaborate but simpler; and it is an entire misunderstanding of the intentions of colourists like Reynolds and Etty to suppose that they were vain of doing in a difficult and complicated way what a reasonable and unaffected person would do in a more straightforward way.

Both parties are agreed upon one thing, that to colour well is difficult in the extreme, and each party endeavours to overcome the difficulty in its own way. The polychromatists believe that the more pigments you have which supply varieties of tint the easier painting becomes, because you have to mix less and less as the variety of your pigments increases. The oligochromatists believe that the fewer pigments you have the easier painting becomes,

because it is easier to master the mutual relations and modifications of seven pigments than of twenty or thirty. Their conception of colouring is, that it is especially the mastery of the influences of pigments upon each other, and the fewer the pigments are the more easily these mutual influences are mastered.

A permanent cause of misunderstanding is, that the powers of a pigment remain unknown even to the most accomplished artists if they have many substitutes for it. They will think of the pigment in its pure state, as a colour, and not of its power in modifying other pigments. You may have Vermilion, for example, on your palette for twenty years without finding out its powers, if you have at the same time half a dozen other reds, such as Venetian Red, Light Red, Indian Red, Burnt Sienna, Burnt Italian Earth; but when you are reduced to Vermilion alone you soon find out what can be done with it. Hence, the word 'Vermilion' really does not mean the same thing to artists who work on the opposite principles of many and few pigments. To one party it means a bright red *colour*, to the other party a powerful chromatic influence, capable of endless transformation.

It is also a misunderstanding to suppose that artists who use few colours *think* about their mixtures more than others. They mix as unconsciously as an accomplished musician strikes a chord, and they certainly do not waste time in mixing. They find it a practical convenience to have all the resources of the palette immediately under command, in a very few pigments, whose relations are well known to them. In fact, they maintain that it is a saving of trouble to use few pigments.

The polychromatists say that pigments are dulled by mixture. Their opponents ask in reply whether this subduing of brightness is altogether a misfortune. It helps to avoid glare, whilst retaining what is essential in chromatic quality.

The oligochromatists maintain, further, that when the pigments are very few, any one of them is likely to recur in many parts of the picture, so that there is likely to be a certain harmony from the very fewness of the pigments. Suppose, for example, a palette composed exclusively of

Flake White—Yellow Ochre—Light Red—Cobalt—Ivory Black.

It would be difficult, with this palette, to colour a work with any glaring want of harmony. The picture might not be brilliant, but it would be almost of necessity harmonious. Every pigment added to the list increases the possibilities of discord. The imperfection of the limited palette just given is, however, obvious. The proof of its imperfection is that you cannot imitate the hues of nature with it; you cannot paint, for instance, with the colours just given, either an orange or a rose. You have a yellow, but not all yellows; you can make purples and greens, but not all purples and greens. If, then, you desire a palette which shall be chromatically complete, it is evident that it must not be so narrowly restricted as this. Every painter in full colour, however much he may desire that his colours should be few, will desire also that they should be chromatically sufficient; or, in other words, that, either pure or in combination, they should be capable of imitating any colour whatever. Even Reynolds, who attached so much importance to the use of very few colours, was not satisfied with vermilion for flesh, but desired to add lake to his palette, because vermilion could not, in his opinion, give the true colour of flesh, however knowingly managed.

It is easy to imitate dull colours by mixture, but not so easy to imitate bright ones; hence in a restricted palette it is necessary to have bright pigments. An intensely bright chromatic yellow is essential, and also a red and a blue. Again, there are certain practical necessities which are due to the nature of the materials at our command. In theory one red ought to suffice, but in practice it so happens that there is no red pigment which, by mixture with another primary, will yield at pleasure either the red of the rose or that of a fox-hunter's coat. Vermilion must be one of our reds, but we need a rose-red besides. For the same reason a bright chromatic yellow, though necessary, is not enough; we need another quality of yellow for humbler

work in mixtures. Thus, if we take pale cadmium for our bright yellow, we shall require yellow ochre for many offices which cadmium could not possibly fulfil. As to the blues, when ultramarine is not too purple one blue is enough. White and black we presume to be necessary from the beginning. Our list is already extensive enough to imitate a great variety of greens, but not all greens. You could not quite accurately imitate either malachite or an emerald with it. Let us add a good useful green, then, the Emerald Oxide of Chromium. We want a brown, too, for the darkening of yellows and the neutralising of greens; a brown that will go well with yellow ochre, and form agreeable tints with white. We should like Asphaltum best for this, but it is too dangerous. The next best brown for our present purpose is Vandyke Brown.

Our restricted palette is now complete. It is composed of

White—Pale Cadmium Yellow—Yellow Ochre—Vermilion—Rose Madder—Ultramarine—Emerald Oxide of Chromium—Vandyke Brown—Black.

Seven colours, with the addition of white and black—nine pigments in all. With these every hue in the world may be imitated closely enough for the purposes of art. The tints given by this palette may not always be so bright as the originals, but by the help of opposition they may be made sufficiently bright for the purposes of a colourist. Even this deficiency of brightness is a safeguard against glare.

Reynolds would have accepted this palette as amply sufficient for all his purposes. He seldom, if ever, used so many as nine pigments on one picture. His own portrait was painted with five only. On the 22nd of June, 1770, he says what his fixed practice was, and this only includes five pigments, namely, White, Yellow Ochre, Lake, Ultramarine, and Black. His conviction was that four are sufficient. 'Another circumstance,' he says, 'that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring' (he is speaking of the ancients) 'is the account we have of some of their principal painters using but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours the cleaner will be the effect of those colours, and that four are sufficient to make every combination required.'

The fullest palette ever used by Reynolds, so far as we are able to ascertain, was as follows:

White—Orpiment—Yellow Ochre—Lake—Carmine—Ultramarine—Blue-Black—Black.

When he took up other pigments he rejected some of these. He sometimes rejected Orpiment and used Naples Yellow, or Carmine or Lake and used Vermilion. Sometimes he used Asphaltum and rejected Black. For several portraits painted in 1774 his palette consisted of White, Asphaltum, Vermilion, and Blue. In the same year he used White, Naples Yellow, Asphaltum, Lake, and Minium, rejecting both Black and Blue. Notwithstanding these changes, however, the typical Reynolds' palette is the one given above.

In our restricted palette we have substituted pale Cadmium for Orpiment, because Orpiment is not durable in oil, especially in combination with white lead. For the fugitive Lake used by Reynolds we substitute Rose Madder. We include Vermilion, which Reynolds often used. The Emerald Oxide of Chromium is included in our palette for its great utility in the greens of landscape. Vandyke Brown is a sort of substitute for Asphaltum, on the whole the best we could get.

It will be readily seen that our palette is in principle strictly that of Reynolds, and this is the more curious that it was not suggested to us originally by Reynolds, but by an old French colour-maker, who had passed many years in the actual work of the laboratory, and had, after endless experiments, come to the conclusion that this list of pigments was the simplest which would permit of complete colouring without danger. He included, however, both Naples Yellow and Asphaltum, which we have rejected as unsafe. Naples Yellow is liable to deterioration by sulphuretted hydrogen gas, by light, and by moist iron. It is also often adulterated. With pale Cadmium and Yellow Ochre on the palette, Naples Yellow is happily by no means indispensable, as we see from the practice of Reynolds. Asphaltum would be precious indeed if it did not

crack, but we abide by the verdict of an eminent living painter, who declares it to be 'totally unfit for use.'

It may be a question whether pale Cadmium is the best pigment we could select for our bright yellow. If not adulterated, we should give it the preference. Aureolin might, perhaps, be used instead of it, but as Aureolin is the same price as Cadmium there may still be a risk of adulteration. A very pure and true yellow is Strontian Yellow. It has not quite so much body as Cadmium, but it bears a high character for stability, as Mr. W. Linton says that 'neither intense light, nor oil, nor the most powerfully active gases, have any effect upon the purity of its colour.' Our experiments have, however, been conducted throughout with pale Cadmium. Strontian costs half as much, which is a recommendation in more ways than one, for the cheaper a colour is, the less it is likely to be adulterated, unless it be in order to give it a brightness which does not naturally belong to it.

There can be no question about Yellow Ochre. It is one of the most valuable pigments we possess, combining so perfectly with white at one end of the scale and brown at the other.

Vermilion is especially useful for its power of reddening ochre, making purples with blue, and neutralising greens. In a restricted palette it is of constant use. In a palette not restricted the utility of Vermilion is not so much felt, because then the red earths in a great measure supply its place.

Rose Madder should have the true decided rosy tint, as that is necessary for the completion of our chromatic scale. It is believed to be permanent, but we do not really know yet whether it will last for centuries. We certainly know, however, that it is very much safer than insect lakes, and there can be no complete colouring without a lake of some sort.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to use genuine Ultramarine in the ordinary work of painting, on account of its great cost. The French Ultramarines commonly sold are very useful pigments, but not ideally perfect, because they incline too much to violet. The artificial Ultramarine, prepared by Messrs. Zuber and Co. of Rixheim, is said by Mr. Linton to have the pure prismatic blue tint. If so, it would be preferable to the French imitations. When the only accessible Ultramarine has a violet tinge, it may be well to admit cobalt upon the palette, in addition.

The Emerald Oxide of Chromium is one of the most useful pigments we have, and when not adulterated it is one of the safest. Field says that it is 'durable both against the action of the sun's light and impure air.' In a restricted palette it becomes of the utmost importance, and is the sheet-anchor of the greens, as vermilion is of the reds. A distinguished living landscape-painter says that in his art there are two principles, the red principle and the green principle, and that it is chiefly the opposition and interchange of these two which constitute the colour of landscape. It is therefore well for a landscape-painter to see that his palette is strong on these two points.

Vandyke Brown is said to be got from peat, and to be of a bituminous nature. It is semi-transparent, and both rich and deep in colour, but, unfortunately, it becomes dull and opaque in drying. It has the reputation of being a 'bad' drier; but the truth is that it dries well, though tardily. One of the Cappagh browns might be substituted for Vandyke Brown if slow drying were considered a great objection.

There are plenty of Blacks to choose from; but when you only take one it must be really black, and not a very dark brown or grey. Ivory Black, when of the best quality, is on the whole the most eligible. Black Lead makes better grey tints in combination with white, because they are more nearly neutral. It is quite a delusion to imagine that the intense blacks ever give *really* neutral shades in their combinations with white: their greys are usually anything but neutral.

The proper way to test a limited palette is to imitate with it, by mixture, all the known pigments; for if the palette is chromatically complete this can be done with it, and if this cannot be done the palette is not chromatically complete. The artist who uses a limited

palette does not say to himself in a conscious way, 'Now I must imitate Raw Sienna or Burnt Sienna;' but he must be able, by means of the pigments which he has, to produce the effect of Raw Sienna or Burnt Sienna, &c., without thinking about it.

It is the right time now to make a few brief observations upon the *excessive* faith in few pigments—the sort of faith which does not apply rigorous experimental tests. Reynolds had that faith when he expressed his conviction that four pigments are enough to make every combination required. Which four? Certainly not any four of the pigments known to us at the present day; and we know what were used by the ancients, having still either exactly the same, or else more perfect substitutes. There is an irresistible logical method by which it can be proved that four pigments are insufficient. You cannot imitate a bright pigment with a dull one; you cannot imitate Strontian Yellow with Yellow Ochre, nor Vermilion with Light Red: therefore you must either take the very brightest colours you can get, or else be contented to work in a low key, which is not full colour at all, nor anything resembling it. Suppose white to be allowed in addition to the four, you have only three bright colours to choose—for you *must* have black—in order to complete your scale of light and shade. Therefore, unless you consent to work in a low key, and so confess your inability to imitate bright colours, you must take the brightest yellow, the brightest blue, and the brightest red that are procurable—these being the indispensable primaries. Thus, by the inexorable logic of necessity, you are brought to orpiment, or a substitute for it, ultramarine (or its substitute), and vermilion. And now that you have got these three, just try to imitate the yellow and red earths, and you will perceive that it is not possible. A bright yellow and black do not make Yellow Ochre; a bright red and black do not make Venetian Red. A palette of four pigments will either be unfit to imitate bright colours or else be unfit to imitate dull ones.

It is quite true that flesh can be painted with four pigments. A painter who knew Etty, and had often seen him work, said:—'With three colours and white—anything approaching to a yellow, a red, and a blue—he could produce a sweetly coloured picture.' This we quite believe, but we affirm that such a palette could never be chromatically complete. However skilful Etty may have been in the use of colour, he could not have painted a scarlet geranium with Venetian Red, nor a daffodil with Yellow Ochre.

The following is a candid account of one of the tests to which our restricted palette has been subjected. The reader will please remember that these are merely tests, and that in actual practice a painter does not trouble himself to imitate consciously the pigments which are absent from his palette. This is not necessary, but such tests as these prove that the palette has the same chromatic resources which it would have if the pigments which it can imitate were actually present. To make the test more severe, the original pigments and the mixed tints were placed side by side on a mill-board, left to dry for two years, and then varnished.

Naples Yellow.—Imitated with White, Cadmium, and Yellow Ochre. This was very like the best Naples Yellow.

Jaune Pinart.—White, Cadmium, Yellow Ochre, in other proportions. Very near.

Lemon Yellow.—White, Cadmium, and a very little Oxide of Chromium. A close imitation.

Orange Cadmium.—Cadmium and Vermilion. Accurate in hue, but rather less bright than the original.

Light Red.—Vermilion, Yellow Ochre, Vandyke Brown. A very close imitation.

Venetian Red.—Vermilion, Yellow Ochre, Rose Madder, and a little Vandyke Brown. As close as possible.

Indian Red.—Vermilion, Rose Madder, Black, and a little Yellow Ochre. In hue quite indistinguishable from the original.

Cobalt.—Ultramarine, White, a little Yellow Ochre, and a very little Cadmium. Very near in hue, but less transparent than Cobalt.

Prussian Blue.—Ultramarine, Black, an atom of Chromium Green. Deceptively close in

hue, but the imitation cannot have all the transparency, or the wonderful colouring power, of the original pigment.

Ultramarine Ashes.—Ultramarine, Black, and White. Very near in hue, but rather more opaque.

Indigo.—Ultramarine and Black. A very close imitation indeed.

Raw Sienna.—Yellow Ochre, Vandyke Brown, and a very little Rose Madder. Near to the original, but not identical in hue. The mixture cannot have the fine colouring properties of Raw Sienna, but the beauty of Raw Sienna may be got, when required, by opposition.

Burnt Sienna.—This pigment is easier to imitate closely than the preceding one. An accurate imitation may be produced with Yellow Ochre, Vermilion, much Rose Madder, and some Vandyke Brown.

Emerald Green (Vert Véronèse).—Cadmium, White, Oxide of Chromium, Ultramarine. An extremely close approximation in hue, but the imitation is not so bright or intense as the original. This is not much of a misfortune, as the original is one of the crudest pigments we have.

Malachite Green.—Oxide of Chromium, Ultramarine, Yellow Ochre, Cadmium, and White. Scarcely distinguishable from the original.

Terre Verte.—Oxide of Chromium, Yellow Ochre, Black, White. A close imitation in hue, but not in body.

Besides these tests we made an extensive series of compound tints, going round the chromatic compass, and always found that the palette was able to give the tint required. It is not necessary to trouble the reader with a minute description of these. The conclusion was, that our restricted palette had in itself all the resources necessary for full colouring, and we believe that it is not possible to generate the whole progeny of intermediate tints from fewer originals. We believe, also, that whenever a colourist composes a palette of nine pigments, which shall have all the chromatic possibilities, that palette must of necessity be arranged exactly on the same principles as the one we have given. The necessities of the case leave us no choice. It is not a matter of taste at all, but of compulsion by the nature of things. We do not say that the artist must of necessity take the very pigments we have named, but he must take their equivalents.

When full colour is not an object, a valuable restricted palette may easily be arranged with five pigments ; three to represent (in some measure) the primaries, and white and black. The palette of five pigments may often amply suffice for the dead-colouring of a picture, and it may even happen that the subject of the picture allows of its being entirely painted in five pigments. There are works by Corot, Daubigny, and others, which might have been easily painted with so restricted a palette as that. We have found the following a very good simple palette for dead-colouring :—

Flake White—Yellow Ochre—Cobalt Blue—Light Red—Ivory Black.

The early Greek palette, according to Pliny, did not include blue, but consisted of white, yellow, red, and black. Haydon observes, however, with reason, that as the black was probably Blue-Black, it would produce cool tints that might in some measure do the work of blue. If Blue-Black is used, Cobalt may therefore be omitted in the dead-colouring of figure-pictures, but it is well to retain it for landscapes on account of the sky and the greens. It is evident that the Greeks, however clever they may have been, could not possible imitate the azure of the Grecian sky, and the azure and emerald of the Grecian sea, with such a pigment as Blue-Black. The obvious inference is, that in the times when they did not use blue they did not really paint in full colour, but had a conventional scale of cool and warm tones, bearing a certain distant relation to the hues of nature, and composing a harmonious whole, which we should call a good dead-colouring.

In publishing our experiments in few pigments we are far from desiring to imply any

condemnation of the many excellent artists who willingly use all safe pigments which the colour-maker can prepare for them. We say simply, that it is sometimes a convenience to have complete chromatic possibilities in nine pigments, and we have thought that it might be useful to point out those necessities which decide which pigments must be used when only nine are chosen. After some practice the artist plays upon his materials as a musician plays upon his strings or keys, and it is always a comfort to him to know that he has the full chromatic range in the substances on his palette. When, on the other hand, the chromatic range is *not* complete, it is most desirable that the artist should be clearly aware of it, and not waste efforts in trying for results which are not attainable with the means at his disposal. We admit that the knowledge of materials cannot make a colourist, but we believe that it may shorten the road to excellence when a student has naturally an eye for colour. There are certain facts about pigments which are undeniable, for they can be demonstrated scientifically. The chromatic completeness or incompleteness of a palette admits of this positive proof.

Reynolds and Etty both advocated few pigments when they gave advice about painting to younger men. Their reason for this was, most probably, that the more pigments an artist has on his palette the less is he likely to become fully acquainted with the colouring powers of each. We quite believe that, for this reason, young artists and all amateurs should use as few pigments as possible. It may even be well for them to paint consciously with a palette so limited as to be incomplete, if only it is harmonious in its own key. There does not seem, however, to be any serious reason why a mature artist should not use as many pigments as he likes, if all he admits are permanent. Painters are always likely to be divided into the two classes which we have called polychromatists and oligochromatists: the former will include those who care most for the brightness and vividness of particular hues; the latter those who look for harmony of general effect. There is also another side to this question which we have been compelled to omit altogether from this paper. An artist may like a pigment for other qualities than its colour: he may like it for its body, or its transparence, or its fluidity: he may like it in oil, because it dries well; or in water, because it washes well. Artists often become attached to pigments for reasons of this kind, and they are certainly good reasons, from the practical point of view.

BRUGES.

ETCHED BY ERNEST GEORGE.

THE reader may perhaps remember an engraving by J. H. Le Keux in the fourth volume of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' entitled *The Picturesque Windmills*. To the left of the plate is a windmill by Stanfield, from his drawing entitled *Brittany, near Dol*, and to the right a windmill by Turner, from his study of the *Lock*, in the *Liber Studiorum*. By a comparison of these two subjects, Mr. Ruskin illustrated the difference between the surface-picturesque and the profounder and more serious picturesque, which does not rest satisfied with an amusing variety of surfaces, or play of light upon them, but goes deeper into the nature and history of the thing represented.

'At first sight,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'I dare say the reader may like Stanfield's best; and there is, indeed, a great deal more in it to attract liking. Its roof is nearly as interesting in its ruggedness as a piece of the stony peak of a mountain, with a *châlet* built on its side; and it is exquisitely varied in swell and curve. Turner's roof, on the contrary, is a plain, ugly gable—a windmill roof, and nothing more. Stanfield's sails are twisted into most effective wrecks, as beautiful as pine bridges over Alpine streams; only they do not look as if they had ever been serviceable windmill sails: they are bent about in cross and awkward ways, as if they were warped or cramped, and their timbers look heavier than necessary. Turner's sails have no beauty about them like that of Alpine bridges, but they have the exact switchy sway of the sail that is always straining against

the wind; and the timbers form clearly the lightest possible framework for the canvas—thus showing the essence of windmill sail. Then the clay wall of Stanfield's mill is as beautiful as a piece of chalk cliff, all worn into furrows by the rain, coated with mosses, and rooted to the ground by a heap of crumpled stone, embroidered with grass and creeping plants. But this is not a serviceable state for a windmill to be in. The essence of a windmill, as distinguished from all other mills, is that it should turn round and be a spinning thing, ready always to face the wind; as light, therefore, as possible, and as vibratory: so that it is in no wise good for it to approximate itself to the nature of chalk cliffs.

'Now observe how completely Turner has chosen his mill so as to mark this great fact of windmill nature; how high he has set it; how slenderly he has supported it; how he has built it all of wood; how he has bent the lower planks so as to give the idea of the building lapping over the pivot on which it rests inside; and how, finally, he has insisted on the great leverage of the beam behind it, while Stanfield's lever looks more like a prop than a thing to turn the roof with. And he has done all this fearlessly, though none of these elements of form are pleasant ones in themselves, but tend, on the whole, to give a somewhat mean and spider-like look to the principal feature in his picture. And then, finally, because he could not get the windmill dissected, and show us the real heart and centre of the whole, behold, he has put a pair of old millstones, *lying outside* at the bottom of it. These, the first cause and motive of all the fabric, laid at its foundation; and beside them the cart which is to fulfil the end of the fabric's being, and take home the sacks of flour.'

This comparison between Turner's picturesque and Stanfield's would be scarcely fair to Stanfield if it were founded upon a single drawing only, taken at the will of the critic from his whole life's work, and compared with another by Turner, also selected at the critic's will; but whatever may be the degree of justice in the comparison between the two artists there was perfect justice in that between the two drawings. The *Breton Mill, near Dol*, did not exhibit in so striking a degree the essential structure of a windmill as the English one chosen by Turner, and in Stanfield's subject there is a much keener enjoyment of the surface-picturesque than we can possibly detect in the other. In a word, the temper of the two drawings is not the same. One artist enjoys the general sketchableness of his subject; the other has sympathy with what he represents.

In the etching before us, Mr. Ernest George has chosen a windmill subject close to Bruges, and it is interesting after reading what we have just quoted from Mr. Ruskin to observe which kind of the windmill-picturesque has the stronger attraction for our contributor. The mill in the foreground here is constructed on the same principle as Turner's, whilst the three others, which Mr. George has put in the middle distance, are all built like Stanfield's. In the foreground mill the body of the structure itself turns round, and is only fixed to the base as on a pivot; in the others the roof only turns, and the body of the mill is a fixed tower, usually of solid masonry. The foreground mill in this plate is particularly well chosen for an etching, from its rich variety of line against the sky and the differences of material in its structure. To the left we have a glimpse of the towers of Bruges.

INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.

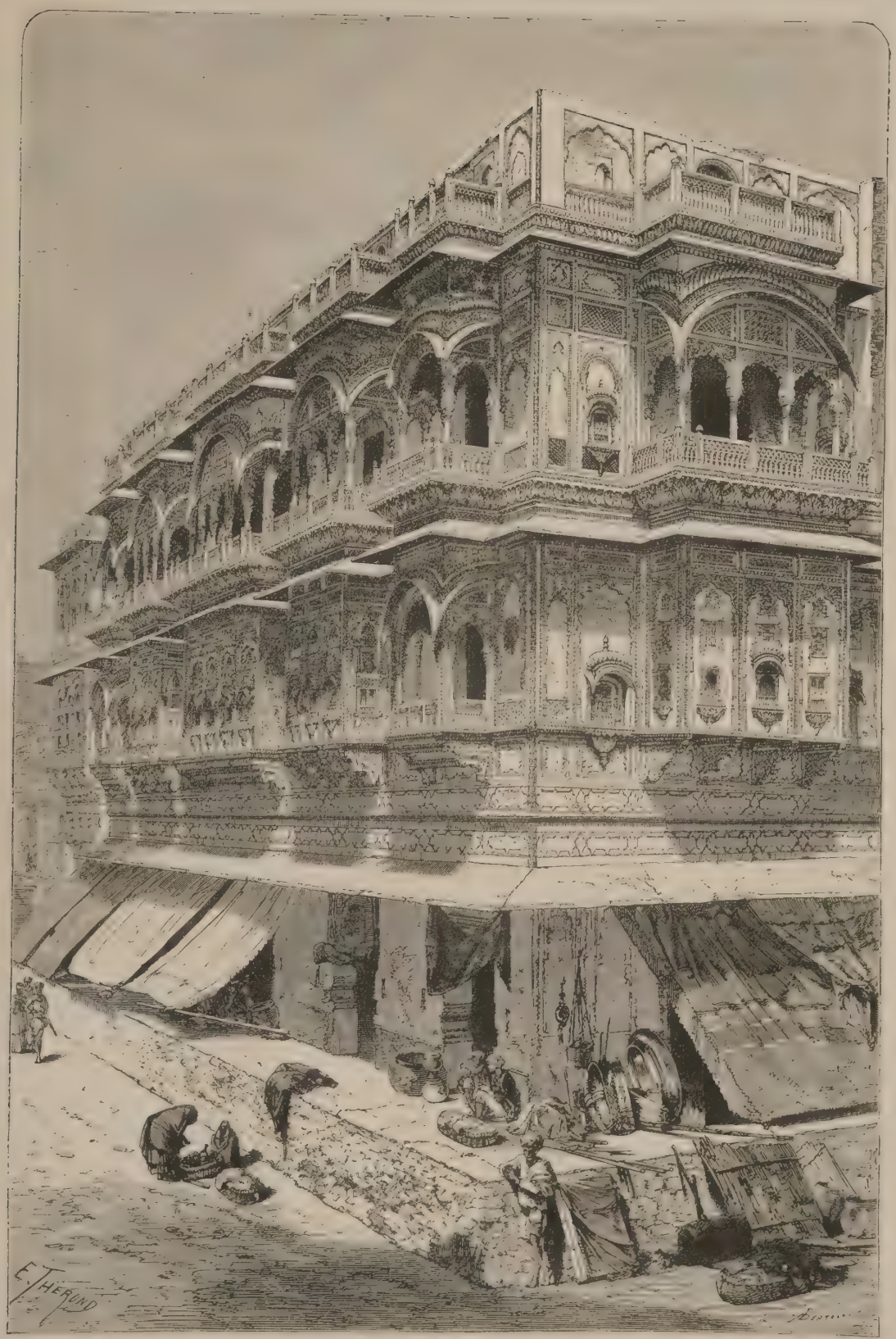
WE have already given our readers an opportunity of judging of the merits of M. Rousselet's volume, and we return to it now, not with any thought of exhausting its resources, but in order merely to bear testimony to the variety and beauty of its contents. The fact that the writer set out with a distinct interest in matters of art renders his book much more than a mere record of travel; and in the same way, the illustrations are very different from the picturesque sketches with which most books of travel are adorned. The work, in short, takes a place mid-way between the effort of a descriptive writer and the formal treatise of an

archæologist. It is bright with the vivid force of a personal impression, but it is also well informed, and on occasion learned, so that while it forms in one sense a traveller's story of a visit to the native principalities, in another and more important sense it forms a connected picture of Indian art, and especially of Indian architecture.

In our earlier notice of the book we were enabled to present to our readers some of the admirable views of Gwalior: to-day we turn to the earlier portion of the volume, wherein the writer describes the beauties of the province of Ajmere. Ajmere, from the fifteenth century to within a modern date, belonged to the Mogul Emperors; it afterwards fell into the power of the

MOSQUE OF THE ARAÏ-DIN-KA-JHOPRA, AT AJMERE.

Mahratta kings of Gwalior, and in 1818 it was ceded to the English in exchange for other territory by Dowlut Rao Scindia. M. Rousselet gives an interesting account of his journey to the town of Ajmere, which he approached by way of Nusserabad; and here, as elsewhere, he is loud in praise of the hospitality extended to him by the British officers in the station. From Nusserabad to Ajmere is a distance of about fifteen miles of very beautiful road. 'Scarcely had we left Nusserabad,' writes the traveller, 'when the road led us into the mountains, and we were soon in the midst of the Aravalis. The sun rose as we passed the first defiles, and added to the beauty of the country. Sharp peaks rose on all sides of us, torn into strange forms, between which the precipices, still plunged in obscurity, formed many an abyss; and the luminous rays of the sun, intercepted by the points of the rocks, formed rosy halos round the lofty summits. Enormous cacti, the only vegetation in these ravines, grew here and there in fantastic groups; and on the plateaux a few large shrubs, flaming with their bunches of scarlet flowers, rose above the low jungle. Partridges hidden amid the herbage were saluting the rising sun with their



THE PALACE OF THE SETHS, AJMERE.

sharp cries, and once or twice a peacock flew off at our approach and passed above us like a sheaf of glittering emeralds. The freshness of the morning, the songs of the birds, and the splendid view, made us forget all past fatigues ; every one was gay, and my men chatted and laughed, for we were approaching the end of our journey, and they would soon be able to return to their homes. On rounding a point we caught a glimpse of Ameer and its celebrated fortress of Teraghur. It was a splendid view : the white houses of the town appeared framed in a thick belt of verdure like an oasis in the midst of a desert of piled-up rocks and mountains.'

Ajmere possesses a peculiar artistic interest, from the fact that it contains admirable specimens of modern no less than of ancient architecture. The town, which lies in a beautiful valley, was founded in the first century of our era by Choham Aja Pal, whom legend affirms to have been a shepherd. It stands upon the edge of the lake Ana Sagur, which, like all those in this part of India, is artificial, having been formed in the eleventh century by damming up the course of the river. In his survey of the town, M. Rousselet first introduces us to a specimen of modern building, the Palace of the Seths, belonging to a family of bankers. This structure, entirely composed of white marble enriched with graceful columns and exquisitely carved cornices, takes rank with the most beautiful examples of Rajpoot art. Our readers may judge by our admirable illustration of the justice of M. Rousselet's praise. The artist, M. Therond, has not only reproduced the rich effect of this ornate, architectural style, but has also very finely rendered the deep contrasts of light and shade added by the splendour of the climate. From this noble monument of modern Indian architecture the writer conducts us to the Mussulman mosque of the Arai-Din-Ka-Jhophra, which stands in a small wood on the outskirts of the town. This is one of the most imposing buildings erected by the Mussulmans, and at the same time one of the most beautiful specimens of Jain architecture of the earliest period. The author offers an instructive explanation of the juxtaposition of these two diverse styles. 'When the Mahommedans first invaded India they thought only of pillaging and destroying, without for a moment considering how they were to replace the magnificence they were overturning. But when they had become masters of the country, and wished to establish themselves firmly in it, their first emperors hastened to build temples to the true God, and having no architects, were obliged to intrust the work to the Hindoos. The palaces of the ancient kings, and the wonderful temples of their predecessors, furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of material. They only had, therefore, to destroy the idols, make a few characteristic alterations, and to give the final stamp to the mosque by adding a front of painted arches. One may say that such was the origin of this grand style of architecture, which some call the Indo-Saracen, and to which India owes some of its most marvellous productions. M. Rousselet gives an interior view of this mosque, which shows the grandeur as well as the ornamental taste of Jain architecture.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

WHEN Turner exhibited his *Kilchurn* at the Royal Academy his name, for the first time, appeared in the glory of full capitals, with every syllable of his three Christian names before it. In 1801 he had been plain W. Turner, A. ; in 1802 he became JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.

He was only twenty-seven years old, a mere 'landscape-painter,' as critics and historical painters used to say, earning his living mainly by humble industry in the business of illustration, and yet he became a full Academician at that early age. His election is the more remarkable that he had done nothing whatever to bring it about, except his fair hard work in his profession. He was absolutely incapable of social courtiership in any of its disguises. He gave no dinners, he paid no calls, he did nothing to make the Academicians believe that he would be a credit to their order in any social sense. Even after his election he would not go to thank his

electors, in obedience to the established usage. 'If they had not been satisfied with my pictures,' he said to Stothard, 'they would not have elected me. Why, then, should I thank them? Why thank a man for performing a simple duty?' His views on this subject were clearly wrong; for the rules of good manners very frequently require us to thank people for performing simple duties, and the Academicians were not under any obligation to elect the young painter so soon: but how completely Turner's conduct in this matter proves that he can only have been elected on his merits! It is unnecessary to repeat what has been already said about Turner's good fortune in living at a time when the Academy would receive landscape-painters. His elevation to the full membership was of immense value to him in his career, and he knew this so well that he remained deeply attached to the Academy all his life. He was Associate or member of it for a full half century, and during fifty years was only three times absent from its exhibitions. The Academy had been kind to him from boyhood, an *alma mater* from the first; and now in the strength of his manhood she opened wide for him the gates of her Temple of Fame.

It may be a convenient help to the memory to join the election to the full membership with the abandonment of topographic truth in art. The coincidence is very close. The year when Turner appeared as Royal Academician was the very year in which he exhibited a picture conceived in absolute disdain of topographic truth. From that time forwards he may have admitted some recognisable measure of such truth, to conciliate publishers or buyers, but his own mental emancipation from it was complete.

Let it not for one moment be supposed that, from the point of view of the higher art-criticism, I, or any one else, would *blame* Turner for emancipating himself in this way. There is no doubt a certain feeling of disappointment when we come to realise the almost incredible degree of his unfaithfulness to topographic fact, especially if we have a strong attachment to places and a feeble interest in art. But the artist in Turner gained wondrously by the liberation which sacrificed the topographer. From the time of his early maturity he became, above and before all other things, *artist*. It is not even accurate to say that he deserted one order of truth for another, that he quitted topography for the rendering of scientific truth of aspect; for although there is much truth in his works, he never hesitated to become utterly unscientific when his artistic instincts suggested that kind of unfaithfulness. It is not now the time or place to apply this kind of criticism; but we shall have to apply it later. For the present it is enough to say, that the young Academician had a temper as scornfully independent in his work as in his social relations, that he painted what suited him just as it suited him, and that the impulse to follow his own genius became stronger and more irresistible as he grew older. His temperament was full of audacity, self-centred, self-reliant, eager for success and fame, yet scornful of popular opinion—a contradiction, if it is one, very common in the characters of artists and men of letters, yet seldom so strikingly visible as in Turner; for no man ever loved fame and money more than he did, and no man ever condescended less to the opinion universally received amongst the vulgar, that art is the imitation of nature.

Great Britain is an excellent country for a landscape-painter; but it is a country which, from its very nature, excites an Englishman's curiosity to see what lies outside of it. It is difficult, after seeing our sublime little northern mountains, to repress the desire for mountain scenery of a yet sublimer order; it is difficult, after following our comparatively short rivers, to avoid dreaming of those vaster arteries of the Continent which flow for two hundred leagues. Everything that England has awakens the desire to see something which she has not. After seeing Westminster Abbey one desires to visit Rouen, Amiens, Rheims, Chartres, and Beauvais; after standing under the dome of St. Paul's we should like to see St. Peter's at Rome. The Englishman has so much in his own island that he is educated into longing for more and grander things of the same kind; and it so happens that there is nothing in England except our ships and seaports, of which some finer, or at any rate bigger, specimen cannot be found on the Continent. For most things we are like children who have ridden on ponies, and conceived from that experience a peculiar passion for tall horses. Of course such an artist as Turner, with his intense appreciation of vastness, was not going to be confined all his life to the limits of our insular scenery. His first raid upon the Continent immediately followed

the first exhibition in which he had borne the full honours of the Academy: let us remember this, for it is important. The whole of Turner's Continental work was done in his maturity, and consequently after his emancipation from topography.

His first impression of Calais was strong enough to suggest a very strong picture, the *Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea—an English Packet arriving,* which has been etched not long since, on a great scale, by Mr. Seymour Haden. Luckily this work is now the property of the nation, for it is the first manifestation of the full energy there was in Turner's genius—of its energy, but not as yet by any means of its sense of beauty. The picture is full of life and motion, but the colouring of it is conceived as if it were intended to be etched, and not intended to be exhibited perpetually as a work in colour. The light-and-shade, too, seems to have been designed for the etcher, with his simple broad distinctions and vigorous darks, rather than for the engraver, with his subtle translations of delicate tones. Still it is already master's work, and if it had been exhibited two years earlier the Academical election would have seemed more the acknowledgment of success and less the intelligent anticipation of it. Another important result of this Continental tour was *The Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Macon.* As the sense of power had revealed itself in the *Calais Pier,* so the sense of beauty had its satisfactions in the *Macon Vintage.* It is a graceful composition, full of the sentiment which we call classic, with its noble river-divided landscape, its elegant trees, its pleasant slopes of land and joyous animated figures. It is, in short, a beautiful fancy with much southern poetry in it, carrying us half-way to the Virgilian dream-land, but it is *not* Macon. The real scenery of Macon is interesting to the intelligent traveller, but it is in the highest degree embarrassing to the artist, and cannot be treated pictorially without the free use of the artist's license, about which Turner had no scruple. Not only did Turner permit himself the widest departures from *fact,* but he also (as at Kilchurn) neglected important truths of *character.* In the country near Macon one of the most striking peculiarities is the perfect flatness of the land on the left bank of the Saône, and the boldness of the slopes on the right, yet this strong contrast is not given. The river is a Turnerian river, but not the Saône near Macon; the vine-lands are Turnerian, they are not the vine-lands of the Maconnais.

From eastern France our hero crossed over into Switzerland, and seems to have made a halt at Bonneville, on his way to Chamouni,—a longer halt than passing tourists usually make there, for he got materials for two pictures, one of the little town with Mont Blanc, and the other of the Château de St. Michel, at Bonneville. He went on to the Mer de Glace, drawing the glacier and source of the Arveiron; crossed the Alps till he got into the Val d'Aosta, and drew there also. Of his thoughts and impressions during this first journey amongst scenery which must have greatly excited him we know nothing but what may be gathered from his sketches. We have no ample correspondence, like Byron's letters from the Continent, giving the successive impressions of scenes when first visited. The feebleness of Turner's literary faculty, and the defects of his education, made writing irksome to him, whilst his total ignorance of foreign languages must have kept him, when abroad, in too isolated a position for any profitable intercourse with the inhabitants. The man who could turn either the French or the Italian name for the beautiful valley just mentioned into such a wonderful muddle as the 'Valley of d'Aoust' seems a hopeless student of languages, yet he printed it so in the Academy Catalogue. He writes Macon, the town, with the sedilla (Maçon), as if it were the French for *mason;* a mistake which nobody with an ear could commit, after having been at the place and heard its name pronounced. He writes Arveiron, 'Arveron;' but this is more excusable, as it is a common English error, or abbreviation. The incapacity of Turner in all that constitutes literary power, even of the very humblest order—the power of the emigrant who can write an interesting letter to his relations in the old country, the power of the traveller who can keep an intelligible journal—was an incapacity so complete that the biographer has no materials for the history of the artist's mind except his sketches and paintings and the dates on them. What he thought, or whether he thought at all, is a mystery to us: all we know is, that he received a succession of landscape impressions, which immediately transformed themselves in his brain till they became dreams, and that these dreams either bore some resemblance to the places or did not, just as it happened. At the same time we are not to

forget that excursions such as this Continental journey had their real utility for Turner, but a strange kind of utility. They gave materials for new dreaming. The picture of the Macon vintage is unlike the reality, and yet in some strange, unaccountable way, was suggested by the reality. So with the mountains. It is probable that Turner never painted a portrait of any mountain whatever: his way of treating Ben Cruachan (wholly arbitrary) is his way of treating Alp or Appennine; and yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that his travelling was of no use to him, that he learned nothing from the mountains in Argyllshire or Savoy. On the contrary, where another artist would have spent his time in the unintelligent copyism of particular facts, such as the shape of this or that rocky pinnacle or buttress (a shape which would be altered past recognition by walking a mile in either direction), Turner was imbuing his mind with those great laws of structure which govern every hill of one class and every mountain of another. All that this proves is, that his mind acted as the most elevated minds generally do act. The small mind learns painfully the particular fact, and feels lost if the memory fails to retain it; the large mind notes the fact, but at once passes beyond, to the principle, and after that holds the fact with a somewhat loose and careless grasp. Emerson says that in youth we remember painfully the very words of some great man whom we admire; but that when our minds have grown larger we become indifferent to this kind of accuracy, being ourselves capable of thinking the thoughts over again, in our own way. This was Turner's habit with regard to Nature. He did not care to remember so as to quote Nature word for word, but he put himself as nearly as possible in harmony with Nature, so that he might be able at any time to create natural beauty over again in his own way. This is the sort of relation, and the only sort, which subsisted between the great natural universe and the little Turnerian one. From the date of his election as Academician, Turner fed himself at the everlasting and inexhaustible banquet of natural beauty, but only as an original poet may freely pasture his mind on the literature of other ages. In this free spirit he travelled; never resting long in one place, and never, or hardly ever, doing more than sketch with the pencil-point, altering everything that he sketched. On his return to London, after every such excursion, it is doubtful whether he ever possessed one accurate study the more, and it cannot be proved that he had any accurate recollection of a single scene that he had passed through. The real gain to him was of a different order. After a sea voyage he had the marine element in his mind; after wandering through Alpine valleys he came back with an Alpine education, knowing how a snowy crest shines in the sunset, how a glacier creeps down to a valley, and a waterfall leaps from a cliff.

When Turner became an Academician he took his old father away from his business of barber and gave him a home in his own house. It is said that he was kind and respectful to the old man, invariably; which we may easily believe, though there have been stories to the contrary, originating in the simple habits of both father and son. It seemed to both of them perfectly natural that the elder man, having now much time on his hands, should occupy himself in little tasks which would save a shilling here and there; but if the painter readily consented to this, was it not the most delicate conduct possible under the circumstances? Old William Turner had been industrious and economical all his life, and, like all old men who have been accustomed to work for a living, he felt the need of useful occupation. It is said that he acted as porter at his son's gallery, would stretch canvasses for him, and do other little things, in all which there is certainly no real humiliation, but simply the gratification of an old man's wish to be useful. The relation between father and son is indeed quite the prettiest part of the life-story we have to tell. The artist was never hindered by his father, but aided by him in all possible ways with tender parental care and sagacious foresight. The son, on his part, was dutiful and filial to the last, taking the old man to his house, and drawing closer the bond of affection as the social distance between them became wider. Thus it is precisely when the painter wins the full honours of the Academy, honours which give a recognised and envied position in London society, that he takes his father home. A meaner nature would have tried to keep the old man at a safe distance. Few readers of this biography can have failed to meet with instances of professional men, brilliantly successful in the world, whose humble parents are never by any chance to be met with in their houses, and are never mentioned by them. Thackeray had certainly met with such instances, and was thinking of

them when he described Sepio: 'He prances about the park on a high-bred cock-tail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washer-women, it is said, in Pimlico.'

The house to which Turner took his father from Maiden Lane was No. 64 Harley Street. The artist went to live there in the year 1803. In that year he exhibited, amongst his other contributions to the Academy, an indifferent figure picture, *A Holy Family*, in which the early influence of Reynolds is very distinctly visible.

For the next three years there is hardly anything to tell of Turner's life beyond the mere catalogue of his pictures, and it would encumber the pages of this biography to give the titles of them all. The *Sun Rising through Vapour*, which now hangs with the Claudes in the National Gallery, was exhibited in 1807 at the Royal Academy, and the *Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides* appeared in the British Institution the year before. Both these are notable pictures, but the Hesperides landscape has a certain fixed place in Turner's history as an artist which gives it a special importance. It was a very ambitious picture, and in it he attempted to combine, and to reconcile, something of his knowledge of mountain-form recently acquired amongst the Alps with his knowledge of landscape tradition learned from the old masters in picture-galleries. All artists attempt the reconciliation of some sort of tradition with what they learn from nature; but in our day we very seldom see a painter of any considerable power hampering himself with the orthodox classicism. If any classicism pervades some portion of the art of to-day, it attempts to show how much better we understand classic feeling than our orthodox predecessors did, instead of following blindly in their footsteps. A modern critic, ignorant of Turner's real history, and finding himself for the first time before this Hesperides landscape of his, would say that here was a man still bound in the chains of tradition, yet struggling towards the truth of nature; a follower of the ancients, for whom there was some faint hope that in a remote future he might come to see the world with the open eyes of a modern. All this would be a complete mistake. In 1806 it is evident that Turner could have drawn mountain forms better than this if he had chosen; for he drew them better in 1801 with no other experience than a little knowledge of Scotland. His picture of Kilchurn, with all its topographic inaccuracies, was (for that time) a very remarkable instance of mountain truth, and the artist cannot have been made more ignorant of such truth by his experience of the Continental mountains. The *Garden of the Hesperides* is full of what seems ignorance of natural form and colour too, and yet it cannot have been ignorance. It was a return to the traditions of the picture-gallery, for which, let us bear in mind, Turner does not seem at any time of his life to have felt any hearty aversion. It pleased him to turn his back temporarily upon Nature, and fabricate a classical picture in browns and greys, with impossible geology, in the style of the old masters. There is no denying that the picture has considerable majesty, a kind of simple grandeur which the old painters cared for more than truth, and it is painted with a power which already rivals theirs; but it cannot give much satisfaction to any lover of natural beauty. The next year's picture, the *Sun Rising through Vapour*, is a direct return to nature, and is the first decided expression on an important scale of Turner's master passion in his art, the love of light and mystery in combination. Although Turner was only thirty years old when this picture was painted, it is quite mature in treatment throughout, and the proof that he himself believed it to be so is, that he selected it as one of his two representatives in the contest with Claude, which he certainly would not have done if the work had retained the slightest trace of youthful inexperience. The foreground is rich in fishing-boats and figures. In the distance are mighty ships of war, floating on a glassy sea. The sun is struggling through the mist, and lighting a few scattered clouds towards the zenith. Much of the foreground is occupied by a fishing-boat ashore and a group of fisherwomen on the sands, who are cleaning and selling fish. The whole scene is of a kind which must have been very familiar to Turner (more familiar than any gardens of Hesperides); for he liked to be with fishermen and sailors, and was an early riser, who had often seen the sun in the east through the mists of an English sea.

P. G. Hamerton.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXIV.—Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792).

Robinetta.

ETCHED BY A. LALAUZE.

SOME of the most charming pictures of the English school are the fancy portraits of children by Sir Joshua Reynolds, though our present subject is not of the happiest; there is not enough individuality, and rather too much manner in the face. It is supposed to be a portrait of Miss Anna Lewis, afterwards the Hon Mrs. Tollemache, but is a repetition, with some alteration, of a similar picture still in the possession of the family, engraved by John Jones in 1787.

A certain face is very conspicuous in Reynolds' pictures of children, somewhat caricatured in Earl Fitzwilliam's *Puck*, seated on a mushroom; the same face is in the *Infant Academy*, in the *Strawberry Girl*, in *Felina*, with her cat very like herself, somewhat in *Robinetta*, and in several others. This gives a decided sensation of manner when several of these pieces are seen together. The peculiarity is accounted for by his having used his niece, Theophila Palmer, as his ordinary model for such compositions, and she seems to have had a peculiarly arch expression; a majority of his fancy heads of girls are accordingly stamped with the same peculiarity.

There are, however, many of his portraits of children quite free from this peculiarity of expression. First and foremost, the lovely *Heads of Angels*, as the picture No. 182 in the National Gallery, is called—five studies of the head of Frances Isabella Gordon, already published in the PORTFOLIO. The *Age of Innocence* and the *Infant Samuel*, in the same collection, are other examples free from this expression of mannerism.

We may instance a few other specimens, as—

Master Crewe, a full-length portrait of a boy in the costume of Henry VIII., at Crewe Hall, as a most happy example of this fancy portraiture.

Miss Penelope Boothby, a little girl in a large mob-cap, seated out of doors, is another most exquisite picture: it was purchased by the Earl of Dudley at Christies', in 1859, for the enormous sum of 1100 guineas. Engraved by Thomas Park in 1789, and recently by S. Cousins, R.A.

Another equally interesting work is *Miss Bowles*, in Sir Richard Wallace's Collection; she is caressing a dog. Also, *Lady Caroline Montague*, a whole-length of a little girl in a large bonnet, which shades all the upper part of her face. She is well wrapped up with muff, &c., and known as 'Winter:' it is as pleasing as it is unique. A robin and a dog are accessories in the composition. This picture belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and has been engraved by J. R. Smith, and by S. Cousins, R.A.

Lastly, a beautiful child by Sir Joshua, is the portrait of Georgiana Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. This is in a picture of her mother, Viscountess Spencer, at Althorp. She is standing on a table, with her left arm round the neck of her mother, who

is clasping the child with both arms. The child and the painting are both remarkable for beauty in their several ways; colour, drawing, and general treatment are all exquisite.* This picture is now hanging at South Kensington, between two full-length portraits of the same lady as Duchess of Devonshire; that on its right by Gainsborough, and that on the left by Sir Joshua Reynolds. These two pictures are not conspicuously of the same lady; Sir Joshua's, though less pretentious, is apparently a better portrait—there is decidedly more individuality in it; but one might suppose it to be the picture of a less beautiful woman than Gainsborough's The latter has much the character of 'the lost Duchess:' it seems generalised and somewhat idealised, yet is altogether a noble picture. Sir Joshua's is not only more individual, but is also more homely. The great beauty of the child, and for which the lady is renowned, is not shown in it, though it is evidently the portrait of a handsome woman, yet not of one necessarily beautiful to all. Gainsborough professed that she was 'too hard' for him; she was probably 'too hard' for Sir Joshua also: but, on the whole, one may have more faith in Sir Joshua's than in Gainsborough's as a portrait.

No. 892, *Robinetta*, a girl with a robin settled on her right shoulder, seated, resting her left arm on its cage. Half-length, nearly life-size. On canvas, 29⅓ inches high by 24½ inches wide. This picture is a replica in part of the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache as a child, painted in 1786, and which was engraved by John Jones in 1787.

Purchased for the National Gallery, with the Peel Collection, in 1871.

R. N. Wornum.

L'ILLUSTRATION NOUVELLE.

THE French Etching Club, which was founded a good many years ago by M. Cadart, issued for some time a periodical publication, and when that ceased to appear M. Cadart supplied its place by publishing a monthly magazine of etchings, which he called *L'Illustration Nouvelle*. Since his death this magazine has been continued by his widow. It is on a smaller scale than the original publication of the Etching Club, both as to the size of paper, the size of the coppers, and the number of works issued in the course of the year; but it aims at more finish and delicacy. The plate we print herewith is larger than most of the works in *L'Illustration Nouvelle*, and may be considered a very favourable example as to quality. Most of the contributors appear to be amateurs, and it is unfortunately only too true that etching is not very well suited to amateur effort, because it requires such great skill and knowledge to make it agreeable to the eye; and also because the process does not allow the artist to see his work properly whilst it is in progress. There is, however, no disposition on the part of Madame Cadart to make her publication exclusively the production of amateurs. Some very eminent artists contribute to it occasionally, and more frequently we find plates by artists of respectable though not eminent ability. There is, however, a large amount of very inferior amateur work, which conveys an unfavourable impression, and often makes us overlook what is really good. We suppose that the publication is encouraged chiefly by amateurs, but we are inclined to believe that if the artistic element were made more predominant the result would be an increase of sale. We should rejoice in the success of this publication, if it were rather more severely edited, for the especial reason that amongst the numbers of etchings which are now continually published there are so few original ones. *L'Illustration Nouvelle* publishes original etchings

* Exhibited at the present moment in the South Kensington Museum, with others of Earl Spencer's Collection. It was engraved in mezzotint by James Watson, in 1770. For a description of this and other works by Sir Joshua, see Dr. Edward Hamilton's recent 'Catalogue Raisonné of the Engraved Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. From 1755 to 1820.' London, Colnaghi & Co. 1874.

constantly, hardly ever issuing a plate from a picture, except when it is by the painter himself, and quite freely interpreted by him; and this disposes us very strongly in its favour. Many of the etchings have a simplicity and straightforwardness which we like. As an instance of these qualities may be mentioned *Moulins près Domremy-la-Pucelle* by A. Constantin, which is pleasantly composed and very frankly executed. Another good simple bit of work is *Une Rue à Aix-les-Bains*, by P. Chardin. A recent etching by G. Huot, *Kerostin—Presqu'île de Quiberon*, is very skilful and well managed, besides being beautifully true in tone. It is a rocky sea-shore, with a grey, watery sky, and a breezy sea, with a little sailing-boat in the distance. The sky especially is of rare merit. M. Hamel has contributed a picturesque scene in Normandy, a small tidal river in a little old town with high gabled roofs; there are two fishing-boats, with their masts coming between us and the houses, the whole making a very quaint medley, not perfectly drawn, but very original in feeling. M. Lalauze contributed a scene from *Le Malade Imaginaire*, carefully composed and finished; and also a figure of a young Italian *Pifferaro*, not less careful in finish. Lalanne etched a very vigorous plate from nature, *Les Roches Noires près Trouville*, representing a desolate scene of rocky sea-coast at low tide, with heavy rain-clouds above. In this plate the impression is rendered honestly, and with much energy, but the execution has rather run wild, as if the artist had attempted too much shading for the time at his disposal; a result, probably, of his considerable practice in charcoal-drawing, which is much more rapid than shaded etching. We may mention a very neatly executed little etching, entitled *À Meulan*, by T. Mar, truly lighted, though methodical in manner. Mr. Montefiore, of Sydney (Australia), contributed a *Rue dans une Ville, au Japon*, interesting for its subject, and not unsuccessful as an etching in a simple manner. *Le Joueur de Mandoline*, by Monziès, is an exceedingly clever plate, very delicately drawn, rather in Meissonier's way. A gentleman, in the costume of the eighteenth century, is seated on the arm of a chair, and playing the mandoline. The figure and accessories are treated throughout with the greatest taste and skill. *L'Orage*, by G. Montbard, is an etching of quite an opposite character to the preceding one; an audacious piece of landscape, neither beautiful nor pretty, yet conveying the intended impression of tempestuous wind and showers of heavy rain driving over a flat and dreary landscape. A little plate by Paolo Michetti, *Cueillette d'Olives dans les Abruzzes*, is clever, but confused, the figures being difficult to make out; still, there is an originality about this plate which interests, and also a certain delicate sense of the mystery of leaves. A small plate by the now celebrated painter, M. de Nittis, *Retour d'une Promenade*, belongs to the class of work which attempts to convey impressions rather than to copy forms. For example, a horse's leg, in such work as this, may be translated by a knee and a hoof, with little or nothing between; and yet the whole limb is so cleverly suggested to the imagination that the mind scarcely perceives the trick. M. Porcher's plate, *Bords de la Seine à Candebec*, is a fairly good example of simple work of a kind not uncommon amongst French and Belgian aquafortists. We will not stay to criticise MM. Queyroy and de Rochebrune, because they have been already noticed in the PORTFOLIO; but we may mention the fact that they are contributors to the *Illustration Nouvelle*. M. Saffrey is also a contributor, and we never see anything of his without regretting that, although so industrious as to finish his work with great care, he is at the same time too indolent to learn a little perspective. Perhaps he thinks he knows all about perspective already, if so we beg to assure him that he is in error, and we refer for proof to the lantern of the Hôtel de Lavalette, which is one of the worst instances of bad perspective we ever met with. It is a pity, too, that M. Saffrey will not study light and shade more thoroughly; he would then perceive that there is always a difference, and usually a strong difference, between a cast shadow and the shaded side of the object which casts the shadow. In some of M. Saffrey's plates there is quite a plethora of labour, as, for example, in his *Paris—Vue prise du Quai des Grands Augustins*, much of the labour being completely thrown away. Another plate by him, *La Tour François Ier au Havre*, is finished like a photograph. We heartily like *Une Rue à Provins*, by M. Toussaint, the etcher of the *Sainte Chapelle* in our present number, and also

of the *Intérieur de la Cour de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts*, in *L'Eauforte en* 1876. M. Toussaint is certainly one of the best of recent etchers, he draws more sensitively than most of them, and deals with architecture more intelligently. M. Trouilleux has contributed a sort of decorative panel, called *Fleurs et Objet d'Art*, which would be pretty on the wall of a *café* if enlarged and painted, as it is tastefully arranged, and carefully and gracefully drawn, but it has not the comprehensive synthesis which always characterises the seeing of good etchers. Finally, we may mention two rather good plates by M. Tesmière, entitled *À Trouville.* M. Tesmière is extremely happy in the introduction of little figures, in boats or carts, or walking on the shore, and he can put horses into his carts very naturally, besides which he has an etcher's way of using the needle.

In this brief notice we have dwelt only on plates which seemed worth either praise or serious criticism. We have selected them from a great mass of amateur work which may have afforded amusement to its authors, but has little else to recommend it. Still, there are other plates of merit which we have not space to mention separately.

THE BUST OF COMMODUS.

IN THE GALLERY OF THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

TRAVELLERS who have recently visited Italy must have noticed the new streets opened, two years ago, in the formerly deserted quarters of the Esquiline and Viminal, and the numerous and handsome dwellings which now give life to this ancient solitude and completely change its aspect. The old city of the Popes was found too narrow after the famous series of political events which have made it the capital of Italy, and the excavations necessitated by the formation of these streets have laid open many plots of ground in a soil most rich in antique remains. To disturb the earth of Rome is to disinter mementoes of a buried age. The municipal Archæological Commission regarded the builders as useful auxiliaries, doing its work at their own expense; and as it exercised a watchful superintendence over the works and the workmen, it made use of the opportunity for the advantage of science and art.

The results exceeded all anticipation, and the number of objects discovered was such that their accumulation caused some embarrassment. The museums were already crowded, and it became necessary to build the new rooms recently opened at the Capitol.

Everything considered, studies will not be more divided, nor attention more scattered, than they would inevitably be in the Italian museums, which, in general, are not remarkable either for strictness of classification or facility of information; moreover, these rooms afford exceptional conveniences for studying these new documents together, so as to get some notion of their *ensemble.* The flower of novelty is there, and the student finds what he little expected—a sudden revelation of the wealth of the Roman soil, a geological section revealing the composition of it. After such an experience he walks respectfully in the mud of the Eternal City; the earth sounds hollow under his feet, and he feels as if he trod above enchanted caverns, out of which, instead of formless blocks, come polished slabs of marble, capitals with their acanthus leaves fully grown, and statues finished to the last touch.

Amongst so many objects of scientific and artistic interest we propose to draw attention only to the most celebrated, a work which from the day of its discovery has excited immense interest—the bust of the Emperor Commodus. The rarity of the representations of Commodus, the marvellous preservation of this one, its peculiar character, and the unexpected suggestions awakened by it, unite in giving great importance to this piece of sculpture, which is not merely

extraordinary but unique. The learned archæologist, P. E. Visconti,* was the first to determine its historical significance. Arguing from the peculiarity of the attributes and the general character of the work, he has shown it to be a likeness of Commodus, and that with such a degree of certainty as leaves no room for doubt or criticism. Whilst accepting this high authority as to the interpretation of the work, a task sufficiently important is still left to us. We may study its points of contact with, and deviations from, the art of its own time, and especially we may endeavour to account for the production of a work so perfect in execution, so questionable in point of taste, so daring and unconventional in composition, certainly one of the most extraordinary achievements of any Græco-Roman artist.

The bust is about four feet high. Commodus is represented as Hercules, the shoulders covered with the lion's skin, the head of which forms a sort of head-dress to the figure.† The gaping mouth of the lion and the folds of fur surround the face picturesquely, as with a frame. The rest of the body is naked; one hand holds the club, and the apples of the Hesperides are in the other. These attributes point significantly to the madness which attacked the son of Marcus Aurelius in his latter years. Domitian had desired divine honours; Commodus really believed in his own divinity: posed conscientiously as the Roman Hercules, and fought as a gladiator in the arena amidst the plaudits of the senate. Some strange infection of frenzy seems almost to have been inherent in the Imperial purple. Nero had mounted upon the stage, Commodus must needs descend into the arena. Nero only shed the feigned tears of the comedian; but Caracalla, to imitate Alexander, slaughters his freedman Festus in cold blood, that he may shed real tears over him, like those with which Alexander had mourned his friend.

The eyes are prominent, the mouth delicate, the nose aquiline and regular, the face long, the hair crisp, the beard curled and well trimmed. Clearly it is not an ideal work but a portrait: the depression of the forehead is particularly remarkable, and it recedes suddenly towards the temples. This face, scarcely at all idealised, and evidently a good likeness, stands out from the energetic group of emperors surrounding it, with a look of characteristic and disturbing mildness. Once seen it is not possible to forget it; it forces itself upon our recollection.

The extreme finish and nicety of the execution, the careful polishing of the flesh, the affectation in the arrangement of the hair and beard, communicate to the whole figure a character of coquetry and pretension which it would be rash to assign solely to peculiarities of execution. Evidently the sculptor drew his inspiration from his model, whether in obedience to his own artistic instinct or in submission to the commands of a prince so much in love with his own person as to be desirous of transmitting to posterity a record of the details of his toilet and the smoothness of his skin. Naturally enough, such a Hercules perplexes us; our imagination is excited, and we inquire uneasily after the causes which may have exasperated this insignificant dandy, infuriated this harmless sheep. The club of Hercules looks more out of place in this hand than it would in any other, and curiosity is excited by the contradiction between such a figure and its heroic garb.

The artist has dressed up his model in the attributes of Hercules, without even attempting one of the compromises so frequent in that kind of representation, where man and god meet half-way between the fact and the ideal. Moreover, the Emperor is represented at half-length, that is to say, in a manner far exceeding the limits of ancient art, when busts were never carried lower than the breast.‡ We are then carried beyond the boundaries of Græco-Roman art by a series of audacities, the list of which is not yet exhausted; for what shall we say of an ancient

* 'Bollettino della Commissione Municipale.' Gennaio—Febbraio, 1865. Roma.

† This arrangement has often been used in the representations of the Infant Hercules.

‡ The Greek busts are, in general, portraits, and only give the head, the neck, and the necessary indications of contact with the breast, which is immediately merged in the pedestal. There is the perfection of tact in such frank conventionalism, the mind accepts it easily and appreciates it readily. Busts carried down to the breast became the fashion under Septimius Severus.

bust, with arms and hands? Can anything be more unlikely? Signor Visconti, after a diligent search for examples, has found, in the whole world, only that of Gordianus, another in the Museo Torlonia, and a few busts of women, and in these last the singularity is diminished by draperies.

The bust of Commodus is supported by a short and simple pedestal, offering in itself no extraordinary feature. It is hidden by a small screen of extreme delicacy, entirely detached, and applied merely on the front surface, as we might now-a-days apply a shield in metal. Although cut out of the block, it is suggestive of the retouchings in a picture called by French artists *repentirs*. The composition is sufficiently curious to deserve a special description, especially because some light is thrown by it on one of the most romantic incidents in the life of Commodus, of which it is the only plastic memorial, the passage in Dion Cassius being one of the few written memorials of the same.

The upper part is a shield in the form of a crescent (the pelta of the Amazons) between two cornucopias; beneath it the terrestrial globe, emblem of eternity. This central motive has on each side a small figure, kneeling gracefully, and holding the weapon characteristic of the Amazons, the double-bladed axe. It is an evident allusion to the famous Marcia, whose robust and virile charms captivated Commodus, and upon whom he bestowed the singular title of Amazon. We cannot but remark here one of those striking and unexpected analogies which events so often suggest. The myth of Hercules and Omphale may be taken as a type of Greece herself, conquered by the beauty and ideal grace whose smile was her life and perhaps her death. Is not the connexion of Commodus with this vigorous woman the very alliance of Rome with Force? Commodus fell under the blows of Marcia as Rome was to fall under the blows of the mistress whom she adored, and who became her destruction.

One wonders what may have been the aim of the artist who carved this screen. Was it in order to hide the pedestal? But if it is hidden in front it is partially or completely visible when viewed on either side. Is it, then, to give a larger and more adequate base to this enormous bust, so ponderously designed, prolonged far below the breast, and still more dilated by the projection of the arms? But a carving so delicately executed, so deeply pierced and hollowed, does not afford even the appearance of support. The mass above crushes it, and if the artist aimed at giving an impression of stability he has produced an exactly opposite effect. The most reasonable opinion, the one which presents itself as the result of the whole work, is, that the Emperor must have had a fit of madness and his sculptor one of originality. The effect produced is so extraordinary, and the eye gets so perplexed, that even the unconcerned beings who walk along the galleries as they would anywhere else, the idlers who lounge there, the Philistines who yawn and the tourists who dart past like arrows, all are caught by this strange work, and stop before it and wonder.

It was at the end of the second century, at the time of one of the gravest crises through which Roman society had ever passed, that Commodus succeeded Marcus Aurelius; a philosopher on the throne, realizing the dream of Plato, is followed by a madman. It was a fall, indeed, and its effect upon art was soon visible. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the bas-reliefs recalling his triumphs; no more such works as these. The rich lights of the sunset have suddenly died out. The State is powerful and strong; the people rich, learned, and refined: why, then, is barbarism beginning to appear in art? In this bust of Commodus the consummate skill of the handling is evident throughout; but there is apparent also a weariness of tradition, a thirst after strangeness, which may have been characteristic of the society in the midst of which this work was produced.

Were this composition a mere artist's fancy without a history and without a date, criticism could scarcely fail to discover the date of it. If it is exceptional, from an artistic point of view, it must be acknowledged to embody accurately enough the customs, the mind, and tendencies of the end of the second century, and to answer precisely to the idea that we might entertain about the art of such a society, had it possessed an art. Historians were deep in compilation, poets

seeking beauty in all that was new and strange, writers travelling, studying, searching after undiscovered veins and untrodden roads: why, then, do we fail to find in works of art, except during the short renaissance of Hadrian's reign, what we find in literature—something akin to the criticism of a Quintilian, the philosophy of the Senecas, the intelligence of Pliny, the penetration of Tacitus? or, nearer our subject, the erudition and affectation of Aulus Gellius or Apuleius? Whilst everything else is full of change and development, Art alone refuses to move; it withers and decays in the old paths.

The cause may perhaps be found in the fact that sculpture, amongst the Romans, never was a vernacular form of art, but rather an official and religious art—an art of state as it were, and therefore somewhat stiff and untractable. At that epoch, Roman civilisation, shaken by Christianity and already menaced by the barbarians, was in a visible state of decadence, and must have instinctively looked back to her ancient grandeur; feeling that she was being pushed forwards to an abyss, she must have clung desperately to her glorious past. These different causes may have to answer for the immobility of the types and the decay of an art incapable of development and renewal. Lastly, it must be said that, in Rome, art never was indigenous, but a foreign and imported luxury. Coming from Greece, and created by Greeks, how could it be a faithful expression of Roman thoughts and aspirations?

The architecture of the emperors bears witness to this in another way. It is indeed essentially Roman. It expresses the characteristics of the time, the weariness of old traditions, of all wise, moderate, and harmonious qualities. Novelties, audacities, *tours de force*, are now required to please this *blasé* people. Incapable as they were of subtle analysis, unable to impart new youth to old formulas by originality and invention, unskilful to obtain (what we see every day) from a weakened stock blossoms more delicate and complex; with more of the temper of a Hercules than of a *dilettante*, they struck the imagination as they best could with blows as of a club. Their monuments are only developed on the side of mass and force. The thermæ, the arenas, the gigantic palace of the Cæsars, which alone covered one third of Rome—all these grandeurs are the veil of artistic impotence.

This architecture, however, clearly expresses to those who can understand it the weariness of worn-out effects and beaten tracks; and indeed it is with a certain sense of relief one reflects that the human mind did not consent to revolve during centuries, in the same course, round the same themes, like horses in a circus. Sculpture being incapable of development under its special conditions, was unable to realise these aspirations, and if we see some traces of them in the bust of Commodus, such a piece of good fortune is perhaps due to the circumstance that the artist may have thought himself entitled to give the reins to his fancy in the presence of a mad sovereign.

It was during the last two years of his life that Commodus entertained the ridiculous pretension of acting the part of Hercules (190–192). This is probably near the date of the bust, for it is not reasonable to suppose that it was made after the death of a prince so execrated. Commodus alone could wish to leave such a record of his folly; and as immediately after his death the Senate ordered the destruction of all his statues, and the greater part of those then existing were broken to pieces, the time was scarcely appropriate for the erection of new ones. We may therefore surmise, with Signor Visconti, that this bust was hidden to save it from demolition, and in this way may be explained its marvellous state of preservation. But who was the man who dared to snatch the prey from an enraged people? Perhaps one of those freedmen whose blind devotion was worthy of a dog? Perhaps one of those prudent politicians who always believe in possible rehabilitation? Whoever may have been the culprit, he little thought that his was an appeal to so remote a posterity. May he rest in peace, with the thanks of the traveller whom he has supplied with such a theme for speculation!

The peculiarly characteristic execution of the bust of Commodus would serve to fix its date with no less precision. This enormous mass, poised upon so frail a base, clearly shows that the faculty of admiration being exhausted, the aim was to excite astonishment. This half-

length bust with arms is not a portrait, but a man cut in two—a sort of mutilated trunk. It seems as if even the capability of astonishment were deadened, and people must be struck with terror. One thinks involuntarily of the emperor who ordered children to be thrown under the feet of horses to enliven the entertainment of the circus. The marble of Pentelicus, glaringly white and childishly polished, unlike the veiled and chastened splendour of the Parian, dazzles and shines like a mirror. It is a sure sign of decadence when artists attach so much importance to materials, and think that the secret of art lies in a highly-finished execution. This coquettish Hercules, with the smooth and shining skin, looks like a fop in disguise; the marble smirks under the ferocious costume, and all energy is lost in these rounded and polished forms. The smallest details are treated with infinite care—with a degree of punctilious attention which recalls an age of compilers and grammarians; the hands are finished with a laborious precision, which makes them look hard; the locks of the beard and hair are detailed to the point where art is lost in the dry perfection of an exact science. Is there not a sort of natural tendency to this defect in most commentators and critics? The shield upon the pedestal is caressed and finished with passionate perseverance; it is modern both in spirit and execution, and would make, without alteration, a charming design for a modern timepiece. The draperies of the small Amazons are coquettishly restless and obtrusive, to such a degree that it would be inaccurate to say that the *rococo* was very near coming into the world: it was actually born; but it was still-born; the Christians and the barbarians killed it. The whole composition reminds one of certain modern works; for the kind of execution which counts the hairs and polishes the nails is exactly that which is most appreciated by the Philistines of our day. Having settled beforehand what they are to pay for their busts, they like to get their money's worth.

So, at every step, the examination of this work brings us involuntarily to our own time, because there exists the strangest affinity between the Roman civilisation of the second century and ours. Even art furnishes curious analogies; although the Greek artists, indeed, were mere lookers-on at the strange spectacle of a worn-out and *blasé* society, in a state still flourishing and incontestably strong. Those strangers felt, only in an indirect way, its alarms, its melancholy, and its revulsions, and did not purposely record them. Yet if we should wish to retouch in their pictures what seems inaccurate or incomplete, it might perhaps be only necessary to cast our eyes around us. Like us, the Romans thronged to theatres and watering-places; Egypt and Asia Minor were the fashion then as now; Smyrna and Ephesus swarmed with tourists. Apuleius ruined himself by travel; and what was Strabo but a sort of Livingstone? The majestic tires us, the tragic is repugnant to us, official etiquette bores us; has not M. de Bismarck declared that he likes sometimes to put off the old diplomatic coat and to talk politics in bathing-drawers? In the Vatican we may see statues of Titus and Commodus in sporting costume, of Roman empresses as Venus! Literature full of affected erudition was entirely occupied with criticism and history, especially with anecdotes and personalities. Seneca had introduced eclecticism in philosophy, Hadrian introduced it in art, and travelled through the different provinces of his empire to bring back artists, statues, and pictures—I had almost said, photographs; for he ordered for his villa at Tivoli reproductions of all the monuments that he had admired abroad. Pliny scarcely excites our astonishment when he tells us with what passion and at what fabulous prices works of art and luxurious *bibelots* were purchased in his time. The Romans were born with the love of collections, and gratified it in the spoliation of conquered towns.

The tastes which existed in that state of civilisation do not appear to have differed considerably from those which influence ourselves. That the Roman world was already hurrying on to decadence everybody knows, and history makes abundantly clear; and it would be interesting to inquire, by a comparison of the two civilisations, whether or not ours possesses some special resources, some powers of renovation which the other lacked, and whether the forces which hold us back on the declivity will prove stronger or weaker than those which impel us forward. The most decisive point of resemblance may be found in the passionate love of nature which

characterises societies in their decline, and makes us understand why Mecænas had such magnificent gardens, why Nero had woods and ponds within the inclosure of his gilded mansions, why the extent of parks and gardens was such under the empire that agriculture suffered from it. Juvenal complains of the architecture which embellished the fountain of Egeria and spoilt it for him; Byron rejoices over the disappearance of the artificial inclosure, and over the fresh grass which had replaced the marble. Across eighteen hundred years the two poets join hands, and the two ages meet on the brink of an abyss. Who can tell whether we are destined to fall into it or to escape?

CHARLES GINDRIEZ.

THE 'ANATOMICAL LECTURE' AND THE 'SYNDICS.'

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG AFTER REMBRANDT.

M. FLAMENG seems determined to keep his place at the head of the etchers from pictures, notwithstanding the number of clever young men who have distinguished themselves in the same branch of art during the last few years. There is evidently in M. Flameng's character a degree of ambition which will rest satisfied with nothing short of the utmost excellence attainable by him, and which looks beyond the ephemeral successes of the day to the serious judgment of posterity. His name has been already associated with that of Rembrandt, both by his wonderful copies of the great Dutchman's etchings, and by his strong interpretations of his painted work, of which the most important example published before the present year was the etching from the *Night Watch*, in the gallery at Amsterdam. This year we have two notable additions to M. Flameng's works from Rembrandt, the *Syndics* and the *Anatomical Lecture*, etched as nearly the same size as the rather different proportions of the original pictures would permit.* The character of both etchings is high finish, and their purpose is to place before us the most complete representation of the original pictures which is attainable in black and white. It follows from this intention that these plates have little or nothing of the peculiar charm which belongs to sketching, though M. Flameng has been careful to seize upon opportunities for marking accents here and there when they presented themselves. Both works have much of that soft and rich quality which distinguishes the most highly-finished charcoal drawings, but in addition to this they have a sharpness and precision in places where sharpness and precision are needed which cannot be attained with charcoal, even by the most accomplished masters. There is a great deal of remarkably fine quality in the semitransparent shades and in the deepest blacks, which also, notwithstanding their intensity, have a certain degree of transparency, and reserves of dim light in them, giving what artists call a degree of sonority in the bass notes. It may be observed, however, that Rembrandt's system of chiaroscuro, as here exhibited, consists only of a few decided tones and semitones, taken in an arbitrary manner from different places in the scale, and that, consequently, it is not so difficult to interpret as the more delicate and complete tonality of more perfect artists. M. Flameng, indeed, has long since mastered Rembrandt's chiaroscuro with its rich blacks, its strong lights, and the half-darks and half-lights between them, so that these pictures could present no difficulty to him in this respect; but, even with our intimate knowledge of what M. Flameng had done before, we hardly anticipated so perfect a success in *style*. The work in these etchings is so quietly right, so full of rich experience and accomplishment, that it reminds us rather of the well-governed manners of some distinguished person than of any artistic display. Ordered skill, indeed, there is everywhere, but there is no betrayal of anxiety or effort.

Of the two plates we like the *Syndics* best; not that there is any appreciable difference in

* The engraved surface of the copper measures 15 in. by 11 in., in the case of the *Anatomical Lecture*, and 15 in. by 10 in. in that of the *Syndics*.

the quality of the etchings in themselves, but the picture of the *Syndics* is by far the stronger work of the two, as might be expected from the date of it. When Rembrandt painted the *Anatomical Lecture* he was only twenty-six years old, when he painted the *Syndics* he was more than twice that age, having become by that time a mature artist of fifty-five. In that interval of twenty-nine years he had drawn and painted to some purpose, and though to the end of his life he remained capable of singular errors, or rather, perhaps, of strange caprices of the will, there is a wide difference in point of mastery between his earlier works and those of his full maturity. We read with the greatest pleasure in M. Fromentin's very clever book, *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, an outspoken piece of criticism on the *Anatomical Lecture*. M. Fromentin has the courage to say that the picture 'left him very cold,' that if it had been a small picture it would have been considered weak, and that though the size of it gives importance it cannot elevate the work to the rank of a masterpiece. As to the execution he says, 'Le faire est mince et n'a que peu d'ardeur. L'effet est saillant sans être fort, et en aucune partie des étoffes, du fonds, de l'atmosphère où la scène est placée, le travail ni le ton ne sont très riches.' Much of the weakness of the original picture disappears in the etching, on account of the reduction in scale and the translation into another process by a very experienced hand; but we have still the bad drawing of the dead body, and the insufficient drawing of one or two of the listeners. We quite agree with M. Fromentin that the professor Tulp is the most living figure in the picture, and the most real. M. Flameng has perceived this, and put a great deal of life and intelligence into Tulp, far more than we have ever seen in any other engraving from the same picture. One of the most absurd things we ever read about this picture, which we quote as it leads to something of more importance, was the statement in Kugler's *Handbook* that there was 'an extraordinary delicacy of aërial perspective in the foreshortened body;' meaning, we imagine, that the nose of the poor corpse seemed at the right distance from its feet. We need hardly observe that aërial perspective, if truly rendered, would be absolutely imperceptible in such a distance as the length of a human body; it is perceptible in the length of a lake or a mountain, but not in a distance of six feet. But this brings us to the observation that Rembrandt has really, in this picture, given a degree of aërial perspective which is utterly false and impossible, and a mere trick of art; the only excuse for it being that it relieves a picture from flatness, and gives something of the effect of the stereoscope, though by quite different means. There are seven students in Tulp's class, the four nearest are near enough to hear the professor, but the three others (if we judge by aërial perspective only) are several miles off, and therefore beyond the range of his voice. It is scarcely necessary to observe that aërial perspective of this kind is never visible in a room. In the picture of the *Syndics* the face of the servant in the background is treated rightly for that distance, and the five faces of the Syndics themselves are full of characteristic drawing, which M. Flameng has rendered with a quiet strength not excluding vivacity—the same vivacity which we recognised in the doctor, Tulp. There is a very effective contrast in execution between the decided etching of these faces and the mysterious richness and softness of many accessories, such as the table-cloth and the costumes. The background is quiet and unobtrusive—a mere wall, panelled up to the height of about eight feet; but it is prevented from being dull or mechanical by the fine taste of both painter and etcher. It is easy to imagine what a horrible and destructive thing such a background as that would become in the hands of a vulgar engraver.

The only thing which we feel inclined to regret in these admirable etchings is the contented resignation with which M. Flameng gives us large spaces of black or grey; which represent, we suppose, those spaces of the original picture which have been obscured by accumulated dirt. In the *Anatomical Lecture*, the student who is nearest us is merely a head and a white frill set on the top of a great black pyramid, which seems to become semitransparent towards the base. The man next him is a grey head and frill on the top of a space of darker grey shading. Tulp himself, as to his body, is little more than a black *silhouette*, such as people used to cut out of paper twenty or thirty years ago. We do not ask M. Flameng to put

more in his etchings than he can find in the original pictures, but surely there must be times, on sunny days, when the originals can be more fully made out than this—if not, it is high time that they were thoroughly cleaned. It is unfortunate in many ways that this system of empty spaces should appear to find some encouragement from the example of so eminent an artist as M. Flameng, because the younger etchers are always so ready to fall into it, as it seems to them what they call fine chiaroscuro.

EDITOR.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

A. W. HUNT.—In water-colour Mr. Alfred Hunt uses the following pigments:—Lemon Yellow—Gamboge—the Ochres—Raw Sienna—Raw Umber—Vermilion—Light Red—Indian Red—Burnt Sienna—Madder Lake—Cobalt Blue—Prussian Blue—Ultramarine Ash—genuine Ultramarine—Smalt—Terre Verte—Madder Brown—Burnt Umber.

Mr. Hunt finds Lemon Yellow indispensable in his practice, but wishes that he could feel more complete trust in it.

Vermilion he uses sparingly, and hardly ever otherwise than in points or small pieces of very high colour.

Indian Red is never employed in Mr. Hunt's practice except for local tones, and they are infrequent, which it hits exactly. It gives lovely tones, in his opinion, and would be most useful if many drawings of Turner and Dewint had not shown it to be untrustworthy.

Genuine Ultramarine and Smalt he uses in points and simple touches.

With regard to Terre Verte, Mr. Hunt used to regard it without suspicion by itself, or mixed with any colour of a similar earthy kind, but has become more doubtful about it since reading a statement that when terre verte is mixed with yellow ochre the tint is not permanent.

Mr. Hunt never uses French Ultramarine under any circumstances whatever, considering it utterly destructive of all look of daylight or atmosphere. He has a similar objection to other bright and strong pigments of recent introduction, such as Cadmium, Oxide of Chrome, &c., which do not, in his opinion, carry light with them to the same degree as certain more ordinary pigments of an earthy nature.

Mr. Hunt has not used Italian Pink or Brown Pink since his boyhood. He considers them beautifully seductive, and thinks that it would be well if they were no longer manufactured.

In his opinion water-colours might be arranged according to three different kinds of merit.

First, as actually necessary to the chromatic scale, the necessary pigments being Gamboge, the Ochres, Madder Lake, Light Red, Cobalt, Ultramarine Ash, genuine Ultramarine, Smalt, the two Siennas, the two Umbers, and Madder Brown.

Secondly, as they possess the merit of helping the expression of light. Mr. Hunt says that on this part of the subject he has preferences rather than positive knowledge, but he is convinced that the luminous quality of pigments is of peculiar importance to landscape-painters, especially to those who look upon landscape as the great men of Turner's time regarded it; namely, as an art which was more allied to music than to topography, and one in which the representation of light and atmosphere is all important as a means of poetical expression. Such painters would consider the pigment which carries the most light with its tint as the most valuable, and in Mr. Hunt's opinion they would probably rather choose to work in the old narrow range of the earliest water-colour schools than to purchase strength, or any killing property of colour, at the cost of the union between light and colour. Mr. Hunt informs us that the portions of his drawings which have been remarked for their brilliancy, and supposed to be due to bright new pigments, were, in fact, produced without them.

Thirdly, pigments may be estimated by water-colour painters according to the facilities of their use in washes. 'Here,' says Mr. Hunt, 'I have found by experience that, irrespective of choice of tone and key of colour, there was a reason for the habitual use by Turner in his early and middle period of such blues as Prussian Blue and Indigo in contrast with the subdued gold of Raw Sienna and Ochre; namely, the greater ease and freedom from granulation with which those colours can be laid upon the paper. On account of this quality Mr. Hunt sometimes uses Blue-Black in mixture with other colours in the grey of clouds.

'WRECKED' AND 'SAVED.'

ETCHINGS BY PERCY THOMAS.

THESE two little etchings represent a real incident. The vessel went ashore at Littlehampton, in Sussex, and was saved after a few days by a small steam-tug and a high spring-tide.

The etching, which represents the vessel ashore, was drawn upon the copper directly from nature. It is a night effect, with rays of moonlight breaking through the clouds. The little steam-tug is close at hand, to be ready at day-break for the high morning-tide.

When the sun rose the vessel was got off, and safely towed into port. This subject was not etched from nature, for want of time, but from a rapid sketch.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 144.)

WE now come to a new scheme of Turner's, which he began to realise in the year 1807. Clever painter as he was already, he did not yet earn very much money by the direct sale of his pictures; some of the best of which, though exhibited in the Academy and appreciated by his brother-artists who elected him, returned to his hands after the close of the exhibition, and remained for long afterwards in his own keeping. He therefore determined to do what many artists are doing at the present day—he determined to appeal to the general public through the medium of etching; but as the effects he sought required chiaroscuro of a very complete kind, both in fulness and in delicacy, he thought it desirable to add mezzotint to his etchings.

It so happens that these two kinds of engraving are the most opposite that can be imagined, and therefore the most naturally complementary of each other. Etching depends on lines, mezzotint on shades. In etching the darks are drawn, and every touch is so much added darkness to the work. In mezzotint the dark is removed to make light, and every stroke is so much added lightness. The faults of etching, considered as a representation of nature, are too much hardness of line, and too little delicacy of distinction in shades. These faults can be overcome, but not easily. Turner did not choose to take the trouble to overcome them. He was always a rapid worker, and liked expeditious methods. It is said that at one time of his life he admired the foliage of a brother landscape-painter, and asked to be allowed to see him work. After watching the painter for a short time he thanked him, but said that his manner would be useless to himself, merely from its incompatibility with rapid execution. Turner, indeed, seems to have shared Landseer's opinion, that speed was a good thing even from the artistic point of view, or at any rate he may have perceived that it had an important pecuniary

value, and was necessary to enable him to earn his bread in the beginning of his career. Now painting of any kind, whether in water-colour or oil, is a rapid process in comparison with highly-finished etching in complete chiaroscuro. Turner had been accustomed to paint quickly, and he wished to etch quickly also. There was one way in which this could be done, namely, by etching all the organic lines and markings, and leaving the rest of the work, the fine shading, to the mezzotinter. With characteristic shrewdness he adopted this method, and thereby disembarrassed himself of at least three quarters of the work to be done. In this way he reduced etching to a comparatively simple process, easily learned by any one who was already able to draw; and as he had a remarkable sense of the value of lines, partly a natural gift, and partly the result of incessant sketching with the pencil point, the consequence was that he produced etchings with hardly any preliminary apprenticeship, which in their own peculiar kind as landscape markings for mezzotint have never been surpassed, and are not very likely to be in the future. The critics, however, who entirely neglected these works for many years, and did not recognise their merit until it was pointed out to them, are in the present day going into the opposite extreme, and praising Turner as a master of etching, just as if he had practised the complete art—as Rajon does, for example. This is only one of the innumerable instances of that *renchérissement* in eulogy which attends a great reputation. When it becomes fashionable to admire what a famous man has done, people seek distinction for themselves in praising him, and the art of discovering new merits in his works becomes a part of the critic's trade. At this stage in the history of a great renown, the critic whose convictions are based upon accurate knowledge finds himself so much left behind that anything he has to say seems pale and tame in comparison with what others have already said, and so he is either reduced to complete silence, or else made to appear, by contrast, something like a defamer of the illustrious dead. At whatever risk of this imputation, let me say plainly that Turner never in his whole life attained any technical power in etching beyond the very simplest rudiments of the art, and that he is not to be compared for one moment, as an executant, with the really accomplished etchers of the present day. There does not pass a month without the publication of some etching in the PORTFOLIO which Turner could not have executed. He had just one kind of skill in etching, that of laying organic lines well which were to be mezzotinted afterwards. He could do this with singular strength and determination, putting very high powers of mind into his work, and proving the value of the etched line, as a skeleton to be covered with subsequent shading, better than any other etcher whom I could name. But I think that the fashionable enthusiasm for Turner's work becomes a downright superstition when it takes his etchings, without the mezzotint shade which he always intended to add to them, as models of what etching should be when nothing is to be left to mezzotint.

It does not seem very wonderful, when we know how simple was the kind of etching which Turner practised, that he should have mastered so rapidly the limited portion of the art which he intended to make use of; but I have always thought it very remarkable that he should have been able to make himself a good mezzotint-engraver with the very limited amount of practice which he gave to it. He does not seem to have liked the work of mezzotinting, for he did very little of it, and yet the little he did was good. The process was too tedious for him: the slow working from dark to light may be borne by the patience of an engraver; but it is not an artist's process, as etching is. The consequence was, that Turner generally left the mezzotinting to professional men, such as Charles Turner, Lupton, and others; nor did he always execute even the etching himself, as the engravers could do it for him from his own drawings. What he did invariably was an original drawing in brown, with pen-work for his organic markings, and shadings washed with a brush. From these drawings the engravers worked.

The whole scheme of the *Liber Studiorum* was suggested, as every reader of this biography is probably already aware, by the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude; but there is an essential difference between the intention of the two works, which a just critic would never overlook. Claude made

drawings in brown of his pictures as they successively left his easel, just as David Roberts used to make memoranda with pen and ink to preserve for himself a record of his entire *œuvre*, and also to serve for reference in case of dispute about the authenticity of pictures attributed to him. In doing this, Claude had no notion of making a loud appeal to the public. His *Liber Veritatis* was a private possession, made public long afterwards by the engravings of Earlom, but not intended for publicity. The *Liber Studiorum*, on the contrary, was a direct appeal to the public to judge between its author and the famous landscape-painter of Lorraine. Another difference between the two schemes was, that Claude had no design of proving to the world how varied were the resources of his genius. He simply kept a memorandum of each of his pictures separately, without reference to the others; but Turner had a great comprehensive plan, according to which every plate in his *magnum opus* was to form part of an important whole, so that the work, when completed, might be an epitome of the Turnerian universe. The contest is, therefore, one between a living man consciously resolved to exhibit his powers to the very best advantage, and a dead man who had no idea that there was ever to be a contest at all, and had done his work for his own private satisfaction. This is the first, but not the last, of Turner's plans, which reveal to us the intensely ambitious character of his mind. It is probable that no artist ever lived who had a higher opinion of his own powers, or who thought more about his own fame. Those comparisons which modest people are anxious not to suggest, this artist deliberately invited. At a later time he gave directions that two of his pictures should be hung side by side with two pictures of Claude, and at the early age of thirty we find him determining to build himself a monument, so devised and so entitled that no instructed person shall ever be able either to see it or hear of it without thinking of Claude's *Liber Veritatis*. Little as the English artist knew of Latin, he found or borrowed erudition enough to call his publication a *Liber* instead of a Book—a *Liber Studiorum* instead of a Book of Studies. The suggestion of Claude's title is so exact that it is imitated, not only in the language and grammatical form, but even in the number of the syllables.

In Turner's scheme there was a comprehensive largeness, not less characteristic of his mind than the self-assertion which challenged the most famous landscape-painter of the past. He divided his studies into six divisions: Historical, Pastoral, Elegant Pastoral, Mountain, Marine, and Architectural. This is in the highest degree interesting, as evidence that the artist was himself perfectly conscious of the range and variety of his genius. It was very like Turner, too, not to be able to get through such a limited piece of literary work as the naming of his divisions without a blunder of some kind; so we find that one of his divisions is 'Pastoral' and another 'Elegant Pastoral,' as if the second were not a subdivision of the first. It is like dividing the civilised world into Americans, Europeans, and Frenchmen. What Turner originally intended may have been to separate the classical pastoral in his works from the wilder modernism in which he was one of the earliest discoverers or innovators; but when we come to examine the works themselves, we find that if such an intention existed it must have been forgotten in the execution. *Norham Castle*, for example, is 'pastoral,' but *Raglan Castle* is 'elegant pastoral.' A *Bridge with Cows* is pastoral, a *Stone Bridge with Goats* is elegant pastoral. *Chepstow, Junction of the Severn*, is classed amongst the elegant subjects, whilst a scene of watercress gathering near Twickenham is not. On the other hand, there is a reason why *Solway Moss* should not be elegant; it is too wild and northern, so it is put amongst the simple pastorals, with the *Farmyard with Pigs* and the *Hedging and Ditching*. We can see a reason for the classification in some instances, but not in all. It is probable that if the series of plates had been carried out to the full extent which Turner intended, the classical subjects, for which he had always a predilection, would have been more numerous amongst those which he called 'elegant.' In the title of another of his sections there is a certain want of correspondence with part of the contents. What he calls 'History,' includes legendary subjects, such as *Æsacus and Hesperia, Jason*, and *Procris and Cephalus*, and one illustration of a poem

which is certainly not historical, namely, the *Faerie Queene:* a few Biblical subjects are also included in this section, and they seem rather strangely associated with those which we have just mentioned. It is difficult, when we look over the list of subjects, to understand how Turner intended the plates to be parts of a great whole, though his attempted classification proves that the intention was certainly in his mind. The artist's chief purpose would appear to have been variety, and yet even this purpose might have been more fully attained from the sketches and studies in his possession; for the mountain subjects are nearly all from Switzerland and Scotland, with nothing from Northern England, or Wales. It is very curious that, with Turner's classical tastes, there should be nothing classical amongst his architectural subjects in the *Liber*, unless *Greenwich Hospital* is to be considered so. He draws a crypt, a castle on the Irish coast and one on the Rhine, two continental cities and one English town, with two British abbeys, a cathedral, and the interior of a church, but never a Greek temple, or Roman aqueduct, or arch of triumph.

Turner managed the publishing business of the *Liber Studiorum* himself, and not so skilfully as a clever publisher would have managed it. The plates were not issued with that degree of *luxe* which is necessary to make a work of art look its best. The paper took the impressions well, but was not rich enough in quality to make the margins handsome, whilst each number of five plates was stitched in a dark blue cover, very inferior to the tasteful covers which are used for such publications in the present day. Seventy-one plates being published at the price of 17*l.* 10*s.* for the whole work, and one of these plates being a gift of the artist to his subscribers, it follows that the cost of each subject was five shillings exactly. Turner, with that desire to get as much money as possible into his own pocket, which always characterised him, and often led him to overreach himself in his unwillingness to let others make profit out of his work, spoiled the commercial chances of this publication by refusing the usual share of profits to the trade. It is true that these profits always appear enormous at first sight, and it seems pleasanter to an artist to receive all the money which the public lays out upon his engravings rather than let fifty per cent of it go to the wholesale and retail printsellers; but as it happens that the trade finds purchasers where the artist himself cannot find them, the result of publishing through the trade is invariably better for him in the end. Turner not only employed the engravers himself at the very moderate price of eight guineas a plate, so long as they would work for him at that rate,* but he got up the numbers in his own house with the help of a female servant, who is said to have robbed him of many proofs when she had to stitch the numbers. As Turner was his own publisher we suppose that he must have had the trouble of collecting money from his subscribers, and of keeping the accounts relating to his publication down to the smallest detail. The first number appeared in 1807, and its successors followed irregularly until 1816, when the publication finally came to a stand-still for want of encouragement, and because the artist had found more profitable work to do. The sale of the earlier numbers appears to have been larger than that of the later ones.

Now that Turner has become one of the greatest names in art, people eagerly contend for fine proofs of the *Liber Studiorum*, some of which have been sold for as much as 20*l.* each, whilst a perfect copy of the whole work, composed of choice proofs selected from different copies, is now worth a small fortune. Prints, however, do not improve by keeping; and these proofs, which now sell for so much to connoisseurs, are not better in any way than those other proofs which the same class of connoisseurs thought so worthless in the first quarter of this century that hundreds of them were used for lighting fires. The *Liber* was neglected then, because Turner, though an artist of reputation, had not yet become splendidly famous; and it is sought after now because his name adds lustre to a collection of prints. It may be doubted whether the change shows any decided improvement in public taste. It is certainly

* The prices paid to engravers were first 5 guineas, then 8 guineas, and afterwards 10 guineas or 12 guineas.

very doubtful whether, if works of exactly equal merit were now published for the first time by an unknown artist, they would repay the cost of engraving. Unhappily, in the fine arts, the splendour of the name, and not the quality of the work, determines the pecuniary result. Within quite recent years the pictures of Jules Dupré have risen to forty times their original value, and some of Müller and David Cox to eighty or a hundred times. The *Liber Studiorum* has risen almost in the same proportions for some states of the plates, though even yet a purchaser who buys to gratify his artistic taste only, and does not care to contend with rich people for rarities, may procure fair impressions of separate plates at a moderate expense.*

The commercial side of art is always variable and unsatisfactory to all, except those who make a profit out of it. The artistic merits and qualities of a print remain the same as long as the ink and paper last, whatever Fashion may have to say on the subject. We may therefore leave dealers and collectors to settle the current value of the *Liber Studiorum* plates from year to year, whilst we turn to the consideration of them from the artistic point of view.

We are all familiar with a most ungraceful little word, which it is almost impossible to introduce into writing of any literary pretension, but which so happily describes a common fault of common art that it is never likely to fall entirely into disuse. The ungraceful little word is 'niggling.' Well, the qualities of the *Liber Studiorum* are exactly the opposite of all which that word implies. Turner was in 1807 already so completely the accomplished master in art that he possessed to the full what Reynolds called the genius of mechanical performance. We should not use 'mechanical' in that sense to-day, because, to us, it conveys the idea of a machine's action rather than an artist's; the word we should use would be 'technical:' but we know what Reynolds meant, and if we did not his own explanation would make it clear to us. 'This genius,' he said, 'consists, I conceive, in the power of expressing that which employs your pencil, whatever it may be, *as a whole:* so that the general effect and power of the whole may take possession of the mind, and for a while suspend the consideration of the subordinate and particular beauties or defects.'

This is exactly the opposite of 'niggling,' which means a childish trifling over parts, and Turner in the *Liber Studiorum* followed the precept of Reynolds. None of the engravings after Turner have more of what artists call 'breadth' than those in the *Liber*, and few are so consistent in their simplicity and in the omission of useless material. The predominant feeling in these compositions is very serious; in many of them it is tragic or gloomy, and the light-and-shade is generally in a lower key than in the artist's later work in oil or water-colour. The work with the etching-needle, representing Turner's pen-markings on his drawings, is full of a masculine economy and strength, like the words of a speaker who says little, but always to the purpose; but it is not pretty nor amusing, like the clever playing with the same instrument in the hands of some modern Frenchmen. The *Liber* shows a good deal of the influence of Cozens and Girtin, both in feeling and in method of using shade, and behind these there is the influence of Claude; but the sentiment is profounder than that of Claude, and the passion for natural truth is stronger than it was in him. In two or three of the grandest and most solemn plates in the series it has been believed, perhaps with reason, that the artist was working under the influence of Titian.

P. G. Hamerton.

* It is difficult to understand on what principle the dealers now regulate the value of ordinary impressions of the *Liber Studiorum* plates. The writer of this note bought a good impression of the *Little Devil's Bridge* of one well-known dealer for 1*l.* 8*s.*, and afterwards sent it to another well-known dealer to see what he would offer for it. The answer was, 'It is worth only a few pence.' This is a matter of perfect indifference when we buy only for artistic qualities; but collectors may do well to be careful. *Caveat emptor!*

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXXV.—Jan Vander Heyde (1637-1712).

A Street View in Cologne.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

VANDER HEYDE was one of those remarkable examples of skill and patience in painting for which Holland is more especially distinguished; a style in which recourse has been had to elaborate finish without detriment to effect—a somewhat rare result. The 'Wynn Ellis Gift' to the nation has much enhanced our illustration of this master in the National Collection, to which it has added two architectural pieces and one landscape: and it has given us also an example of another master of equal prowess in the same department, the Dutch painter Dirk Van Deelen, whose specimen of architecture of the Renaissance is a phenomenon of skill and patience; yet of this man very little is known; we have no information as to when or where he was born or died.

Vander Heyde was born in 1637 at Gorkum, and studied his art at Amsterdam, where he lived several years, and which he has much painted. His views are well enlivened with figures and animals, which were generally inserted by Adrian Vandevelde, and after his death, in 1672, by Eglon Vander Neer and others: his best works belong to the period from 1660 to 1670. Good specimens of his views are in the Museums of Amsterdam and the Hague. Vander Heyde travelled also out of Holland, taking views in neighbouring cities, as in Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, and also in London. There are several of his works in the private galleries in this country; Lord Ashburton has the *Market-place of Heemskerk*, which was formerly in the Louvre, and was restored to Holland after the peace.

Vander Heyde was a mechanical genius as well as a painter, and was officially connected with the lighting of Amsterdam, and the organization for the extinguishing of conflagrations in the city. He died at Amsterdam in 1712.

The four pictures by this master now in the Gallery give a very adequate view of his works. No. 993, a small *Landscape with Cattle*, is most exquisite, every branch of every tree is individually treated, and yet the general effect is perfectly kept: the animals, too, are excellent; it is altogether a marvellous work of art. The *Gothic and Classic Buildings*, or entrance to a town, No. 992, is an example of the same wonderful execution applied to architecture, more especially the brickwork: No. 994, a *Street in a Town*, is an illustration of his breadth of manner. The figures in all these pictures are appropriate, but as the works are not dated we cannot speculate as to the painter, except that in the fourth picture, the example from the Peel Collection, the subject of our present etching, they are quite worthy of Adrian Vandevelde. No. 866, *A Street in Cologne*, a small panel, 11 inches high by 17 inches wide, is a view of the unfinished southern tower of the Cathedral, with its crane for raising the stones still standing on the third story, as it was left in the middle of the fourteenth century. The figures are ascribed to Adrian Vandevelde. The tower, though small, is distinct.

Meister Gerhard, or *Gerard von Rile* (a village near Cologne), is commonly reputed the original architect of this stupendous work, but modern investigation has discovered an earlier master, Heinrich Sunere, who had the conduct of the works from 1248 to 1254 inclusive, Gerhard being the second in charge, from 1254 to 1295.

This great Cathedral bids fair to be soon completed, thanks to the great interest in it raised up in Germany by Sulpiz Boisserée, whose enthusiasm is now shared by many of his countrymen, and numerous strangers as well.

The view in Cologne is signed* *J. V. D. H.* The *Street in a Town*, in the Wynn Ellis Collection (No. 994), is signed *V. Heyde;* the architectural piece (No. 992), in the same collection, is signed *J. V. D. Heyde.* All are without dates; but in the Hope Gallery is a view in a Dutch town, signed *J. V. D. Heyde F.* 1666.

The picture in 1826 was in the possession of Mr. J. Barchard, and passed afterwards into the hands of Mr. C. J. Nieuwenhuys, who sold it to the late Sir Robert Peel. It was purchased for the Gallery with the Peel Collection in 1871.

R. N. Wornum.

THE WARTBURG.

WITHIN the broad borders of Germany lies many a region which the summer traveller, leisurely exploring, finds day after day, week after week, still unexhausted of natural beauty, still fresh in historic reminiscence or poetic association. At the close of such a tract of country, whether you approach from south or east, is Eisenach in Thuringia, placed amid scenery which stands apart for picturesque loveliness. Around the little town the hills rise abruptly, heaving shoulder after shoulder, dark with forest or gleaming with bare rock, the nearer slopes dotted with villas, while the farther heights assume mountainous forms and wreath their purple heads in mist. The close-pent valleys run up between the hills in green serpentine lengths of bright foliage and turf, made musical with the murmur of streams. Some six hundred feet above Eisenach, and at an actual elevation of over thirteen hundred, towers the castle of the Wartburg, and keeps the last gleam of sunset on wall and battlement when all the land beneath is wrapped in shadow.

Legend peoples this region with fantastic visions, and the Wartburg swarms with romantic memories of bygone times, which not even the mark of modern restoration and the invasion of tourists can dispel. From the castle-walls may be seen, rising to the south, the dark summit of the Hörsel or Venusberg, where Venus, after the break-up of Olympus, is supposed to have established her court, and thither enticed Christian men from honour and faith to linger in her embraces:—

'Lost to life and use and name and fame.'

The legend of Tannhäuser, a knight led astray by the wiles of the goddess, is, in the quaint, early versions, typical of the strange anomalies of mediæval Christianity, with its medley of ascetic fervour and sensuous paganism. The story loses some of its antique flavour when transferred to the operatic stage by the poet-musician, Richard Wagner, who has woven it into the semi-historic, semi-legendary record of the Sängerkrieg, or Minstrels' tournament on the Wartburg, in 1206, under Duke Hermann. Villmar and latter-day critics have doubted the authority of the anonymous poem on which rests the story of this poetical joust. But Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, and Count Palatine of Saxony, was one of the most splendid and cultured princes of his day, and the court of the Wartburg was the chosen field

* See Passavant's 'Kunstreise durch England und Belgien,' Frankfurt, 1833; and W. Füssli's 'Die Wichtigsten Städte am Mittel- und Niederrhein, &c.,' Zürich, 1843.

for many such competitions of the Minnesingers as were the fashion of the time. The Sängerkrieg has been ever a favourite theme with German poets and painters; and Moritz von Schwind, to whom the decoration of the castle was intrusted after its restoration in 1847, has perpetuated the association with the Wartburg by painting the subject on the walls of the great hall. This fresco is almost a repetition of the artist's best easel picture in the Städel'schen Institut at Frankfort. It represents Heinrich von Ofterdingen, worsted in the contest and condemned to the forfeit of death for his failure, seeking the clemency of the Landgravin Sophia, who summons to his aid the Hungarian poet and astrologer, Klingsohr, amid the tumult of the excited court. The subject called forth the imaginative faculties of Schwind, while implying difficulties of composition he was scarcely equal to overcome. The painter's decorative work throughout the castle will call for notice presently.

The next romantic record in connexion with the Wartburg follows close upon the Sängerkrieg, for its interest centres in Elisabeth of Hungary, who was brought thither, when a four-year-old baby, to be betrothed to the young Ludwig, son of Duke Hermann. No figure in the calendar of saints has more attractiveness than this Hungarian princess, whose ecstatic piety and abundant charities are set into so picturesque an historic framework. All the half-barbaric splendour of the time fills the record of her journey to Eisenach from the court of her father, King Andreas II. of Hungary. A massive silver cradle held the little maiden, thirteen girls of noble lineage waited on her, rare silken robes and gold embroideries were sent for her apparel, while a goodly company of knights and ladies, headed by the Seneschal Walther de Varilla, Count Reinhard of Muhlberg, and the Lady Bertha of Beindeleben, rode in her train, bringing with them presents of horses, jewels, golden vases, caskets of sculptured ivory, and costly Eastern stuffs, as presents to Duke Hermann. Never were such rich things seen in Thuringia, say the contemporary chroniclers. The *cortége* was received at Eisenach with much rejoicing, and the next day the betrothal of the childish couple was celebrated at the Wartburg with pomp and festive ceremonies, out of which may be singled the pretty incident of putting the two children to sleep together in the silver cradle. From this happy welcome, to her death in voluntary poverty and wretchedness at Marburg, in 1231, the life of St. Elisabeth offers a succession of events and situations as suggestive to the painter as touching to the reader.

Various have been the modes in which artists have represented the Royal Saint, from her effigy carved in the Cathedral at Marburg, some two-and-fifty years after her death, to the fancy pictures of the modern German schools by Overbeck, Schwind, and others. Contemporary documents describe the Princess as tall and slight, having a clear, brown complexion, dark hair, and wonderful dark eyes, 'full of an inward light.' This style of beauty was alike impressive when clothed in royal robes or the garment of a Franciscan nun; and it is strange that German artists should generally have merged the noble Hungarian type, still familiar to the traveller in Elisabeth's native land, into the round, blond prettiness of the German maiden. The incidents chosen from the Saint's life for representation in art offer little variety, and have been drawn chiefly from the legendary aspect of her compassionate deeds and heavenly consolations: such as the loaves for the starving turned to roses in her arms; the leprous boy, whom she had laid in her own bed, transformed into the Christ-child; the royal mantle cast upon the shivering beggar, and so forth. These miracles, which are nearly identical with those told of other saintly personages, and are but the poetic form in which a superstitious age clothed its grateful memories, naturally have stirred artistic effort: yet the actual events of St. Elisabeth's history are even more dramatic. First, the bringing of the child to the Wartburg; her subsequent endurance of scorn from the proud Austrian duchess, Sophia, who felt the offices of the future daughter-in-law to the sick and poor, and her demonstrative humility, as insult to the family rank; then the parting between Ludwig and Elisabeth; the people crowding up to the Wartburg, when, in 1226, a famine fell upon Germany, to receive from the Princess at the gate her charitable allowance of grain; again, the Saint ministering at the hospitals of her founding

in Eisenach, when to famine succeeded grievous disease and mortality; Elisabeth, just widowed, cast forth from the castle by her mother-in-law on a cold winter's day, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and forced to struggle the weary way down to the town, or waiting in the chill twilight for her little ones to join her; the return of the Thuringian knights with the body of Ludwig from the Holy Land, and their solemn reception in the Cathedral at Bamberg by St. Elisabeth; her voluntary parting with her children, 'lest she should love them overmuch;' the penance-stricken Princess spinning for her maintenance in the dark room at Marburg, or wandering the streets in ragged robes, pursued by the children as a mad woman; her death in ecstasy, singing hymns 'till her voice failed.' These simply authentic incidents in the life of the girlish Saint (she was but four-and-twenty when she died), which offer splendid material to the artist, have yet been left almost unattempted, while our exhibitions are deluged with inanities of the modern drawing-room, or mock transcripts of rustic sentiment. The especial virtues of the nineteenth century are perhaps not so picturesque and inviting to the painter as its frivolities. But humanitarianism, which is one of the most respectable characteristics of modern civilisation, might find artistic expression as fitly in representing the endurance and charities of a mediæval saint as in depicting Mr. Plimsoll arguing for our sailors in the House of Commons, or Baroness Burdett-Coutts opening an East-end market. Before the distortion of her naturally practical and joyous, though highly-strung, temperament, by the detestable influence of her priestly director Conrad, the deeds of St. Elisabeth of Hungary were as worthy of veneration as the good works of an Elizabeth Fry or a Florence Nightingale, albeit the circumstance of the period surrounds them with a picturesque colouring tempting to the artist's hand. Mr. Stirling, in a chapter of his 'Annals,' describes a picture of St. Elisabeth, painted by Murillo as one of a series to illustrate the 'Works of Mercy,' in the Church of La Caridad, at Seville. The Princess, in the garb of a Franciscan Sister, and attended by her reluctant ladies, ministers to a wretched boy, whose disease gives to the picture the name of *El Tiñoso;* while men and women loathsomely afflicted fill in the background. The vulgar literalism which mars this fine picture seems kindred in spirit to a certain modern work, Cruikshank's Temperance pictures, or the Casuals of Mr. Fildes, in a recent Academy Exhibition, which the public applauds and artists deplore, in proportion as the painter has merged the persuasive privileges of his art in the details of police reports.

When Mrs. Jamieson visited the Wartburg before writing her account of St. Elisabeth for the 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' she found the castle 'in ruins,' and the pathway from Eisenach steep and rugged. Affairs have changed since then. In 1847 the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had the castle carefully and judiciously restored, when some interesting architectural features came to light, notably the corridor with exquisite romanesque windows divided by twisted columns, and the little chapel. Shining wooden floors, and carved ceilings, and abundance of careful polychrome decorations, now adorn the chambers, the chapel is fitted up like a casket, and an armoury of great historic interest fills a hall in the lower portion of the castle. A broad winding road was constructed in 1872, which leads to within a hundred yards or so of the precincts. The Wartburg would be, indeed, almost too much of a well-kept showplace, save that the restoration is confined to a portion of the edifice, and the group of buildings remains in a state of picturesque incongruity dear to artists. Barn-like erections, with steep jutting roofs and external woodwork, stand in familiar neighbourhood with the castle proper; a little green garden, bright with flowers, fills one side of the quondam courtyard, between the armoury and a homely gabled building, that was occupied in its lower story this summer by stonemasons' and carpenters' workshops. A large circular well, a bear-pit with a solitary and dejected bear in it, and a friendly little drawbridge always down over a dry moat, complete the peaceable aspect of the place. The castle, on two sides, is built close to the edge of the precipitous rock, and the battlemented wall which bounds the plateau shows an awkward inclination over the ravine. The main portion consists of two oblong gabled blocks and a lofty machicolated tower. The stone used is a solemn ruddy colour, which harmonises well with the abundant foliage that

muffles the rock from height to base, and, so far as eye can reach, covers hill and dale. To the north the country is more cultivated ; bright corn or clover crops alternate with patches of dark forest, and take on gay hues under the afternoon sun, the horizon closing on a line of faint blue hills. Were the scene half so quiet and cheerful when Martin Luther was here held mock prisoner by his friend the Elector of Saxony, to keep him out of harm's way, it is no wonder he christened the Wartburg his 'Pisgah.' The room from which he sent forth some of his most vehement tractates, notably that on Confession, is, according to tradition, identical with the chamber of St. Elisabeth. If true, this is a strange instance of the mockery of circumstance! The girl Saint had her spiritual conflicts, as real and terrible to her, poor soul! as the wrestlings, which induced Luther to throw his inkstand at the devil and blot the wall, though not so weighty in result for the world. Luther soon tired of his 'Patmos,' and was heard to declare ungratefully, 'He would rather be stretched on the gridiron than rot in such a terrible solitude,' where he was 'buried before his time.' He must have been difficult to conceal from the enemy, so irrepressible was his personality. When allowed to join the hunt by way of a change on the solitude of the Wartburg, he fell to 'theologising amidst dogs and nets,' and put a live leveret in his pocket to preserve it, where the dogs scented and worried it ; and when under disguise of a nobleman he took an excursion in the neighbourhood, he bore the part so ill that the gentleman who accompanied him, fearful of discovery, had to warn him 'keep close to his sword, without taking the least notice of books, if by chance any should fall in his way.'

The shade of the Reformer seems on the whole not an appropriate ghost to raise in the romantic Wartburg, which once served him as refuge, and albeit a chapel in the castle is named after him, it is not his spirit but that of St. Elisabeth which haunts the place, and meets the eye in pictured imagery on the walls. The decoration of the interior of the castle was, as has been before mentioned, intrusted to the late Moritz von Schwind. The commission was an important one for this artist, who, like most Germans, hankered after mural painting, though the fanciful character of his talent, which had hitherto busied itself with comparatively trivial work, hardly promised so successful a result as was obtained ; especially in the frescos from the life of St. Elisabeth, painted in the corridor leading to the chapel. The first scheme for this wall, to represent, namely, along its whole length, the Hungarian *cortége* bringing the little Princess to the castle, was abandoned on artistic grounds as too episodical. The next plan met with difficulties from without. Schwind was conscientious, and had his ideas, but found himself obliged to battle with conflicting Catholic sentiment and Lutheran prejudice, before he could obtain consent to carry them out. The Grand Duke, however, stood his friend, and in the end everybody was pleased, orthodox and unorthodox. Schwind has painted in five upright compositions, eight feet high by four broad, chief incidents in the Saint's life :—1. Her Arrival at the Wartburg ; 2. The Miracle of the Roses ; 3. The Parting of Ludwig and Elisabeth ; 4. The Expulsion of Elisabeth with her Children from the Wartburg ; 5. Her Death at Marburg, while angels sing, '*Regnum mundi contempsi.*' 6. The magnificent procession at her canonisation, when Emperors and Princes vied to do her honour. Between the larger compositions are seven medallions, illustrating the 'Acts of Mercy' by the deeds of the Princess—Feeding the Hungry, Clothing the Naked, Visiting the Sick, &c. The pictures are united and framed in by foliated arabesques, which are made to spring ingeniously from the landscape backgrounds of the larger compositions. Schwind was an apt illustrator of *Mährchen* and 'People's Tales,' and a tender, fantastic spirit hence derived runs through his treatment of these quasi-historic frescos. No imitative literalism, no tragic emotion, disturbs the decorative quietude of the designs ; the lines are rhythmical and the colour felicitous. The whole is in sentiment on the borderland of the Real and the Ideal, and in art between the monumental and the picturesque—a gentle compromise.

The large picture of the *Sängerkrieg* in the banqueting-hall has been already commented upon. The little subjects taken from the early history of the castle, worked into a frieze round a smaller chamber, together with the borders and pilasters throughout, are tasteful and quaint.

German artists seem born with a knack for inventing this kind of decoration, though not with the sense to colour it; and a little extra touch of genius, such as Schwind possessed, suffices to remove his designs from commonplace. A pretty incident closed the artist's labour at the castle, when, on occasion of the opening of the rebuilt and renovated Wartburg, a concert was given, and the painter, no mean violinist, played in the orchestra.

In 1867 the oratorio, 'St. Elizabeth,' by Franz Liszt, was performed here before a brilliant audience. One may be pardoned the fancy that the old walls of the Wartburg must have thrilled with some 'dumb delight' as the sound of music, with the voices of men and women, rang melodious records of the saintly Hungarian Princess through the gorgeous chambers once the scene of her story.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

THE COMPOSITION OF WATER-COLOUR BOXES.—In the advertisements at the end of Mr. Noble's 'Guide to Water-Colour Painting,' published by Messrs. Rowney & Co., there is a list of water-colour sketching-boxes, already filled with colours. The selection of the colours was determined by the usual practice of different water-colour painters, whose lists, or 'palettes' as we should say, if we were speaking of painters in oil, were known to Messrs. Rowney from their business connexion with the artists. It has occurred to us that a comparison of these lists might be of use to many of our readers, especially if examined by the light of the knowledge which has already been supplied by several distinguished artists for our technical notes. We are not able to give the names of the artists by whom the following lists were originally arranged, but this is not of much importance. It is enough for us to know that they have been used in the ordinary practice of the English school. Our examination will pass gradually from limited palettes to more complicated ones.

1. *Sepia, French Ultramarine, Chinese White.*

This is intended for drawings in light and shade only, to be executed on tinted paper. The suitableness of Sepia, in this case, would greatly depend upon the tint of the paper on which it was used. For drawings of this kind to have an agreeable effect it is absolutely necessary that there should be a definite relation between the tint of the paper and the brown. The brown ought to be simply a darkening of the tint of the paper, or sufficiently in harmony with it to appear so, unless the paper is really and truly neutral; which is very difficult to obtain, except in the pure neutrality of untinted white. We have made numerous experiments on the relation between different browns and tinted papers, principally on those manufactured by Messrs. Canson, but it is impossible to describe these experiments with any profit to the reader unless the description were accompanied by specimens. We may, however, suggest, that any artist or amateur who intends to make drawings in brown on tinted paper would do well to make preliminary experiments with different browns upon different kinds of paper.

Ultramarine is intended simply for a cool opposition to the Sepia, and a gradation of intermediate tints may be obtained by mixtures which carry the eye from the depth of warm colour to the opposite extreme of cool. The Chinese White in mixture with the Ultramarine is of essential use in protecting its coolness against the effect of the warm-toned paper under it, when the tone selected has been warm. The main use of the cool tints is, of course, in the distances of landscapes, where they are most useful for the expression of atmosphere. We are inclined to the belief that Cobalt would be better selected for this purpose than French Ultramarine, as it is more luminous and aërial.

It is remarkable how much may be done in a short time with these very simple materials. The paper supplies a middle tint, thereby saving much labour; all the darks can be got with

the brown, or with the brown and blue together; all high sparkling lights can be decisively given with Chinese White, in a few touches, and the forms may be firmly marked throughout with the point of a hard lead pencil. This is one of the most rapid ways of taking memoranda from nature, and there is no other way by which so great a sum of truth may be obtained so rapidly. Another blue might be used, another brown, and another white, whilst there is a great choice of papers, but the principle remains the same, and the artist who wishes to take note of a cool and warm opposition, to have a good middle tint, to have sparkling lights all promptly in their places, will always come to this principle of arrangement in the end. If black were substituted for brown it would not be warm enough for the warm and cool opposition; if red were substituted it would not be dark enough for an extended scale of light and dark, whilst the same objection would apply still more forcibly to any of the yellows.

2. *Gamboge, Yellow Ochre, Light Red, Crimson Lake, Prussian Blue, Vandyke Brown.*

This box is intended exclusively for landscape. It is not chromatically complete, but if the reader has studied the paper entitled 'Experiments on a Restricted Palette,' he will at once perceive in what degree this box approaches to chromatic completeness. The truth is, that the artist who composed it appears to have thoroughly understood the principles on which chromatic completeness may be attained in a restricted palette, but to have purposely deviated from them in one instance for the sake of convenience. That instance is in the preference of a dull ochrous red to a brilliant one: he has preferred Light Red to Vermilion. Had he chosen to take Vermilion the choice would have been better, because Vermilion, with the help of the other pigments in the box, could have produced all the effects of Light Red, whereas Light Red cannot produce the effects of Vermilion. Light Red can be accurately imitated by a mixture of Vermilion, Yellow Ochre, and Vandyke Brown; consequently, with these pigments in a box, it may be quite truly asserted that Light Red is present there potentially. The composer of this box seems to have thought that Light Red would be a convenient tint ready prepared. His choice of blue may be questionable on some grounds, especially on that of permanence, but it is easy to see why he preferred Prussian Blue to Cobalt or French Ultramarine. There is no black in this short list of six pigments, and he wanted to be able to get great depth on due occasion, so that his scale of light and shade might be complete. With Prussian Blue, Crimson Lake, and Vandyke Brown, an intense artificial black may be produced. The choice of a brown in so restricted a palette is of great importance. Vandyke Brown is a cold brown and mixes rather unpleasantly with white, but on the whole it is the most eligible brown for various uses in combination with other colours, when only one brown is to be had. Crimson Lake is, in one form or other (madder or insect), a necessity for purples, and also of great use in maroons and in tertiary greens. Yellow Ochre is the most indispensable of all the yellows, so that however restricted a palette might be, Yellow Ochre would form part of it; but as a bright yellow is essential to chromatic completeness, not only for yellows and oranges, but also for combinations in greens, the composer of this box has done wisely to add Gamboge, a most precious and useful pigment in water-colour, especially for sketches to be kept in portfolios which are not exposed to bleaching by light. On the whole it would be difficult, with six pigments, to arrange a more complete box than this, and the only decided improvement which we should suggest is the substitution of Vermilion for Light Red.

3. *Gamboge, Light Red, Crimson Lake, Cobalt, Indigo, Sepia.*

Here, again, we have a box composed of six pigments, but the selection is different. Cobalt has been preferred here to Prussian Blue, no doubt because Cobalt is more aërial, and nearer to the natural blue of skies; but since Cobalt is wanting in depth, and therefore not so useful as Prussian Blue in combinations where depth is required, the artist has added Indigo to his list. The judiciousness of this addition is very questionable, as Indigo fades rapidly in the light, and all those effects which are attainable with its help would be attainable in the present box, if Prussian Blue had been substituted for it. But the introduction of two blues in a box

composed of six pigments only appears to us an extravagance in one direction, necessitating parsimony in another. The reader has observed that there is only one yellow in this list. The composer of the box has been obliged to sacrifice his bright yellow or his dull one, and has sacrificed Yellow Ochre in order to keep his scale of yellow tones complete in the higher notes. What compensation could a colourist find in this box for the absence of Yellow Ochre? The absence of this pigment has made a red ochre of some kind indispensable, and here we should not think of suggesting Vermilion as a substitute for Light Red. The colourist would go at once to Light Red for all those uses of Yellow Ochre in which it would have been in combination with Vermilion, so that Yellow Ochre is still potentially in the box, *but only for those circumstances when it could have been used in combination with red.* A scale of yellow and brown may, however, be got by mixtures of Gamboge and Sepia in different degrees, and Sepia, in the absence of Yellow Ochre, may have been more judiciously selected than Vandyke Brown. The imperfections of this box are three in number:—1st, the use of a fugitive colour; 2nd, the imperfection of the chromatic scale in the direction of red through the absence of Vermilion; 3rd, the imperfection of the chromatic scale in dull yellow caused by the absence of Yellow Ochre.

(*To be continued.*)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL, FROM A DRAWING BY J. W. INCHBOLD.

WE only know that all in peace here rest,
The Babe that died betwixt its sob and smile,
The Knight whose fame reached farthest east and west,
The sweetest Queen of Love in love's own Isle;
The Poet's name is whispered gently here,
The Statesman's turmoil is in quiet lost,
The Saint's spring flowery chaplet is not sere,
Our great ancestral soul seems carved and 'bossed
With stone made eloquent and fair to see,
Forgotten all that's base and all impure,
For peace around us dwells and poetry,
With beauty that for ages shall endure:
Mar not the place with thought that harbours wrong,
But let it holy be with love and song!*

J. W. I.

ON SOME ASPECTS OF ATHENS.

THERE is no place where a student is more likely to become absorbed in his special study than at Athens. But in letting himself be so absorbed, though he makes sure of gathering one kind of fruit from his journey, he is in danger of missing another kind. The benefits of travelling should be twofold, those we seek and those which come unsought. There are travellers, indeed, incapable of benefit—there are the crowds whom fashion or restlessness sends abroad, and who vex us with their aimless company in scenes which to us are sacred but not to them, for their souls are not awake, and in the most famous places it is evident they neither feel nor learn. This class of fellow-creatures we have a right to wish away; there is no sense nor purpose in their travelling. But on the other hand, it is possible to travel with too

* From a Volume of Sonnets by Mr. Inchbold, just published by Messrs. Henry S. King & Co.

much purpose. The mind too anxiously bent upon improvement is apt to have no attention left for chance impressions, and it is in the distinctness and variety of chance impressions that one half the good of travelling lies. At home, among familiar scenes, to see much in little things is the privilege either of egoism, whose slightest experiences are of importance to itself, or of genius, whose slightest experiences are of importance to mankind. The rest of us are less impressionable, and let the thousand small circumstances of to-day go by us all but unawares, to possess a place in our past, but not in our thoughts, to-morrow. But abroad, we do notice and remember little things; there is a strangeness in common sights, sounds, and scents, a vividness in our passing observations; and we carry away, if we are not too dull or too pre-occupied, a treasure that we did not count on. Things come to us, and remain and take shape within the memory, which we have never applied ourselves to perceive; and these unsought images are often the brightest part of our retrospect, inasmuch as the working spirits are even—so long as a man is busy learning, he scarcely feels the difference between the Acropolis and Bloomsbury—it is in the hours when working and learning are relaxed that the spirits rise or fall, and the mind is open to influences of brightness or of gloom.

I have only been a fortnight in Athens, and in the way of work, a fortnight could not well yield results worth mentioning. Accordingly of special studies I am not about to speak, only of some general aspects of the place, and things that strike one there in by-hours. The approach, the first sight of Athens, is naturally one of the great moments of one's life. And few things are better fitted to prepare and work one up for such a moment than the voyage, if one chooses that route, from the Ionian islands by way of the isthmus of Corinth. Starting from Zante in the morning, you pass south of and presently leave astern the island-mass of Cephalonia, majestic in the noon-day haze; you steam beneath the Acarnanian headlands, and stop for a while under the mountain that towers, crimson with sunset, above Patras; at twilight you enter between the guarded points of Rhion and Antirrhion, and pass along by night where the snows of Cyllene on the left, and Parnassus on the right, look down on the Corinthian gulf. These land-locked waters are treacherous and subject to hurricanes. What happened to Apollo and his crew on their voyage to Crissa may happen to any one, and did to us. In the middle of the night, after leaving Patras,

'So frank a gale there flew out of the west,'*

that our skipper was fain to bring his ship to under the lea of a cliff, and there she lay straining and tossing at her moorings for two hours, while the awakened passengers bemoaned themselves. When one came on deck at dawn, as the boat neared the port of Corinth, the sky was low and grey, and the cold gale was still driving the ripple strongly upon the beach; one was still staggering from sea-sickness, the most prosaically abject of human calamities; the sense of excitement, of enjoyment, of expectancy, was for the moment utterly extinguished. But during the drive across the isthmus to Kalamaki, the port where one takes steam again for Athens, the day grew bright, the mountain distances revealed themselves, the air blew fresh and ringing instead of chill; the deadened faculties began to waken. By the time one was re-embarked, a Homeric hunger had succeeded to one's morning faintness; and this satisfied, one was ready to take in again the glory of the world. It is a three-hours' run down the Saronic gulf from Kalamaki to the Piræus, and all the while your heart is astir within you. The sea which leaps from the prow, and flashes under the following gale, is not sea but a sapphire wine of fabulous colour and intensity. The mountains, with their fainter azure, are mountains of enchantment; far off behind some of those foldings on the right, you know, lie ruins of old fame, Tiryns and Mycenæ and Cleonæ; on the left, the arid precipices of the

* This is Chapman's spirited line for the Homeric—

ἦλθ' ἄνεμος Ζέφυρος μέγας αἴθριος ἐκ Διὸς αἴσης
λαβρὸς ἐπαιγίζων ἐξ αἰθέρος.

(*Hymn. Apoll. Pyth.* 255.)

Megarid descend in sunshine to the blue; in front, the gulf is almost closed by a crowd of steep and lovely coast and island forms which you have not yet learnt to name or distinguish. You want to shout schoolboy quotations to yourself—

. . . . ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
στείρῃ πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἴαχε νῆος ἰούσης.——

you want to be alone with your emotions, and cannot bear anything which jars against or checks them. Your fellow-passengers become odious to you; a Greek youth, unctuous, familiar, inquisitive, accosts you for the twentieth time with an eye to business; a Glasgow tourist prates about the beauties of the Clyde; somebody offers you a cigar; you turn savagely from them all, and make your way forward, where the deck is strewn with third-class passengers wrapped in their great sheepskins, and picking your steps, clamber up into the bowsprit, where you can be alone. The island of Ægina has by this time separated itself from the other mountain groups, and lies in front and to the right; on the left, you cannot at all make out the projections and complications of the coast, but you know that the conical peak the boat is just rounding belongs to the island of Salamis, and are in high suspense for what will come next. You watch and watch, with snatches of Greek and snatches of English poetry ringing in your brain—

'λιπαραὶ καὶ ἰοστέφανοι καὶ ἀοίδιμοι'
'The fruitful immortal anointed adored
Dear city of men without master or lord——'

and presently you swallow something in your throat, and give one shake from head to foot, as the immortal city veers in sight: that is to say, there appears a few miles before you a place in the coast where the higher mountains break back into a sort of amphitheatre, and you discern a little cluster of rocks standing clear in front of them. First you make out but one sharp crag—that is Lycabettus; next a lower one disengages itself, table-topped and with buildings on it—that is the Acropolis: those buildings are the Parthenon, from thence flashed of yore the spear and helmet of Athene. There is another half hour, of which you do not take any precise account, before the steamer comes to in the harbour of the Piræus and is surrounded by a shoal of pinnaces bringing on board the health officers and hotel and custom-house agents. These Piræus boats are painted white, with gunwales striped red and yellow; the harbour is surrounded with white or brightly-tinted buildings; the water quivers with clear colour and reflection; a crystalline and dancing brightness is in the air; as you are rowed to shore, and start to drive from the harbour to the town, you are penetrated with the sense of unaccustomed and radiant day.

This lightness and clearness of the Athenian atmosphere, as it is the thing which strikes you first on landing, so is it that of which you remain most continually sensible. Not the λαμπρότατος αἰθήρ of Euripides, not all that poets have sung or travellers told, have fully prepared you for the reality. When day has followed day in which the world has lain flooded with perfect radiance, and on night after night the stars have seemed to hang within reach almost, in unknown, nearer, brighter multitudes, till the spirit has thoroughly dilated itself in the new medium, still you find that habit has not made you insensible to this magic quality of the air. It is forced upon your attention by fresh sights and impressions that occur continually. The old market at the lower end of the town is a great place for one kind of such impressions which has nothing to do with ancient Athens or with your studies, but strikes vividly in upon your passive observation. Market-stalls and market people in counterchange of intense shadow and light, heaps of glowing oranges, piles of silk stuffs, figures in the scarlet fez and white or blue jacket and white fustanella, make pictures of Oriental colour, darkly glowing, luminously blazing, which you are apt to come upon suddenly, framed in the opening of the houses, as you descend from the Acropolis by one of the many narrow lanes of that quarter. Sometimes, on the other hand, one of these sudden effects of daylight contains a whole revelation on the nature

of ancient art. When, in one of the new buildings upon which the masons are at work all over the town—the University, the Academy, the Parliament-house, the Sculpture museum—you chance to see a piece of fresh-carved marble against the sky, it dazzles you with its excessive glitter and whiteness; you understand at once why statues of pure untinted marble would not do in this climate, and why the ancient Greek, to make his groups of outdoor statues tolerable to the eye, must needs have toned and tinted them; and how, further, it is probable that his marble surfaces in general were toned with some preparation which did for them then that which time, subduing the white glitter to a hundred rich diversities between ivory and amber, has done for them now. There is another way in which the Athenian daylight makes you to understand ancient art for the first time. Until one has seen the effects of sculpture and architecture in that sun and that shadow, one can but feebly guess what Greek sculpture and Greek architecture mean. The moment you see shadows like these, strong, sharp and defined as by a needle's point, yet full, in the shaded surface, of a blue and bloomy light, you have gained a new revelation as to the powers and effects of sculpture. In the West we know nothing of this daylight, which at the same time cuts out every shadow into the sharpest definiteness and force of contrast, and floods all that lies within the shadow with a soft and exquisite clearness. Every projection is thrown into intense relief, every play of surface is expressed with the subtlest gradation, every wandering line tells clearly; the commonest mason's work looks striking and beautiful; no wonder that in the great times eye and hand could train themselves to that power which seemed more than human.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

(*To be concluded in next number.*)

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 160.)

THE finest collection of *Liber Studiorum* impressions ever seen together was exhibited by the Burlington Fine-Arts Club in the year 1872, and the catalogue of that exhibition affords some interesting fragments of information about the progress of the work in the hands of Turner and his engravers. Although the artist was his own publisher, he at first made use of his engraver, Charles Turner, in that capacity, until there occurred a rupture between them, due to the hardness and severity of the painter. Although, as we have seen, the price asked for the whole work was 17*l.* 10*s.*, the early numbers were charged to subscribers at the rate of 15*s.* for prints and 1*l.* 5*s.* for proofs. These prices were afterwards altered to one guinea for prints and twice as much for what the artist was pleased to call proofs. 'It is to be feared,' says the author of the Burlington Catalogue, 'that the difference between these two classes of impressions consisted wholly in the price.' The confused way in which the whole work was issued appears to have been still further complicated by something like downright dishonesty. 'I am sorry too,' observes Mr. Thornbury, 'to say that there can be no doubt, from years of investigation by Messrs. Pye, Stokes, and other collectors, that Turner often took out the thickened letters of the plates in the bad third state and engraved open letters higher up in the plate: in fact, he sold sham proofs, having private marks and scratches to indicate to himself the various states.' If he did this, he is of course inexcusable; but as the plates had been worked upon by himself, he may have thought them as good as new. Mezzotint wears away fast in the printing, and if a plate has just been refreshed by added labour it may be equal to its earliest state if the artist has been happy in his additions. This may be an artistic excuse, but it is not a commercial one, because the commercial sense of the word 'proof' is an early impression before the plate has been refreshed by any restoration whatever, whether successful in the artist's opinion or the contrary. The reader would be unjust, however, if he inferred that Turner had no conscience. He was grasping, and yet curiously conscientious in his own way, and according to his own notions of what was honourable and just.

Amongst Turner's notes on the margin of the engravers' proofs we have some interesting bits of his mind, showing both his faculty as a critic and his temper. The *Dunstanborough*

Castle was engraved by Charles Turner, who permitted himself the facility of a little aquatint. The painter, of course, detected this at a glance, and wrote coldly and severely,—'Sir, you have done in aquatint all the castle down to the rocks; did I ever ask for such an indulgence?' This is very like one of the Duke of Wellington's laconic reproofs, and seems rather hard when addressed to a brother-artist who, on the whole, did his work faithfully and well, especially when we consider that aquatint was not formally excluded from the *Liber*, but was employed occasionally, as, for instance, in the entire sky of the classical composition called the *Bridge*. One very important characteristic of Turner's marginal remarks is, that they prove him to have been quite clearly conscious of what he was doing, and of the artistic reasons for doing it: in other words, they prove that he had the conscious critical faculty, and that he exercised it on his own works and on the engravings from them. For example, on the *Morpeth* he writes: 'I think the whole sky would be better a tone lighter, besides the light clouds,' and then comes the reason, '*which will make the hill more solid.*' Here we have him anticipating a result quite consciously. So on the margin of the *Dunblain Abbey* he writes, 'The sky must be much lighter and clearer, and until it possesses *both* the other parts have not their value.' The reader will observe the Turnerian grammar in the last sentence, *possesses* being used for *is;* or else the writer has forgotten that he has used adjectives in the comparative degree, and is now thinking of the substantives *lightness* and *clearness*. In the note upon a touched proof of the *Little Devil's Bridge* Turner says: 'A slight indication of a ray of bursting light under the bridge would improve that part, and a few sharp white touches upon the leaves marked X, *because they are now two black spots without connection with the stems of the trees.*' Here again the reason is given, and this time it is to prevent scattering, that great enemy of artistic unity. Curiously enough, on another touched proof of the same plate the artist had written, 'Be careful about the distance. It wants air and light scraping to render it like the place.' This is the only indication I remember of any anxiety on Turner's part to secure a likeness to the place. We remember how he treated *Kilchurn*. *Raglan Castle*, in the *Liber Studiorum*, fared no better. The plate is so unlike Raglan that the compiler of the Burlington Catalogue says, 'There seems to be no warrant for giving the name *Raglan Castle* to this subject; it is said to have much more resemblance to Berry Pomeroy.'

We know on the authority of Mr. Ruskin that the author of the *Liber Studiorum* disliked the sale of separate plates, because in his own mind there was a certain connexion of significance between the subjects. After mentioning the castle and abbey subjects, Mr. Ruskin says: 'These are his types of human pride. Of human love: Procris dying by the arrow; Hesperie by the viper's fang; and Rizpah, more than dead, beside her children. Such are the lessons of the *Liber Studiorum*. Silent always with a bitter silence, disdaining to tell his meaning when he saw there was no ear to receive it, Turner only indicated his purpose by slight words of contemptuous anger when he heard of any one's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject as more beautiful than the rest. "What is the use of them," he said, "but together?"'

Surely there was little reason in this case either for bitter silence or contemptuous anger. Those hidden meanings which it appears that Turner often intended to attach to his drawings or pictures have little to do with art, and might be much better expressed in a few words of written English than by any quantity of landscape design. Any versifier of ordinary skill could compress all the 'lessons' of the *Liber Studiorum* into a couple of sonnets, and the sonnets would not be very valuable to humanity for such wisdom as they might contain. We all know that strong castle and fair fame will alike fall ultimately into ruin, that death and decay are everywhere, and that bones will ever be found bleaching on the mountains. We all know that love has often been interwoven with the most pathetic sorrow; that it has often been associated with sad tragedies. So far as the knowledge of these things can be of use to our minds it is already familiar enough, having been the frequent theme of poets and moralists since the days of the ancient Hebrews, and any longer or deeper dwelling on such subjects would only make us morbid, like the Trappists, who enliven their days of taciturnity by the salutation, 'Frère, il faut mourir!' and the answer, 'Mourir il faut, frère!' The suggestion of ideas of this kind, which Turner bitterly despised the public for not understanding, is no doubt to some degree within the province of landscape art, which resembles music in its appeal to those who are susceptible to its influences; but it is in the nature both of landscape art and of music to

express moods rather than thoughts, and it is unreasonable to be angry with people when they do not read thoughts in a language less adapted to their expression than the poorest of spoken dialects. It is probable that much of Turner's contempt for the public may have been due to an exaggerated conception, very common with illiterate men, of the value and originality of such thoughts as he tried to express. It would have been easy, had he condescended to do so, to make his thoughts clear enough by the mere titles of his drawings; but he seems to have enjoyed, in a bitter way, the satisfaction of hinting at obscure meanings and then despising his fellow-countrymen for not following him. The real cause of this temper was simply want of intellectual culture, which would have made him perceive, that when a moralist desires to read solemn lessons on the fate of nations landscape design is an inadequate means of expression. Such culture would also have made Turner aware that there was no novelty in his choice of subjects. Many painters before his time had sought in ruin and decay the elements of pictorial solemnity, whilst such motives as Æsacus and Hesperie, Cephalus and Procris, and Rizpah, are in the regular repertory of figure-painters, so that it would be impossible to ascertain who first painted them, or to foretell the time when artists will finally reject them as outworn.

In the year 1808 Turner added the mysterious letters 'P. P.' to his Academical honours. These have puzzled some of his admirers in the provinces and foreign parts, but they mean nothing worse than 'Professor of Perspective.' The choice of the new Professor was at the same time wise and not wise. Turner was utterly incompetent to explain anything orally to an audience, but he was exceedingly conscientious, and did all he could by elaborately prepared illustrations on a large scale to make the principles of the science intelligible to his pupils. It has been wittily observed that the artist never practised what he professed. Certainly the perspective in his pictures is not faultless, but there is as much of it as we need. Nothing is more tiresome than an absolute scientific accuracy in these things; and we may be sure that it was as far from Turner's essentially artistic nature as that other kind of accuracy, the topographic, against which he rebelled so energetically.

The newly-appointed Professor of Perspective permitted himself the luxury of a suburban house at the end of the Upper Mall, Hammersmith. From that time till his death he seems always to have had two residences, and sometimes three, but they were never very remote from each other. He may have thought them useful as a means of escaping from visitors, to work in undisturbed privacy. One biographer writes as if the Harley Street residence had been abandoned when the Hammersmith house was taken, but the Exhibition Catalogue gives both houses at the same time.

About this time, 1808, it is probable that Turner painted the big picture of *Trafalgar* which is at Greenwich Hospital. This has always been an intensely unpopular picture with sailors, and it has little artistic merit to compensate for its want of naval knowledge. The artist seems to have been so entirely absorbed by his wish to represent the apparent confusion of a great sea-fight that he forgot the true sequence of events, and forgot, at the same time, to charm the lover of art by that subtle artistic arrangement which great artists have usually thought necessary even when representing the wildest actual disorder. The picture was, therefore, in a double sense a failure. It was painted for George IV., who, perhaps, may not have liked it, as he generously presented it to Greenwich, the worst place in the world to hang a Turner, whether good or bad; for, even if successful from the artistic point of view, any work of his would inevitably be too arbitrary and inaccurate to bear the acute professional criticism of sailors.

In 1809 Turner seems to have gone to Petworth for the first time. Lord Egremont was one of the very few members of the aristocracy who appreciated either Turner or the other great contemporary English painters. It is probable that this Earl, whom we may call a noble earl in a sense very different from the conventional one, had a character above the vanity of caring to look well in the sight of posterity; but it so happens, from his great kindness to men of genius whose names are immortal in the history of English art, that he himself has become immortal also. Lord Egremont's nature was at the same time highly refined in its perception of artistic beauty, and unaffected to the extreme of simplicity in the ordinary intercourse of life. Turner had these two qualities also; he had the most delicate perceptions united to the plainest manners. All witnesses seem to agree that Turner and the great Earl got on quite well together; and this is in favour of Turner, not because Lord Egremont was a man of rank, but because he was a man of

great discernment, and therefore not likely to tolerate about him any artist, whatever might be his professional ability, who had not the qualities of simplicity and genuineness. All who knew Turner personally appear to be agreed that, although he was not what is called a gentleman in the society sense of the term—not having the grace and polish which are necessary to that character—he still had good manners in his own plain way, and a good deal of delicate tact, often under apparent roughness. When Turner was at Petworth his habit was to work very assiduously in the morning, and as he rose very early, it was easy for him to get a great deal done in these hours of privacy; but later in the day he would amuse himself, especially in fishing, so that the other guests imagined that he led quite an idle life. It is curious, in illustration of these habits of his, that his first picture of Petworth should be entitled in the Catalogue, 'Petworth, Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Egremont—*Dewy Morning*.' In 1810 the three works exhibited by Turner were all views of seats—two from Lowther Castle, and the third this view of Petworth. The next year, amongst nine works exhibited, we only find one gentleman's seat, but there are three pictures from ancient mythology or poetry, and one of the three is the *Apollo and Python*.

SHEEP, FROM A SKETCH BY TURNER.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Turner than to paint, the same year, *Apollo slaying Python with his Arrows*, and *Somer Hill, near Tunbridge, the seat of W. F. Woodgate, Esq.* Most artists, when they have once begun to paint such highly classical subjects as those in which far-darting Apollo is an actor, begin to entertain feelings of contempt for the common world of reality; but Turner is just as ready to portray whatever beauty there may be about Mr. Woodgate's country-house near Tunbridge as if he had never painted either deities or dragons. His mind recurs also to Whalley Bridge, in Lancashire, which he paints with the remains of the Abbey, and enlivens with dyers who are washing and drying cloth. The same year one of his pictures illustrates flounder-fishing, and another crab-collecting on the shore at Scarborough. He also exhibits a picture of *Chickens*, showing a tendency to study poultry, which is not uncommon with landscape-painters.

It was observed, with reference to Turner's notes on the *Liber Studiorum* proofs, that they gave evidence of his conscious exercise of critical reason and judgment. His notes on his own private memoranda occasionally prove that he thought out his composition consciously, and fully understood the importance of those little contrivances and artifices which, however trifling they may appear to people who are not artists, are never foolishly despised by those who are. Mr. Thornbury selects as an instance of these notes one about bargemen hanging clothes: 'Bargemen hanging clothes on the shrouds—to avoid long lines.' Turner wrote this to remind himself afterwards that by hanging clothes on the shrouds of their barges the men afforded him an opportunity, as an artist, of interrupting the long lines of the shrouds, which he thought might be inconvenient in the intended future composition. The reader will observe that the reason is given here just as it was in the notes on the *Liber* proofs. Turner also attempted to reason out for himself a theory of reflections in water, but not quite successfully, because the subject itself is difficult and obscure, and also because Turner's use of language was defective. It may be worth our while to examine his attempt at theory.

'Reflections not only appear darker, but larger than the object which occasions them, and if the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects, and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator; but in receding lines, as well as objects, rules seem to lose their power, and those guides that enable us to find some cause for near objects lose their power, or become enfeebled by contraction in remote ones. It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of the water; but these axioms I dissent from. It is true, that by placing the eye equal to the water, it comes up to the rules laid down; but when the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but according to the elevation of the spectator becomes more or less an angle of incidence. If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms, there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules.'

PINE-TREE, FROM A SKETCH BY TURNER.

It is always difficult to criticise theories which are badly expressed, because we have to deal with two entirely different things at the same time—what the writer said, and what he meant to say. The first sentence, 'Reflections not only appear darker, but larger than the object which occasions them,' is far from being universally true, though the statement is universal. For, to begin with, reflections are not always darker than the things reflected; that depends upon the state of the water and of the atmosphere immediately above the water. If the water is muddy in broad daylight, or if there is a thin stratum of mist on the surface, the reflection will be paler than the object. Again, reflections do not of necessity appear larger than the things reflected. When the water is perfectly calm the inverted image is of precisely the same size as the object; when there is ripple the image is elongated, but it is not widened, except under peculiar circumstances which we have not space to explain. Turner then says, 'If the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator.' This is true; but there is no necessity for the conditional, because all ripples whatever, be they but the eighth of an inch in height, are long enough to 'make an angle with the eye, and do elongate reflections of perpendicular objects.' The next sentence is not very clear, but the writer seems to have intended to say that rules of a trustworthy kind have not yet been found, by the guidance of which an artist might manage reflections of receding lines and objects on the principles of nature, whatever those principles may be. The truth is, that in the present state of artistic and scientific intelligence there are many visible facts in such reflections which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for; we can therefore only paint things as they appear to us, without waiting for a complete theory of the subject. We now come to difficulties of another kind, due to Turner's strange use of words: 'It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of

the water; but these axioms I dissent from.' All what? Can he mean all reflections? Does the 'base line of the water' mean the exact level of the water? If it does, the answer is simple —a human eye placed *exactly* on the level of the water sees no reflections whatever. The next sentence is unintelligible: 'It is true, that by placing the eye equal to the water it comes up to the rules laid down.' How an eye equal to water can come up to rules laid down we do not pretend to understand. 'When the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but according to the elevation of the spectator becomes more or less an angle of incidence.' The water is no longer in right angles with reference to what? Of course every one who has read an elementary treatise on optics knows that there is always an angle of incidence, when the rays of light rebound from the reflecting surface to the eye of the spectator, and there is sure to be an angle of incidence in any case where there is a reflection at all, whether the surface is 'ruffled' or quite smooth. The final observation is at the same time more intelligible and more profound than those we have just examined. 'If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms, there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules.' Certainly, if there were neither current nor motion on the surface we should have perfectly calm water, like a flat looking-glass; and optical writers have fully explained for us the theory of the looking-glass, which is thoroughly understood. The difficulty lies entirely in the laws of ripple or disturbance of surface, of which nobody but an artist ever seems to know anything at all, whilst the most accomplished landscape-painters know very little that can be unreservedly and unquestionably stated.

I have quoted and criticised Turner's written observations on this subject, because his works prove him to have been a great discoverer in this department of natural truth, and it is interesting to see in how much mental confusion and uncertainty he was groping his way where not a living creature could enlighten him. The varied studies of modern landscape-painters have made water phenomena much better known, though not much more clearly accounted for, than they were in the beginning of this century, and the students of the future will find a mass of suggestion and example in the art of the nineteenth century which Turner could not find in that of preceding times. The water-painting of Claude, though very successful in rendering two or three common aspects of nature, was so narrowly limited in its range that little was to be learned from him, though that little was of great value as a foundation. Ruysdael was equally narrow. Something more might be got from the Dutch marine-painters, but even their knowledge of water was as nothing in comparison with the variety of Turner's discoveries. Of all that he found out, what pleased him best appears to have been the long-drawn confusion of reflection upon a rippled surface, and he liked this so well that it became a mannerism in his later works. It is still, however, a great exaggeration of the truth either to say directly, or to convey the impression indirectly, that Turner had exhausted the phenomena of nature even in such a department of study as water-surfaces only. Some of the common appearances of water have not been illustrated by him in any work known to me, either in the original or in an engraving; and from some of the more complex and remarkable phenomena of water-surfaces he may have abstained from prudence, knowing that it was impossible that the general public should understand them. Mr. Leslie, in his *Handbook for Young Painters*, mentions some effects on water which (though after the death of Turner) he had never met with in pictures, and then observes: 'The truth is, we go on painting the things that others and ourselves have painted before, and do not look out for the art nearly so much as we should do.' One reason for this may be, that the class of critics who are called 'connoisseurs' always compare art with previous art, and treat discoverers scornfully, as ignorant innovators who do not know what is allowable in painting and what is inadmissible. This traditional spirit in the public and its guides did much to embitter the career of Turner, though he succeeded in spite of it; and it kept down Constable's professional income so effectually, that he could not have maintained his family without private means.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

6. *Gamboge, Yellow Ochre, Burnt Sienna, Venetian Red, Crimson Lake, Cobalt, Indigo, Olive Green, Vandyke Brown, Neutral Tint.*

Here we have ten pigments, giving an opportunity for remedying the deficiencies of the preceding box, but even here there does not appear to be any determination to attain chromatic completeness. You cannot paint a fox-hunter's coat with this set of pigments, since Venetian Red is the brightest red you have. The yellows and blues are more complete, in this instance, than the reds, though we have to renew our protest against the use of so perishable a pigment as Indigo. A novelty in this box, as compared with the others, is the introduction of green. Olive Green is a tint mixed by the colour-makers of several different pigments. It is desirable that the pigments composing it should be durable, but it is difficult to ascertain precisely what they are. The Olive Greens usually sold by the colour-makers are tempting and agreeable to the landscape-painter, who finds it a convenience to have at least one green ready prepared for his use. Green is not absolutely necessary, being so easily compounded with blue and yellow; yet it is so pleasant to have a green that we should always feel inclined to introduce one in all boxes exceeding six pigments. The pigment called 'Neutral Tint' is also a mixture, but likely to be safer than the mixed greens. It is not so much used as it was in the early practice of water-colour painting, and may quite easily be dispensed with.

7. *Yellow Ochre, Indian Yellow, Burnt Sienna, Light Red, Vermilion, Madder Lake, Cobalt, Prussian Blue, Brown Pink, Vandyke Brown.*

This box contains the same number of pigments as the preceding, but there are differences in the selection. Gamboge is suppressed, and Indian Yellow substituted for it. Olive Green and Neutral Tint are both suppressed, and so is Indigo. Venetian Red is replaced by Light Red, Crimson Lake by Madder Lake. Out of the ten pigments in each box only four are common to both; namely, Yellow Ochre, Cobalt, Burnt Sienna, and Vandyke Brown. It is a good thing to have got rid of Indigo, but we have two pigments of very doubtful permanence: Indian Yellow and Brown Pink. Linton says, 'The vegetable yellows, Indian Yellow, Brown Pink, &c., belong to the most evanescent class of colours.' At the same time we have the testimony of Mr. Wyld in favour of Indian Yellow, that he has watched the condition of it for forty years on his own water-colour drawings, and detected no sign of change. The substitution of Light Red for Venetian Red is judicious in the present instance, because Vermilion is introduced. In the absence of Vermilion, Venetian Red would be better than Light Red, on account of its greater chromatic power and intensity; but when we have the brightness of Vermilion on the palette, Light Red is a very useful auxiliary for dull, ochrous colouring. Madder Lake is more permanent than insect lake, and therefore is wisely substituted for it. On the whole this is the most complete box chromatically that we have yet examined, and the most agreeable to use; but if it were decided to retain Indian Yellow and Prussian Blue, both most delightful and valuable pigments, but of doubtful permanence, we might reject Brown Pink, and take in place of it some useful and durable green.

8. *Gamboge, Chrome Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Vermilion, Indian Red, Burnt Sienna, Crimson Lake, Cobalt, Indigo, Brown Pink, Vandyke Brown, Payne's Grey.*

We have two additional pigments here, making twelve in all. This box is stronger in the yellows than any of the preceding ones, but it is an error to introduce a pigment, such as Chrome Yellow, which is known to be objectionable, however tempting. 'Used alone, or in tint,' says Field, 'the Chrome Yellows after some time lose their pure colour, and may even become black in impure air.' Linton observes, that the number of permanent bright yellows now available makes the chromes unnecessary. Mr. Samuel Palmer says they are 'inadmissible,' and, in fact, very few living artists of eminence admit them, though we could mention one or two who do, even yet. Vermilion is quite essential to chromatic completeness, and is therefore rightly introduced. Indian Red is one of the most powerful of pigments, and one of the safest. Burnt Sienna is more valuable in glazes than Indian Red, from its greater

transparence, and is often of great practical service in russets and tertiary greens. The objectionable pigments in the above list, on the ground of permanence, are rather numerous; but it is a good colouring palette, and the qualities of it might be preserved with safer materials. Payne's Grey is one of the mixed pigments, and is one of the varieties of Neutral Tint. We cannot be exactly sure what such mixed pigments are composed of, but Indigo is said to enter into them, which is very probable. It is better, therefore, to discard them very decidedly.

9. *Gamboge, Indian Yellow, Italian Ochre, Light Red, Scarlet Vermilion, Madder Lake, Purple Lake, Vandyke Brown, Brown Pink, Indigo, French Ultramarine, Chinese White.*

Another list of twelve pigments. Italian Ochre is substituted for Yellow Ochre. The only essential difference between the two pigments is, that Italian Ochre is rather stronger and deeper in tone than the English ochres usually are. The reader may observe that Purple Lake and French Ultramarine are here introduced for the first time in these lists. If the Purple Lake used were prepared from Madder, like Field's Purple, there could be no objection to it, but the pigment usually called Purple Lake is from the cochineal insect, and is fugitive. French Ultramarine is a valuable addition to the palette, but as it inclines to violet and is not a very aërial colour, we consider that, in a box of twelve pigments, the artist ought to have Cobalt also. This he could easily have in the box before us by simply doing without Indigo. All the blues change except genuine Ultramarine ; and it is necessary to remember in what direction they go. Cobalt turns green, and French Ultramarine blackens, whilst Prussian Blue becomes greyish in combination with white, and sometimes turns greenish. This box might easily have given room for a green if Brown Pink had been kept out of it. We applaud the introduction of Chinese White instead of Payne's Grey. Chinese White is not only of great use for touches of light in body-colour, but it is also excellent for giving atmosphere when mixed in extremely small quantity with aërial tints in distances. It is almost indispensable in the modern practice of water-colour painting, though the influence of it has been regretted by some as tending to lead artists away from the early system of transparent water-colour.

10. *Gamboge, Yellow Ochre, Indian Yellow, Light Red, Burnt Sienna, Indian Red, Crimson Lake, Cobalt, Indigo, Neutral Tint, Emerald Green, Madder Brown, Sepia, Brown Pink.*

It is unnecessary to repeat the remarks we have already made about objectionable colours. There is rather a needless luxury of the dull reds (three of them), considering that there is not a brilliant one. Emerald Green is an introduction of considerable importance. The colour of it is most uncommon in nature, but this pigment is of great use in mixtures. Artists who use Emerald Green will do well to take care not to have Cadmium Yellow on the same palette, as the two are mutually destructive. It is desirable on the other hand, when we have Emerald Green, to have Raw Sienna at the same time, as the two make together a very fine series of greens. This box would be greatly improved by rejecting Brown Pink and Indigo, which would leave room for Raw Sienna and Prussian Blue.

11. *Gamboge, Chrome Yellow, Indian Yellow, Scarlet Vermilion, Light Red, Rose Madder, French Ultramarine, Indigo, Emerald Green, Olive Green, Purple Lake, Madder Brown, Vandyke Brown, Neutral Tint.*

This list would be improved by the addition of Cobalt and Black. Room for these might be made by rejecting Indigo and Neutral Tint. If Chrome were rejected, as it ought to be, there would be room also for Yellow Ochre.

12. *Gamboge, Chrome Yellow, Indian Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Scarlet Vermilion, Light Red, Burnt Sienna, Crimson Lake, Madder Lake, Cobalt, Indigo, Emerald Green, Olive Green, Madder Brown, Sepia, Payne's Grey.*

This list is an improvement on the preceding one in two very important respects. It includes Yellow Ochre and Cobalt. Another blue might be added in the place of Indigo, and a more permanent green in the place of Olive Green. The necessary rejection of Chrome would

leave room for Raw Sienna, and by doing without Payne's Grey we should have room for black. It is remarkable how little the composers of water-colour boxes seem generally to value black, and yet it is of especial use in landscape for the deep greens. Mr. Wyld tells us that in his belief black, in the form of Indian Ink, entered into the composition of the most delicate greys in the water-colours of David Cox. Mr. Samuel Palmer includes two blacks in his list of colours, Charcoal Black and Ivory Black. The first of these two he considers 'very fine for certain cast shadows; almost perfect when laid over the local colour.' Many oil-painters seem to consider black essential, and even the very limited palette of Reynolds generally included it.

13. *Gamboge, Indian Yellow, Gallstone, Lemon Yellow, Vermilion, Indian Red, Pure Scarlet, Madder Lake, Carmine, Dahlia Carmine, French Ultramarine, Indigo, Emerald Green, Olive Green, Sepia, Ivory Black.*

This list is intended for flowers and landscape. The object seems to be to get as many brilliant pigments as possible, because all pigments are dulled by mixture, and in flower-painting brilliance is a matter of great importance. Gallstone is a golden yellow and will stand in the shade, but fades in strong light; so that it ought only to be used in drawings which are to be kept in portfolios. Pure Scarlet, we suppose, must mean Iodine Scarlet, a wonderfully brilliant pigment, but the colour of it is soon completely destroyed by impure air. It simply vanishes, leaving nothing behind but metallized particles. We have used it in heraldic painting with this result. The Carmines resist impure air, but do not resist the action of light. Ivory Black is a valuable addition to the palette, especially where there is also Gamboge, as the two together make very fine greens. An immediate effect of brilliance appears to have been the only purpose of this box, and when some pigments are introduced which are notoriously not permanent others may be added to them with equally little reference to duration. A picture painted to last only a few months might include any pigments which the artist fancied. We observe, in addition to Ivory Black, a pigment in this list which has not been included in the preceding ones—Lemon Yellow. When this is the genuine Chromate of Baryta it is permanent, and of great chromatic value, so that it ought always to be included in boxes where there are many pigments.

The above list includes boxes containing from six to sixteen pigments. As an example of a very well-supplied box we will now add one of twenty-four. This is composed by Mr. Ruskin, and given by him in his 'Elements of Drawing.'

14. *Chinese White, Gamboge, Lemon Yellow, Cadmium Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Roman Ochre, Raw Sienna, Extract of Vermilion, Light Red, Indian Red, Burnt Sienna, Carmine, Cobalt, Smalt, Antwerp Blue, Prussian Blue, Mars Orange, Violet Carmine, Emerald Green, Hooker's Green, Brown Madder, Burnt Umber, Vandyke Brown, Sepia, Black.*

Mr. Ruskin intended this box for students, and, therefore, thought it unnecessary to study permanence very closely; still the greater part of these pigments have a good character for durability. Smalt is only an impure Cobalt, and Antwerp Blue is a lighter-coloured Prussian Blue; the two latter and the Carmines are the only objectionable colours in the box, as to their lasting qualities. It is, of course, much easier to compose a box of twenty-five pigments than one of six, for even the permanent ones are very numerous; but there is still room for the exercise of both knowledge and judgment. This box is quite complete chromatically, including all the essential colours, the bright primaries, the less brilliant conditions of yellow, red, and blue, a sufficiency of green and browns, and finally black. The box would, however, have been stronger with an Emerald Oxide of Chromium in the place of Hooker's Green, as the latter is merely a compound of Gamboge and Prussian Blue, which are already in the list. It is better not to have Cadmium Yellow and Emerald Green in the same box, as the temptation to mix them is almost irresistible, and they are mutually destructive, as we have already remarked. Cadmium is one of the most valuable of the modern pigments, and the real, pale Cadmium (not

orange at all), makes all other yellows, except Yellow Ochre, superfluous ; but it is safer to use it in the orange varieties, for fear of adulteration. All the Cadmiums are dangerous, in another way, for bad colourists: we mean, that bad colourists are tempted to use them too much for the sober beauty of their works. A palette of many pigments ought always to be rich in the ochres, both yellow and red, for their convenience, united with perfect safety. One distinguished English painter says that he works almost exclusively in the umbers and ochres. This brings us to the remark that Mr. Ruskin has omitted Raw Umber, an omission almost unaccountable in so well-furnished a box. Raw Umber is so useful in sober colouring of landscape, even of clouds, and so valuable a pigment for its intermediate position between the yellow ochres and the browns, that we would always include it where many pigments are admitted. Of the two umbers we would rather reject Burnt Umber, which has often exercised a bad influence on the colouring of painters, It is less objectionable in transparent painting than in body-colour ; and the same may be said of Vandyke Brown, which is comparatively easy to use transparently, but is liable to produce disagreeable mixtures with white, unless very carefully managed, and for particular purposes. These two pigments, and some others, have quite a different character in transparent colour from that which they assume in body-colour. Raw Umber, on the contrary, mixes very agreeably with white, and this is one of its greatest practical recommendations.

We have several other lists of pigments for water-colour boxes before us, but it is unnecessary to continue these criticisms. The requirements of a well-arranged box are, in our opinion, first, that the pigments should have a fair character for permanence ; and secondly, that the box, whether the pigments in it be many or few, should be chromatically complete, or so nearly complete that a full scale of colouring may be attainable by the effect of contrasts. It is remarkable that so few boxes as arranged by the colour-makers, with the advice of experienced artists, should answer these requirements in a quite satisfactory manner. Pigments, such as Indigo, are constantly introduced which are well known to be fugitive, and occasionally the disregard for permanence is carried so far as to recommend even Chrome Yellow and Iodine Scarlet. It would be well if the least permanent colours, such as Italian Pink, Brown Pink, &c., were no longer sold at all by the colourmen. We would admit Gamboge and Prussian Blue in water-colour on condition that they were judiciously used, with a full knowledge of the sort of change which comes over them in course of time—a change which need not be the ruin of a drawing if it has been foreseen.

Chromatic completeness may be attained with few pigments, but the list must of necessity include :—1. a bright yellow ; 2. a bright red ; 3. a bright blue ; 4. a dull yellow, such as Yellow Ochre, intermediate between the bright yellow and brown ; 5. a rosy red ; 6. a powerful green ; 7. a brown ; 8. black.

The green can be omitted when there is a deep blue as well as a bright one, and it is the least essential colour in the list, though one of the most convenient. The reader is referred to the 'Experiments on a Restricted Palatte,' in No. 81 of this periodical, for an explanation of the reasons why these colours are indispensable.

In the selection of pigments for water-colour especial attention may be wisely given to their degree of facility in washing, but this is a matter very much depending on individual experience, and even on constitution. One man will use a pigment with ease which another can hardly use at all, and therefore some artists appear quite unconscious of difficulties which are serious impediments to others. The difference of facility in the pigments themselves may, however, be felt by most people in extreme cases, such as Prussian Blue and Ultramarine. Prussian Blue works easily, but few artists can paint a deep sky in Ultramarine without some difficulty in the washing.

Lastly, in selecting pigments for landscape, it is well to pay some attention to their luminous and aërial qualities, since it is quite certain that some pigments are in themselves much more luminous and aërial than others: for example, Cobalt is more atmospheric than French Ultramarine.

BRIEF NOTES ON ART.

THE CLASSICAL SPIRIT.—In Taine's 'Origines de la France contemporaine' there is a very interesting chapter (book iii., chap. ii.) on the classical spirit in the eighteenth century amongst the upper classes of French society. In the course of this study, M. Taine shows how the laws of what at that time was considered good taste forbade the employment in literature and conversation of words which lay outside of the ordinary conversational language, which would be understood by all ladies and gentlemen who belonged to high society. He gives as an example the words 'tomahawk' and '*francisque*,' which could not be used, being too special; the proper term to use was '*la hache de guerre*,' which would be immediately understood by all *comme-il-faut* people. The higher the kind of literature the stronger was the objection to special words, so that a poet in those days found himself restricted to about one third of the dictionary. M. Taine gives us an instance taken by chance in the 'Optimiste' of Colin d'Harleville, published in 1788, the phrase, 'The scene represents a grove filled with odoriferous trees,' and observes that it would have been contrary to the classical spirit to name particular trees, such as lilacs, lime-trees, hawthorn, &c. He also observes, that in the painted landscape of that time the trees are of no known species, but are 'trees in general.' This is true, but it may be well for us to bear in mind that the spirit here described is that of France in the eighteenth century, and not that of the ancient Greeks, or even of the ancient Romans: in a word, that it is modern classicism only, and has nothing to do with the real antique classicism, though it pretends to be in sympathy with it. The discrimination between different trees and plants is continual in both Virgil and Theocritus, and full of observant affection, as we have already pointed out in 'The Sylvan Year.' The leaf employed in the Corinthian capital (the most perfectly beautiful capital ever invented) is not a leaf in general, but definitely and particularly the acanthus leaf. The true Greek temper loved clear sight and clear knowledge of all things so far as it was attainable. The French eighteenth-century temper disliked particularisation in art and literature, because it was offensive to the self-love of a society which chattered incessantly, but read very little, and had a repugnance for everything that resembled serious study, like that of an idle schoolboy who thinks of nothing but amusing himself.

CARELESSNESS IN HOLDING ENGRAVINGS.—Every reader of the PORTFOLIO, who possesses engravings which are neither framed nor bound in volumes, is probably aware how dangerous it is to show them to all but a very few exceptionally careful people. One of the most eminent engravers of the English school had a fine collection of proofs, which he hardly dared to show to his acquaintances, and he used to say that he very seldom met with any one who could or would hold a print so as not to injure the paper in some degree. What people generally do when they get hold of a print is to break the paper, either by taking it up with one hand only, on one side, when the weight of the paper is enough to cause a break, or else by seizing it in such a way as to produce a hollow about the thumb, the edges of the hollow being fractures in the substance of the paper. Every artist knows how injurious such fractures or creases are to the effect of a drawing or engraving. To a refined eye they are simply intolerable, and they are so for a substantial reason. The paper on one side the crease always lies at a different angle from that on the other side of it, and consequently is of a different shade, from the different incidence of light. It is, therefore, very much as if a shade of Indian ink were applied with a brush to the surface of the paper in the place where the crease exists. It is, we believe, impossible to get rid of creases altogether when they have been once made; and even if it were possible, careless people would make fresh ones the first time they got hold of a print. When they occur on the margin they are vexatious, but when the margin is small, and the creases extend to the engraving itself, they are still worse, from the false shades which they produce in places. The proper way to hold a print is to take it with both hands, and the thumb and fore-finger of each hand, placing them at half the height of the paper. In this way the paper is so held that its weight will not crease itself, and it is almost impossible to crease paper with the thumb and forefinger only. Strong mounts are a great safeguard, as people can scarcely crease a mount.

DEATH AND THE LADY.

WE have pleasure in giving for one of our illustrations in this number, through the courtesy of the Syndicate of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, a facsimile of what is in all probability a unique engraving of the German School, the property of that Museum. The print collections originally left to the University by Lord Fitzwilliam are very rich in the works of the German masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and were augmented three years ago by an important bequest of the Rev. E. Kerrich. The present print formed a part of the original collection, and was pasted in a volume containing the works of Lukas van Leyden. The form of the initial is, in fact, almost identical with that employed by the famous Dutch master; but internal evidence shows that the work is not his. The touch of the graver is deeper and less delicate than is characteristic of Lukas; the effects Lukas aims at are soft and silvery, the effect of this print is vigorously black and white. There was, however, another engraver who signed his work with this initial, thus formed, in the early part of the sixteenth century. We cannot tell his name. He is only known as the 'Master of the Monogram L,' and his works are very few. Bartsch counted eight pieces only (vol. ix. p. 10), and Nagler has added seven more (*Die Monogrammisten*, No. 860, vol. iv. p. 252). Several of these are copies after Albert Dürer and Lukas van Leyden, and their manner is that of the German rather than of the Dutch School. A careful comparison of the little print here given with the works of this anonymous master at the British Museum, and in the Albertina Gallery at Vienna, makes it certain, on technical grounds, that to him it must be assigned. It is unknown at Vienna, and, if it exists in any other collection, has not been catalogued or described. The representation is from the cycle, the most familiar of all to that age, of Death's aggressions and surprises. The beckoning skeleton, with the serpent coiled in his bowels, appears before a lady as she walks abroad, and jauntily holds up to her the signal that her hour is come. Though there are a hundred analogous representations in the art of the time, we do not know that this can be recognised as a copy of any. Whether original, as is most probable, or not, it is a very favourable example of the work of its author, whose engravings have seldom so much spirit, and are seldom found in so good a state. The reader will recognise the spirited expression of the figures, and the crisp and accomplished rendering, much in Dürer's manner, of the tree-stem, and the houses and landscape of the background. In M. Amand-Durand's admirable process of reproduction, as little as can be conceived of the quality of the original has been lost.

ON SOME ASPECTS OF ATHENS.

(*Concluded.*)

I WAS saying what effect and brilliancy the atmosphere of Athens gives to various features of the modern town—to the shapes and shadows of cornice, capital, and balcony, or the attire of market-people grouped about their many-coloured wares. Still more does the same atmosphere shed enchantment upon the landscape. The aspect of all mountains obeys and changes with the sky, but none owe so much of their glory to sky and air as those of Attica. Every one knows in some degree what is the configuration of that noble theatre in the midst of which the city stands. The rocks of Athens rise from a plain which is encompassed on all but the seaward side by the three ramparts of Hymettus, descending to the shore on the south-east, Pentelicus closing in the landward view north-east, and Parnes north-west; with the lower, nearer range of Aigealos or Daphni-Vouni, cleft in two by the pass of Daphni, running from Parnes to the sea beyond Piræus on the west, and cutting off the view of Eleusis and one half of Salamis. At first you do not think of these hills as either distant or lofty. The clearness with which you can distinguish every detail of their

appearance makes them seem near, and the sense of ample horizon and unhemmed openness in which you breathe makes you feel as if, being near, they could not be high. Except on rare days of cloud, or when the scirocco drives a dusty haze across the world, you can discern every fold and facet of their slopes, you can make out every cleft and watercourse, every minute accident of colour and variety of surface on the rock. Nevertheless, it is nearly two hours' walk to the nearest of these ranges—to the first hollows about the base of Hymettus, or to the rise of Daphni in the opposite direction. The summits of Parnes are twenty miles away and nearly five thousand feet high. In other climates, it is only in particular states of the weather that the remote ever seems so close, and then with an effect which is sharp and hard as well as clear: here the clearness is soft; nothing cuts or glitters, seen through that magic distance; the air has not only a new transparency, so that you can see farther into it than elsewhere, but a new quality, like some crystal of an unknown water, so that to see into it is greater glory.

Such a sky does wonders for the land beneath it. The heights are barren and naked, as they always were, and for ages now the barrenness and nakedness has extended to the hollows and to a great part of the plain, where the populous demes once clustered. Here is nothing opulent; here are none of the ornaments of our northern mountains, no green of the meadows or purple of the moors, nothing of what makes splendid the headlands of Wales or Scotland. These ranges and promontories of sterile limestone have another distinction. Ridge beyond ridge, they rear themselves, extend, sink, part, or close, in forms the most perfect and harmonious. To watch their mere outlines is an exquisite delight and lesson for the eye; still more to study the modellings of their masses as they lie revealed in a thousand fine gradations of light and pearly shadow. To draw them is as difficult as to draw the Elgin marbles; and in truth the Athenian sculptor did but carve his goddesses as his mountains had been carven from of old time. The colours of them are as austere and delicate as the forms. If here the scar of some old quarry throws a stain, or there the clinging of some thin leafage spreads a bloom, the stain is of precious gold, and the bloom of silver. Between the blue of the sky and the tenfold blue of the sea, these bare ranges seem, beneath that daylight, to present a whole system of noble colour flung abroad over perfect forms. And whenever, in the general sterility, you find a little moderate verdure—a little moist grass, a cluster of cypresses—or whenever your eye lights upon the one wood of the district, the long olive-grove of the Cephissus, you are struck with a sudden sense of richness, and feel as if the splendours of the tropics could be nothing to this. So with the flowers; a few thin tufts of asphodel, the small purple grape-hyacinths, the close-growing mountain-thyme, a knoll sprinkled with red or white anemones, seem to you wonders, and most of all the anemones, which flash upon you as the reddest and the whitest in all the world. The affinity of Greek nature with Greek art, its power of producing, in the same way, effects of surpassing richness with means of extreme simplicity and severity, is the thing which the Athenian landscape brings continually home to you, in details as well as in the general aspect.

In talking of the landscape, one is still talking of Athens; for the town is not so large that it ever shuts you out from the sense of the country. It is curious to notice the different impressions one gets in different cities of the relation of city and country. In London that relation can hardly be said to exist; the town is to our consciousness a world without limits, and we can hardly realise that even from a balloon, or in the survey of a travelling bird, it would be possible to see all round it, and take it in as the inhabited centre of an open champaign. From within, it is but now and then, when some clear wind is blowing, in some chance street, or from some high window opening north or south, that the heights of Hampstead or Norwood catch one's eye, and remind one, not without surprise, of the existence of a circumjacent world. Of great cities, Vienna, with its double river, and the mountains to be seen from its many open places, perhaps keeps the sense of the circumjacent most agreeably present to

one's mind. Florence, however much smaller, is quite capable, with her narrow streets and frowning palaces, of making one forget for awhile her encompassing Apennines. The new town of Athens is growing fast, and already covers a great deal of ground, but by no means so as to coop one from the outer world; one has not yet to resent a loss of view in consequence of its growth. But one has this to resent, that the view changes, in a certain fashion, as the town grows. The people want stone for building, and they get it where it can be got most conveniently—by blasting in the nearest heights. The nearest height of all is Lycabettus, a conical peak which dominates the town immediately behind the king's palace; and the shape of Lycabettus, as the Athenian mariner of old beheld it from the gulf, has been really altered by modern quarrying. It has been, I believe, decided not to quarry any more on the conspicuous, the townward side of this particular peak; but further back, and on adjacent eminences, the work goes on continuously. Boom, boom, one hears all day, as mine after mine is sprung; and the fragments rattle down, and a scar is made, and those forms are changed that should stand fast for ever. Lycabettus, and other sacred rocks, are hewn, and suffer transformation, and rise again as the Ακαδημία and the Πανεπιστήμιον and the Βουλή—the High School and the University and the House of Parliament—of an Athens rejuvenate and complacent. The German scholastic architects, who planned the new town after the War of Liberation, have set an example of style which has been followed in the main, though none of the subsequent buildings are either so vast or so pretentious as the square barrack of a royal palace. What the public buildings and great private houses most remind one of is Munich—a Munich with an added touch of the Oriental in the flat roofs and closed jalousies, and with the advantage of better materials. For the ornamental parts, Pentelicus is at hand, and the native masons seem to have a hereditary art in fitting and working the noble substance. The stuccoes used for facing most of the wall-surfaces are of pleasant tints, and so, particularly, are the tiles of the roofs; so that when one looks down over the town from some eminence its colour suits the scene. And when one walks along the great new thoroughfare, planted in boulevard fashion with pepper-trees, the modern Athens seems a place not unstately nor unrefined—until, perhaps, a great cloud of hard white dust comes drifting with the wind, and your eyes smart, and your temper changes; and then you may quickly fall into that other mood, which often one cannot resist, and may hate this prosperity and despise this civilisation, and wish that, in this place at least, there were no present to thrust itself between you and the past, and feel as if, about the foot of the Acropolis, solitude and hyenas would be better than this multitude that struts and simpers before the plate-glass windows.

Quick-witted and hospitable people! it ill becomes one who has shared your kindness, and hopes to share it again, to feel like this. And reason and humanity, as well as gratitude, aver that you have a right to build your new city—a Munich, yes, a Paris of your own, between the Acropolis and the groves of Academe—and to be busy with your parliamentary politics, and more taken up with to-day and its passions than with the past and its memories. But that which reason bids us remember we all the same forget, and continually fall into indignation, into petulance, against this population and its ways. The sight of neo-Greek words over the shop-doors, the sound of a neo-Greek speech we have not been taught to understand, the tavern sign of the Nine Muses, the shopkeepers who write up their names Solon and Epaminondas and Alcibiades, the small boy who cries the comic paper 'Aristophanes' with a true twang of the railway platform—all these things seem to us, at such moments, part of a conceited and intolerable travesty of greatness. It cannot but be so; no living present with its trivialities could seem to us other than the ape and desecrator of that past which has left us nothing trivial, nothing not ideal. That was the secret of the ancient Greek—from his records and his monuments to purge away all triviality, all mark of everyday common-place and littleness, and to leave us nothing that does not compose and exalt the mind. We cannot, try as we may, we cannot really, familiarly, know him as he lived, laughed, quarrelled, loved, and died; we know him but in such moments

and aspects as he has chosen to perpetuate for us. We go to that street, a street which has been laid bare in recent years, by which the procession used to set out to Eleusis, and where there are on each side the funeral monuments of dead Athenians; and we ask ourselves, what was the real character, what the gestures, fashions, comings and goings, of that domestic life which is commemorated in the carvings of these tombs with such serene and inviolate decorum? A mother sits in her chair, and stoops to kiss her departing child and pat its elbow. A man in ripe years, half turning to go, grasps the hand of his seated wife; another speaks to his dog, who leaps up to be taken notice of, as he goes out as if for the usual day's labour. Again, a man and wife grasp hands, while friends behind the chair look on sorrowfully. Hegeso the daughter of Proxenos, so named in the inscription on her tomb, sits placidly, while her maid brings her in a dressing casket some piece of attire such as a lady might wear when she went abroad. Thus much of his life the Greek will show us, but denuded of all flutter and circumstance; he will carve, with many grave and sweet variations, the household good-byes of every day, in order to carry our thoughts, not to every day, but to that one day when those who say good-bye know that there will be no return at evening. Images decorous, indeed, and serene, but none the less moving; for in these simple scenes of farewell and departure there is a tenderness so poignant that one's heart is tightened and the tears come into one's eyes as one looks at them. Thus to express, in the familiar, everything but its familiarity—with so simple a spectacle thus to move and solemnize us—to show us nothing but the usual, and at the same time lift and chasten us from all usual thoughts—what words can estimate, what musings fathom, that art of arts?

And should one be blamed for being impatient, if, when one is absorbed in this mystery of the Hellenic genius, shouts or chatter interrupt one's musings, and boys come rioting and pelting each other among the tombs, or trivial sons and daughters of the mock Hellas of to-day pass gossippingly? There is at least one place where one can be nearly sure of escaping the importunities of the present, and realising, as the religious seek to realise, that absorption which life and traffic elsewhere interrupt; that is the peak of Lycabettus, just above the town. I used to sit every morning under a rock near the top of Lycabettus, and let the view engrave itself by repetition upon my senses. You look down over Athens, down over the Acropolis dominating Athens, and thence over a space of basking plain to the gulf, and beyond the gulf, to the long faint-blue barrier, many-peaked, of the Argive mountains. The hither shore-line of the gulf, about five miles away, stretches all across the view, with moderate indentures and promontories on the side nearest Salamis and the spires of Aigealos (and on this side are the white buildings of the Piraeus clustering at the sea's edge), and with a more even sweep in the direction of Hymettus on the left. Towards the centre is one chief indenture, the Bay of Phalerum; of this the curve just coincides, in the view, with the table line of the Acropolis, so as to detach the Parthenon against a background of sea. Solitary stands that gabled stateliness, glittering white against the profound Ægean blue. Nearly straight over the Acropolis, the island of Ægina, softened and darkened with distance, lifts a lovely mountain outline, and dimly behind Ægina another island, Poros, heaves a grand shoulder that we can but half distinguish from the many-folded ranges of the Argive mainland. The gulf, where it widens towards the open Mediterranean, lies misty under the morning sun, and passes thence through a long gradation from east to west into something like blackness almost, so profound, so intense is the colour, where its last inlets lie branching beneath the sunlit precipices of Salamis. Salamis, an island of a hundred barren peaks, is flooded with sunlight on all its southern and eastern slopes. Beyond it stretch again the masses of the Peloponnesian mountains, and farthest of all one crest of pure and gleaming snow, the crest of Arcadian. Cyllene.

All of the living and the present which reaches you here is the sound sent up from below. The sounds, the cries of Athens are discordant enough when you are among them, and are not limited to the town. Donkeys are much used in Attic husbandry, and the Attic donkey is

notorious for braying incessantly. But the cries of the market and the news-vendors, the braying of donkeys about the farms, the calling of cavalry bugles, and one high clear note most continuous of all, the ring of the masons' hammers upon the marble they are fashioning —all these sounds, through that magic air, ascend to you fused and musically softened, and make no jarring or inharmonious accompaniment to your most rapt reflections.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE CHOIR OF ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

ETCHED BY R. KENT THOMAS.

THE view of the High Altar, with Wallingford's screen for background, is one of the most magnificent in the interior of the Abbey. Looking from the eastern side of St. Cuthbert's screen, we are able at a single glance to survey the most interesting features in the later history of the Abbey. Above these are the painted roofs of the baptistery and the choir, bearing witness, in their different styles, to the constant maintenance at St. Alban's of the early tradition of pictorial art. Below we have the great screen itself, and on either side of the screen the sepulchral monuments of Wheathamstead and Ramryge. Of Wheathamstead and his influence in the Abbey we are here continually reminded. The holy lamb of St. John the Baptist and the eagle of St. John the Evangelist, which adorn the ceiling, are his cognizances, and his arms may also be observed worked into the ornament of the screen itself. Indeed, this screen, although executed by William of Wallingford, was planned by Wheathamstead. It forms a worthy monument to both abbots, and by the richness of its decoration deserves to rank as one of the most splendid features in the church. The beauty and refinement of its workmanship go far to atone for its presence in a view that would have been even more imposing if the eye had been permitted to range over the whole length of the church.

TURNER.

(*Continued from page* 176.)

EVERYTHING that can throw any light upon Turner's habits of thought is interesting to us, so we may remark that he did not make notes exclusively of what attracted his attention as an artist, but jotted down all sorts of little odd facts in archæology and geography. His mind was not so much confined to art as we are apt to imagine, from his want of success in other directions, that it must have been. He had a lively curiosity, and that disposition to accumulate facts which is said to be peculiarly characteristic of Englishmen. Mr. Thornbury says, 'He takes notes like a spy or a pilot, and of things, too, that seem quite out of his province.' In this way he gradually accumulated a general store of odds and ends, which gave him what is called information and made him able to talk agreeably whenever it pleased him to break through his habit of taciturnity. Mr. Cyrus Redding was Turner's companion on a tour for a day or two, and says that he spoke remarkably little, using habitually very few words; but on one occasion they sat up late together in an inn, and then Mr. Redding tells us that Turner showed that he had a certain power of laconic criticism. 'I found the artist could, when he pleased, make sound, pithy, though somewhat caustic, remarks upon men and things, with a fluency rarely heard from him.' Some of the best notes on the character of Turner's conversation in his maturity are to be found in the reminiscences of the artist given by Mr. Trimmer's eldest son to Mr. Thornbury for his biography. Turner and Howard, the Academician, stayed together at Heston, whereof the elder Mr. Trimmer was Rector, and the two painters had professional conversations, which

sometimes degenerated into disputes. On one of these occasions Howard maintained that artists ought to paint for the public, but it is interesting to learn that Turner took the opposite view, and maintained that 'public opinion was not worth a rush, and that one should paint only for judges.' Mr. Trimmer confirms what others have said about the great landscape-painter's extreme sensitiveness to the ignorant and illiberal criticisms upon his works which used to appear in the newspapers of his day. 'I have seen him almost in tears,' Mr. Trimmer says, 'and ready to hang himself, though still only valuing their opinions at their worth.' It is curious that the artist, so little communicative to people generally, should have been quite freely communicative in his friendly private intercourse with the Rector of Heston, especially when we remember that the Rector belonged to the category of amateurs, for whom as a class Turner cherished feelings of unconquerable aversion. He appears to have given a good deal of practical art instruction

LANDSCAPE, FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY TURNER.

to this clerical friend of his, who, in return, tried to teach the painter to read Latin—a hopeless undertaking, of course. With regard to Turner's estimate of ancient and modern artists, Mr. Trimmer says that he never appeared illiberal when speaking of the great masters; that he spoke most enthusiastically of Gainsborough's execution and Wilson's tone, plainly thinking himself their inferior; and that on one occasion, before a picture by Vandevelde, he said, in answer to some one who observed that he could go beyond that, 'I cannot paint like him.' On the other hand, with regard to contemporary landscape-painters, Mr. Trimmer is inclined to believe that he considered most of them to be beneath criticism, and that he hardly did justice to whatever merits they possessed. One instance is mentioned of kindly appreciation up to a certain point, when he said that an illustration to Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' was *pretty*, and that the artist who had done it was a poor man with a large family. It is quite possible that Turner may have abstained on principle from the criticism of living artists in conversation, knowing that his opinion would carry great weight with those who appreciated his genius, and fearing to do an injury to men who had difficulties enough to contend against. Although Turner could say sharp things when he chose, he had not the habit, unfortunately very common amongst artists, especially unsuccessful ones, of expressing scorn for the work of others. All who knew him are agreed upon this. They all agree, too, in describing his conversation as remarkably laconic. In this respect he seems to have resembled a distinguished artist whom we have

recently deplored, the late Frederick Walker, who had the same reserve, the same disinclination to talk about art and artists, and whose intimate friends never heard him criticise a contemporary.

In 1812 Turner removed from Harley Street to 47 Queen Anne Street, West, which will always be intimately associated with his name. Here he had not only a studio to paint in, but also a gallery for the private exhibition of his pictures, a place which he kept in a condition little worthy of the treasures which it contained. I never visited the house in Queen Anne Street during Turner's life, but I well remember visiting it with Mr. Leslie after his death, when everything remained just as the departed genius had left it. There were about ninety pictures in the gallery then, in a wonderful state of neglect, the frames looking as if they had never been gilded. Mr. Leslie told me that he had known the house forty years, that during the whole time it had never received one touch of paint or repair, and that the papers had never been renewed. There was no picturesque magnificence about the house, such as artists often like when they can afford it. Turner does not seem to have had that delight in seeing varied colours and forms which tempt artists like Fortuny to fill their studios with Oriental tissues and strange vases from beyond the sea, or carvings of other and more imaginative times than ours. On the other hand, Turner seems to have been equally indifferent to classic elegance in the interior of his house. Though his art education and his predilections were classical, he did not care to surround himself with the beauty either of antiquity or the Renascence. We do not know that this was in consequence of any conscious determination: it seems more probable that early habits of simple and economical living may have led the artist to refuse himself beautiful things, simply because such an outlay of money seemed an extravagance; and it is perfectly possible that a man of Turner's habits might fancy that he could not afford such a thing as a marble statue, or an ebony cabinet delicately carved and inlaid with malachite or lapis lazuli. But there is also another consideration which may better excuse the meagreness of the great landscape-painter's surroundings, and his apparent indifference to those things of beauty which, as a poet has told us so exquisitely, can give endless pleasure to their possessors. Turner was one of the most imaginative men who ever existed, and such men are often singularly independent of what is visible. 'Certain localities,' says Emerson, 'as mountain-tops, the sea-side, the shores of rivers and rapid brooks, natural parks of oak and pine, where the ground is smooth and unencumbered, are excitants of the Muse. Every artist knows well some favourite retirement. And yet the experience of some good artists has taught them to prefer the smallest and plainest chamber, with one chair and table, and with no outlook, to these picturesque liberties.' In Turner's house, however, there was not even this austere poetry of asceticism, which gives nobility to the cell of the monk and the tent of the traveller or soldier. There was no poetry in the place whatever, and it was this which jarred upon my feelings. A place may be bare and simple, yet affecting in the extreme. The remarkable simplicity of Goethe's study and bed-chamber is affecting in itself. In the study 'no arm-chair is to be seen, no sofa, nothing which speaks of ease. A plain hard chair has beside it the basket in which he used to place his handkerchief.' Of the bed-room, Mr. Lewes says, 'A simple bed, an arm-chair by its side, and a tiny washing-table with a small white basin on it, and a sponge, is all the furniture.' We like this absence of material luxury in the personal belongings of a great man, but then in Goethe's house the staircase and reception-rooms made a thousand appeals to the mind. There were the Olympian gods, there was a colossal bust of Juno, there were cartoons, sketches of great masters, and etchings, a collection of gems, another of bronze statuettes, lamps, and vases. There were portrait-busts of illustrious contemporaries. In Turner's house there was little to show that he cared for any other art than his own, and not much evidence that he cared even for that, since he treated his own pictures with less care for their appearance and preservation than the humblest picture-dealer will give to his least valuable merchandise. But beside this absence of suggestion and of association with past art, the interior of Turner's house had the defects of ordinary English middle-class interiors without their qualities. It had their tastelessness, but not their tidiness; it was as dull as the dullest of them, but not so clean.

I remember that, as we were looking at a picture evidently painted under the influence of Stothard, Mr. Leslie said that he had happened to see Turner at work upon it, and had made the observation, 'So you are imitating Stothard!' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'and I wish I could paint like him: he is the Giotto of England.' The comparison seems to refer to the beautiful purity and simplicity of Stothard's art; but it scarcely does justice to the Englishman, who was much more advanced and developed as a painter than the contemporary of Dante. It is interesting, however, as evidence that Turner could admire heartily, and has the same value in this respect as his expression, 'I can't paint like him,' with reference to Vandevelde.

Some amusing anecdotes have been told of Turner in his house in Queen Anne Street; how he resented intrusion, and did not hesitate to show it; how difficult, almost impossible, it was to get the least glimpse of his painting-room; how little disposed he was to offer hospitality, except to one or two old friends, and then how very simple and primitive was his style of living. The one absorbing interest of his life was the passion for his art; and he liked to work in perfect solitude, because the presence and conversation of another might have disturbed the action of the imagination by making his hold upon imaginative conceptions more uncertain and precarious. But besides this reason for liking to be alone, there were others connected with the technical side of art. The execution of modern painters is generally nothing but a series of experiments, many of which are failures, and have to be removed from the canvas. Turner's execution, notwithstanding its extreme rapidity, was experimental in many ways, and utterly unsafe, as is decisively proved by the non-durability of his pictures. If purchasers and critics had been admitted into his painting-room, they would have seen experiments of which it was as well that they should remain ignorant. Amongst others, they would have seen the indiscriminate use of oil and water-colour in the same work. An artist still living, who is a contributor to PORTFOLIO, had permission many years ago to visit the gallery in Queen Anne Street, accompanied by a friend. Turner was not in the gallery, and did not show himself, so they supposed him to be out of town. Being left alone, the two friends amused themselves by examining the technical work in the pictures, and one, which was unfinished, had an especial interest for them in this respect. There were some masts and rigging in this work, very freely drawn, so one of the visitors exclaimed, 'I am certain that's water-colour,' and wetting his finger he rubbed it along one of the masts, which immediately disappeared. At that moment the imprudent visitors heard Turner's growling voice in the next room, and, filled with dismay, fled from the house precipitately, but unhurt. In this gallery he gave a very rough reception to a relative of his mother's who came to make his acquaintance. On the whole the house in Queen Anne Street was decidedly not a safe place to venture into during the lifetime of its master.

Turner spent a great part of his time in his studio, working from early morning until night, and wasting as little time as possible on the luxuries and ceremonies of existence; but although he was in the most complete sense of the expression a studio-painter, and did not belong at all to that school of rustic artists who live in the presence of Nature, still he felt now and then a longing for that fair world which is not visible in Queen Anne Street, and so he took sudden flights, according to his caprice, to some beautiful part of Great Britain or the Continent. His way of travelling was independent and peculiar. The increase of his means did not develope in his character any latent desire for luxury. He could be happy still, as he had been in his youth, with nature and his art, living easily in poor inns when better accommodation was not to be had, and leading the cheerful life of a pedestrian blest with excellent health and very economical habits. He was not unsociable when he met with kindness on his travels; but he well knew that more work, and better, could be done in solitude than in society. In 1812 he went to Devonshire, a county which he particularly admired, and it was on that occasion that he met with Mr. Cyrus Redding, whom we have already quoted. During this tour the artist gave ample evidence of his independence of comfort, studying effects quite calmly in an open boat on a stormy sea when others were sea-

sick, sketching when he landed in a violent wind, supping contentedly on bread and cheese and porter, sleeping in a place where there were no beds by the simple expedient of laying his head on the table, and fresh the next morning for new wanderings. The uncommon strength and soundness of his nervous system was evidenced by an unusually severe test. He was on Mount Edgecumbe with some friends, and engaged in conversation, when a battery of twenty-four pounders opened fire quite suddenly only four or five feet above the heads of the party. Although quite unprepared for the concussion, Turner was not startled by it in the least. It was one of the great advantages of his singularly perfect organization, that whilst possessing all that extreme delicacy of perception which is necessary to an artist, and possessing it in a most exceptional degree, he had none of that nervousness with which men of genius are so often tormented and distressed. For all artistic purposes his nerves were as delicate as those of Shelley, whilst for the uses of common life they were as strong as the nerves of a common sailor. Few, indeed, are the common sailors who would not betray at least some symptom of surprise if a battery of cannon thundered unexpectedly over their heads.

Another peculiarity of Turner's was brought out during this tour, and on the very day when the incident of the cannon occurred. Notwithstanding his habitual solitude and parsimony, he could be hospitable when it seemed to him that the occasion required it, though it must be admitted that such occasions seem to have been of very rare occurrence. However, it did so happen in the year 1812 that Turner actually invited a party of ladies and gentlemen to a picnic in Devonshire, and that he provided everything, including wines, on a liberal scale, whilst he acted his part of host in quite a becoming manner. Leslie, in his Autobiography, tells a story of a dinner at Blackwall, where there was a large party and a heavy bill. Chantrey sat at the head of the table and received the bill, so he handed it to Turner for a joke, as Turner had a reputation for parsimony; but in this instance the great landscape-painter did not act up to his reputation, for he insisted upon paying the whole, and did so *en grand seigneur.* It is evident, however, that these rare anecdotes of Turnerian hospitality would not be so well remembered if they were not in contradiction to the ordinary habits of the man.

P. G. HAMERTON.

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